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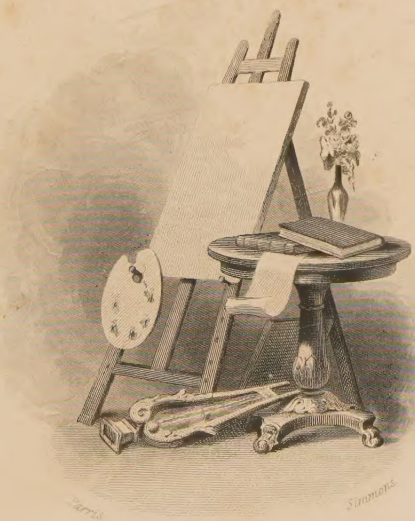
THE

BOOK OF GEMS.

THE

MODERN POETS AND ARTISTS OF

GREAT BRITAIN.



EDITED BY S. C. HALL.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.
1844.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF EGREMONT,

ETC. ETC.

THE BENEFICENT PATRON

OF PROFESSORS OF LITERATURE AND ART IN

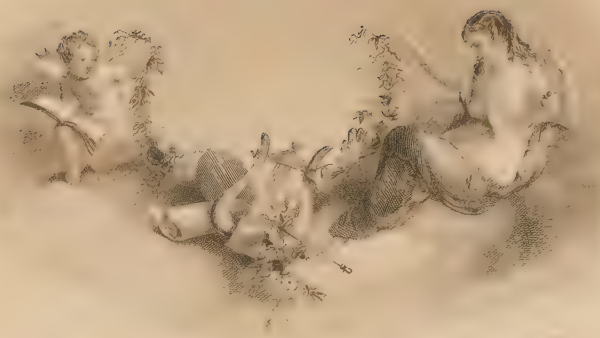
GREAT BRITAIN,

THIS VOLUME

IS GRATEFULLY AND RESPECTFULLY

DEDICATED BY

THE EDITOR.



PREFACE.

The Book of Gems of Modern Poets is published under difficulties peculiar to the nature of the undertaking.

However fearlessly a critic may write of those who are beyond the influence of his opinions, it must be otherwise in regard to those who are present to detect and expose such as are erroneous. The anonymous in litera-

ture may not be beneficial to it;—at least it gives a freer tone: of this screen it has been impossible for the Editor to avail himself; and he must, consequently, rest his hopes of satisfying the Poets and the Public, on the consciousness that, while he has laboured to avoid the semblance of presumption, he has expressed of the Poets and their productions exactly what he thought. If to have worked with the full knowledge that he had a delicate and an arduous task to perform, may have gone far in enabling him to discharge it adequately, he can have but little apprehension of the result.

With scarcely an exception, he has been favoured by the living Poets with memoranda for his brief biographies; and with most of them he has the honour to be personally acquainted. As regards facts, therefore, he has gone upon sure ground; and as it was his duty to introduce into the volume only such as have achieved and merited fame, he trusts that his criticisms will be neither displeasing to them, nor unsatisfactory to the Public.

He feels it necessary to apologize for having omitted from the list many who may be justly considered deserving of introduction into it; but the nature of his plan, and the immense expenditure necessary to complete it, confined him to narrower limits than he desired. He trusts that his Selection will not be judged in reference to those he has been compelled to pass over; and that he will be considered as having classed among "British Poets" none who have doubtful claims to the distinction.

In selecting the Poems, he may not always have met the taste of his readers: upon this point he can only observe, that he has endeavoured to extract such examples as might best exhibit the genius of the Poet; and has taken complete poems, though short, in preference to detached passages from more extensive works.

The Editor earnestly, and with some degree of confidence, hopes that his SELECTIONS from the MODERN POETS may have the effect of directing attention to the sources whence they are drawn,—of increasing that taste for Poetry which the "scientific spirit of the age" has lessened,—and of adding to the circulation of the "Works," by showing the enjoyment and instruction that may be derived from them.

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THE

POETS AND ARTISTS

OF

GREAT BRITAIN.

William Wordsworth, who is descended from a family of high respectability in Cumberland, was born at Cockermouth, on the 7th of April, 1770. He was educated with his almost equally distinguished brother,—Dr. Christopher Wordsworth,—at Hawkesworth School, in Lancashire; and was entered at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1787, where he took his degree. Since the beginning of the year 1800, he has "had his home," either at his present residence, Rydal Mount, Westmoreland, or within two miles of it,—though, as appears from his writings, he has made excursions both on the Continent and on our own Island. We can afford but small space to a Memoir of the Poet;—small as it is, however, it will suffice. His life has been retired and uniform: he has been subjected to few trials:—possessed of "health, peace, and competence," his course has been as smooth, even, and tranquil, as that of a "silent river."

Mr. Wordsworth is above the middle size. His features are strongly marked; but their expression is, like his poetry, contemplative rather than energetic. He has a calm look, and a gentle manner; his action is persuasive, and the tones of his voice peculiarly so. We have known him only amid the uncongenial scenes of a great city; but have been told, that among the hills and valleys of his native Westmoreland, his society is as a mildly healthful breeze, and his conversation as a delicious melody. He has ever been "a Poet for Poets:" from the beginning of his career, he "fit audience found, though few;" but his reception as a Poet for universal man is of very recent date. His lack of popularity was owing, partly to that taste for the French school of poetry—which was still lingering among us from the times of Dryden and Pope—and partly to the excess to which Mr. Wordsworth pushed his simplicity, as if in scorn of that school, which naturally enough irritated the wits and others who had been bred up in its conventional elegancies. He has since given indications of a consciousness of having gone a little too far; and they, on the other hand, have grown complimentary: meanwhile, he waited patiently for the turn of the tide that was to bear him into a crowd of devoted admirers. He knew it would come at last; and went on writing, in spite of the sneers of those who either could not, or would not, understand him. He has lived to enjoy a large portion of his anticipated triumph; and —for he is not an aged man—will probably continue with us until he finds himself the most popular Poet of the existing age, and second only to him who is "for all time."

The style of Wordsworth is essentially vernacular,—at once vigorous and simple. He is ever true to nature; and, therefore, if we except Shakspeare, no writer is so often quoted: passages from his poems have become familiar as household words, and are perpetually called into use to give strong and apt expression to the thoughts and feelings of others. This is, perhaps, the highest compliment a Poet can receive: it has been liberally paid to him even by those who know little of the rich mine of which they are but specimens. With him the commonest objects—

> "Bare trees, and mountains bare,
> The grass, and the green fields,"

are things sacred: he has an alchemy of his own, by which he draws from them "a kind of quintessence;" and, rejecting the "gross matter," presents to us the purest ore. "He sees nothing loftier than human hopes,—nothing deeper than the human heart;" and while he worships Nature, he so paints her aspect to others that he may succeed in "linking to her fair works the human soul." His poems are full of beauties peculiarly their own,—of original thoughts, of fine sympathies, and of grave yet cheerful wisdom.

No man has received finer compliments from his contemporaries: the most recent, and not the least worthy, was paid to him by the author of "Ion," in the course of a speech on the subject of copyright, delivered in the House of Commons, on the 18th of May, 1837. "He has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age; and while he has done justice to the poetry of greatness, has cast a glory around the lowest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest." The following passage is from a poem addressed to him by Mrs. Hemans.

> "True bard and holy! Thou art even as one
> Who, by some secret gift of soul, or eye,
> In every spot beneath the smiling sun
> Sees where the springs of living waters lie."

WORDSWORTH.

SONNET.

Adieu, Rydalian laurels! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair mount, a Poet of your own,
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self sown.
Farewell! no minstrels now with harp new-strung
For summer wandering quit their household bowers;
Yet not for this wants Poesy a tongue
To cheer the itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or, musing, sits forsaken halls among.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY, FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

"The child is father of the man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore:—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.
The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare:
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth,—
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay:
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy!

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all.
Oh, evil day! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,

Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear—with joy I hear!
But there's a tree, of many one,
A single field which I have looked upon.
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy;
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy:
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,—
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand, he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art:
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,—
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal mind;—
Mighty prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,

In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day,—a master o'er a slave,—
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!
O joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then sing, ye birds! sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We in thought will join your throng;
Ye that pipe, and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright,
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower?
We will grieve not,—rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been, must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,—
In years that bring the philosophic mind.
And O, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,—
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

LUCY.

THREE years she grew in sun and shower,
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown;
This child I to myself will take,—
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power,
To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That wild with glee across the lawn,
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,—
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her,—for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form,
By silent sympathy.

The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place,
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give,
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake,—the work was done;
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died,—and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene,
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be!

SONNETS.

SCORN NOT THE SONNET.

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle-leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few.

IT IS A BEAUTEOUS EVENING.

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea;
Listen!—the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.
Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear'st untouch'd by solemn thought,
Thy nature is not, therefore, less divine;
Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US.

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not. Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

LONDON, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee; she is a fen
Of stagnant waters; altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea;
Pure as the naked heavens—majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not any thing to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth, like a garment, wear

The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

GREAT MEN.

GREAT men have been among us; hands that penned
And tongues that uttered wisdom—better none:
The later Sidney, Marvel, Harrington,
Young Vane, and others who called Milton friend.
These moralists could act and comprehend:
They knew how genuine glory was put on;
Taught us how rightfully a nation shone
In splendour; what strength was, that would not bend
But in magnanimous meekness. France, 'tis strange,
Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then.
Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!
No single volume paramount, no code,
No master spirit, no determined road;
But equally a want of books and men!

TO A SKY-LARK.

ETHEREAL minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler!—that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood,—
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

SHE DWELT AMONG THE UNTRODDEN WAYS.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid, whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love:

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown,—and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, Oh!
The difference to me!

GEORGE GORDON BYRON was born in Holles Street, London, on the 22nd of January, 1788. He was the grandson of the celebrated Admiral, and succeeded his great uncle, William Lord Byron, in 1798. On his elevation to the peerage, he was removed from the care of his mother, and placed at Harrow, by his guardian,—the Earl of Carlisle. In 1805, he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge; and took up his permanent residence at Newstead Abbey, the family seat. In 1807, he published at Newark his "Hours of Idleness:" they were attacked with considerable bitterness in the "Edinburgh Review," and his memorable "Satire" followed. His various "Works" succeeded with wonderful rapidity. In 1815, he married the daughter of Sir Ralph Milbank Noel: a separation took place soon afterwards, and the Poet went abroad,—residing at Geneva, and in various cities of Italy. In August, 1823, he embarked in the cause of Greece; and died at Missolonghi, on the 19th of April, 1824.

Lord Byron was thus a young man when he died. Personal descriptions of the Poet are abundant. In 1823, Lady Blessington was intimately acquainted with him at Genoa. According to her account, his appearance was highly prepossessing; "his head," she says, "is finely shaped, and the forehead open, high, and noble; his eyes are grey, and full of expression, but one is visibly larger than the other; his mouth is the most remarkable feature in his face—the upper lip of Grecian shortness, and the corners descending; the lips full and finely cut: his chin is large and well shaped; his face is peculiarly pale." She adds, that, "although slightly lame, the deformity of his foot is but little remarkable."

The biographies of Lord Byron are almost as numerous as his Works. The wonderful genius of the Poet procured for him an extent of popularity unparalleled in his age; and the public sought eagerly for every anecdote that could afford the smallest insight into his character. Few men could have borne so searching a test. His biographers, without exception, have arrived at conclusions prejudicial to his character; it is, therefore, impossible for an Editor who would sum up their evidence, to recommend any other verdict than that which has been given. It is time to discard the old superstition, NIL NISI BONUM, as at once unphilosophical and derogatory to the character of any man, who seeks to live "for aye, in Fame's eternal temple." NIL NISI VERUM should be the motto of the dead. It may be ungracious to disobey the mandate,

"Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower;"

but the warning cannot have reference to the spear of Ithuriel. Truth is so precious, that it never costs too much. We protest at the outset of our labours against all reference to PRIVATE character, and comment upon PRIVATE life; but we must always except cases where they are mixed up with published writings which influence, and are designed to influence, the universal mind. Many of the Poems of Lord Byron have a dangerous tendency: they are calculated to remove the hideous features of Vice, and present it, if not in a tempting, at least in a natural and pardonable light. Whether it was a genuine sentiment, or a gross affectation, it matters not; but it was the frequent boast of the Poet, that he scorned and hated human kind; and out of this feeling, or this pretension, grew his labours to corrupt it. It was not alone against THINGS held sacred by society that his spleen and venom were directed: he strove to render odious some of the best and purest men that have ever lived; and his attacks were not the momentary ebullitions of dislike, but the produce of deep and settled hatred,—the more bitter in proportion as the cause was small. To the various circumstances that are said to have warped his mind, we cannot here refer. We perform an imperative duty, in a work which must find its way among the young and enthusiastic, when we warn the reader of his exquisite poetry, that danger lurks under the leaves. The Poems of Byron will live, as he had a right to anticipate they would, "with his land's language." The amazing power he possessed of searching into and pourtraying character,—his prodigious skill in versification,—his fine perception of the sublime and beautiful in nature,—his graceful and unforced wit,—his deep readings of human passion,—his accurate knowledge of the secret movements of the heart,—were so many keys to his wonderful and universal success.*

* Of the many beautiful editions of Byron's works which Mr. Murray has published, the last, in one volume, is the most complete and admirable. It is an exquisite specimen of typography.

BYRON.

INSCRIPTION ON THE MONUMENT OF A DOG.

When some proud son of man returns to earth,
Unknown to glory, but upheld by birth,
The Sculptor's art exhausts the pomp of woe,
And storied urns record who rests below;
When all is done, upon the tomb is seen,
Not what he was, but what he should have been:
But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,
Who labours, fights, lives, breathes for him alone,
Unhonour'd falls, unnoticed all his worth,
Denied in heaven the soul he held on earth:
While man, vain insect! hopes to be forgiven,
And claims himself a sole exclusive heaven.

Oh, man! thou feeble tenant of an hour,
Debas'd by slavery, or corrupt by power,
Who knows thee well must quit thee with disgust,
Degraded mass of animated dust!
Thy love is lust, thy friendship all a cheat,
Thy smiles hypocrisy, thy words deceit!
By nature vile, ennobled but by name,
Each kindred brute might bid thee blush for shame.
Ye! who perchance behold this simple urn,
Pass on,—it honours none you wish to mourn:
To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one,—and here he lies.

THE DREAM.

Our life is twofold: sleep hath its own world,
A boundary between the things misnamed
Death and existence; sleep hath its own world,
And a wide realm of wild reality,
And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy:
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils,
They do divide our being; they become
A portion of ourselves as of our time,
And look like heralds of eternity:
They pass like spirits of the past,—they speak
Like sybils of the future; they have power—
The tyranny of pleasure and of pain;
They make us what we were not—what they will,
And shake us with the vision that's gone by,—
The dread of vanish'd shadows. Are they so?
Is not the past all shadow?—What are they?
Creations of the mind? The mind can make
Substance, and people planets of its own
With beings brighter than have been,—and give
A breath to forms which can outlive all flesh.
I would recal a vision, which I dream'd
Perchance in sleep,—for in itself a thought,
A slumbering thought, is capable of years,
And curdles a long life into one hour.

I saw two beings in the hues of youth
Standing upon a hill, a gentle hill,
Green and of mild declivity,—the last
As 'twere the cape of a long ridge of such,
Save that there was no sea to lave its base,
But a most living landscape, and the wave
Of woods and corn-fields, and the abodes of men
Scatter'd at intervals, and wreathing smoke
Arising from such rustic roofs; the hill
Was crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,—
Not by the sport of nature, but of man:
These two, a maiden and a youth, were there
Gazing; the one, on all that was beneath—
Fair as herself—but the boy gazed on her:
And both were young, and one was beautiful;
And both were young, yet not alike in youth;
As the sweet moon on the horizon's verge,
The maid was on the eve of womanhood;—
The boy had fewer summers, but his heart
Had far outgrown his years; and, to his eye,
There was but one beloved face on earth—
And that was shining on him: he had look'd
Upon it till it could not pass away:
He had no breath, no being, but in hers:
She was his voice;—he did not speak to her,
But trembled on her words: she was his sight,
For his eye follow'd hers, and saw with hers,
Which colour'd all his objects;—he had ceased
To live within himself: she was his life,—
The ocean to the river of his thoughts,
Which terminated all! upon a tone,
A touch of hers, his blood would ebb and flow,
And his cheek change tempestuously;—his heart
Unknowing of its cause of agony.
But she in these fond feelings had no share:
Her sighs were not for him! to her he was
Even as a brother,—but no more: 'twas much,
For brotherless she was, save in the name
Her infant friendship had bestow'd on him;
Herself the solitary scion left
Of a time-honour'd race. It was a name
Which pleased him, and yet pleased him not,—and why?
Time taught him a deep answer—when she loved

Another! even *now* she loved another;
And on the summit of that hill she stood
Looking afar, if yet her lover's steed
Kept pace with her expectancy, and flew.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
There was an ancient mansion, and before
Its walls there was a steed caparison'd:
Within an antique oratory stood
The boy of whom I spake;—he was alone,
And pale, and pacing to and fro: anon
He sate him down, and seized a pen, and traced
Words which I could not guess of; then he lean'd
His bow'd head on his hands, and shook as 'twere
With a convulsion,—then arose again,
And, with his teeth and quivering hands, did tear
What he had written; but he shed no tears.
And he did calm himself, and fix his brow
Into a kind of quiet: as he paused
The lady of his love re-enter'd there;
She was serene and smiling then,—and yet
She knew she was by him beloved! she knew,
For quickly comes such knowledge, that his heart
Was darken'd with her shadow; and she saw
That he was wretched,—but she saw not all.
He rose, and, with a cold and gentle grasp,
He took her hand; a moment o'er his face
A tablet of unutterable thoughts
Was traced,—and then it faded as it came:
He dropped the hand he held, and with slow steps
Retired,—but not as bidding her adieu;
For they did part with mutual smiles: he pass'd
From out the massy gate of that old hall,
And mounting on his steed he went his way,
And ne'er repass'd that hoary threshold more!

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The boy was sprung to manhood: in the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams; he was girt
With strange and dusky aspects; he was not
Himself like what he had been: on the sea
And on the shore he was a wanderer!
There was a mass of many images

Crowded like waves upon me; but he was
A part of all,—and in the last he lay
Reposing from the noontide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them: by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man,
Clad in a flowing garb, did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around;
And they were canopied by the blue sky—
So cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful,
That God alone was to be seen in heaven.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love was wed with one
Who did not love her better: in her home,
A thousand leagues from his,—her native home,
She dwelt, begirt with growing infancy,
Daughters and sons of beauty,—but, behold!
Upon her face there was the tint of grief,
The settled shadow of an inward strife,
And an unquiet drooping of the eye,
As if its lid were charged with unshed tears.
What could her grief be?—she had all she loved:
And he who had so loved her was not there
To trouble with bad hopes, or evil wish,
Or ill-repressed affliction, her pure thoughts.
What could her grief be?—she had loved him not,
Nor given him cause to deem himself beloved;
Nor could he be a part of that which prey'd
Upon her mind,—a spectre of the past.

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was return'd. I saw him stand
Before an altar, with a gentle bride:
Her face was fair,—but was not that which made
The starlight of his boyhood! as he stood
Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
That in the antique oratory shook
His bosom in its solitude; and then,
As in that hour, a moment o'er his face
The tablet of unutterable thoughts

Was traced,—and then it faded as it came;
And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
The fitting vows,—but heard not his own words;
And all things reel'd around him! he could see
Not that which was, nor that which should have been;
But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
And the remember'd chambers, and the place,
The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,—
All things pertaining to that place and hour,
And her who was his destiny came back,
And thrust themselves between him and the light:
What business had they there at such a time?

A change came o'er the spirit of my dream.
The lady of his love,—oh! she was changed
As by the sickness of the soul: her mind
Had wander'd from its dwelling, and her eyes,—
They had not their own lustre, but the look
Which is not of the earth: she was become
The queen of a fantastic realm; her thoughts
Were combinations of disjointed things;
And forms—impalpable and unperceived
Of others' sight—familiar were to hers,
And this the world calls frenzy! but the wise
Have a far deeper madness; and the glance
Of melancholy is a fearful gift:
What is it but the telescope of truth?
Which strips the distance of its phantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real!

A change come o'er the spirit of my dream.
The wanderer was alone as heretofore;
The beings which surrounded him were gone,
Or were at war with him! he was a mark
For blight and desolation,—compass'd round
With hatred and contention: pain was mix'd
In all which was served up to him, until,
Like to the Pontic monarch of old days,
He fed on poisons, and they had no power,—
But were a kind of nutriment: he lived
Through that which had been death to many men,
And made him friends of mountains! with the stars
And the quick spirit of the universe

He held his dialogues; and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries:
To him the book of night was open'd wide,
And voices from the deep abyss reveal'd
A marvel and a secret,—Be it so.

My dream was past; it had no further change,
It was of a strange order, that the doom
Of these two creatures should be thus traced out
Almost like a reality; the one
To end in madness,—both in misery!

FAREWELL!

Farewell! if ever fondest prayer
For others' weal avail'd on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air—
But waft thy name beyond the sky.
'Twere vain to speak, to weep, to sigh:
Oh! more than tears of blood can tell,
When wrung from guilt's expiring eye,
Are in that word—Farewell! Farewell!

These lips are mute, these eyes are dry;
But in my breast, and in my brain,
Awake the pangs that pass not by,
The thought that ne'er shall sleep again.
My soul nor deigns, nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel;
I only know we loved in vain,—
I only feel—Farewell! Farewell!

Robert Southey was born in Bristol, on the 12th of August, 1774. Having given early tokens of that genius which has since placed his name foremost among British worthies, his friends resolved that the advantages of a liberal education should be added to those which Nature had bestowed upon him, and sent him, in 1788, to Westminster School. In 1792, he was entered at Baliol College, Oxford. During his residence in the University, he became infected with Jacobinical principles; but if some of his earlier productions contributed to disseminate pernicious doctrines, he has amply compensated mankind by the labours of a long life in the cause of virtue. In 1796, his first great poem, "Joan of Arc," appeared; and his fame was completely established when, in 1801, the romance of "Thalaba" issued from the press. He has since been continually before the world; and there is scarcely a branch of literature to which he has not contributed,—a list of his publications would fill this page. In 1813, Southey accepted the office of Poet Laureate, on the death of Pye,—and for nearly the first time, during at least a century, the office, instead of conferring, received dignity.

Southey is tall and handsome, with a clear and noble forehead, an aquiline nose, a profusion of hair, and uncommonly bright eyes: his voice was musical, full of gentleness and persuasion, and his smile is as winning as it is sweet. His hair, once a curling and glossy black, curls still, but is as white as snow; and his step has lost some of its elasticity,—but his eyes are as bright, and his smile as winning, as ever. He is rarely seen in the great world. His distaste of the turmoils of life induced him to decline the offer of a seat in the House of Commons, to which he had been elected; —apart from the bustle and feverish excitement of a city, he pursues his gentle and useful course from year to year:

> "And to his mountains and his forests rude
> Chaunts in sweet melody his classic song."

He has led the life of a scholar with as much steadiness of purpose and devotion, as if he had bound himself to his books by a religious vow. His works are sufficient to form a library; they are proofs of his amazing industry, not less than his vast and comprehensive learning. His wonderful genius may excite our admiration; but the extent of his "profitable labour" is, indeed, prodigious. There is nothing like it, we believe, in the history of the human mind. His character is as unspotted as that of any public man—living or dead. The world is aware that he has had some enemies: no one ever deserved them less. His friends are numerous, devoted, and firm. No one ever earned them better, or merited them more:

> "We soon live down
> Evil or good report, if undeserved."

His political opponents have tendered evidence to the estimable character of both his head and heart. One of the harshest arraigners of what he calls the inconsistency of Dr. Southey—as if that were inconsistency which induces to leave a path after it is known to be the wrong one—states, that "in all the relations and charities of private life, he is correct, exemplary, generous, just." He is one of the leading critics of the age; and, although there is abundant proof of his generous zeal in aiding young talent, there has never attached to him the suspicion of depressing it. The career of Southey is the best answer to the absurd, but too generally received opinion, that a critic is of necessity acrimonious or unjust.

Of late years, the prose of Southey has been preferred to his poetry. It rarely happens that there is a preference without a disparagement. No poet in the present or the past century has written three such poems as Thalaba, Kehama, and Roderic. Others have more excelled in DELINEATING what they find before them in life; but none have given such proofs of extraordinary power in CREATING. He has been called diffuse, because there is a spaciousness and amplitude about his poetry—as if concentration was the highest quality of a writer. He lays all his thoughts before us; but they never rush forth tumultuously. He excels in unity of design and congruity of character; and never did poet more adequately express heroic fortitude and generous affections. He has not, however, limited his pen to grand paintings of epic character. Among his shorter productions will be found some light and graceful sketches, full of beauty and feeling, and not the less valuable because they invariably aim at promoting virtue.

SOUTHEY.

SUNRISE.

I MARVEL not, O Sun! that unto thee
In adoration man should bow the knee,
  And pour his prayers of mingled awe and love;
For like a God thou art, and on thy way
Of glory sheddest with benignant ray,
  Beauty, and life, and joyance from above.
  No longer let these mists thy radiance shroud,—
These cold raw mists that chill the comfortless day;
But shed thy splendour through the opening cloud,
  And cheer the earth once more. The languid flowers
Lie odourless, bent down with heavy rain,
  Earth asks thy presence, saturate with showers!
O lord of light! put forth thy beams again,
  For damp and cheerless are the gloomy hours.

REMEMBRANCE.

Man hath a weary pilgrimage
As through the world he wends,
On every stage from youth to age
Still discontent attends;
With heaviness he casts his eye
Upon the road before,
And still remembers with a sigh,
The days that are no more.

To school the little exile goes,
Torn from his mother's arms,—
What then shall soothe his earliest woes,
When novelty hath lost its charms?
Condemn'd to suffer through the day
Restraints which no rewards repay,
And cares where love has no concern;
Hope lengthens as she counts the hours
Before his wish'd return.
From hard controul and tyrant rules,
The unfeeling discipline of schools,
In thought he loves to roam,
And tears will struggle in his eye
While he remembers with a sigh
The comforts of his home.

Youth comes; the toils and cares of life
Torment the restless mind;
Where shall the tired and harass'd heart
Its consolation find?
Then is not Youth, as Fancy tells,
Life's summer prime of joy?
Ah no! for hopes too long delay'd,
And feelings blasted or betray'd,
The fabled bliss destroy;
And Youth remembers with a sigh
The careless days of Infancy.

Maturer Manhood now arrives,
And other thoughts come on,
But with the baseless hopes of Youth
Its generous warmth is gone;

Cold calculating cares succeed,
The timid thought, the wary deed,
The dull realities of truth;
Back on the past he turns his eye;
Remembering with an envious sigh
The happy dreams of Youth.

So reaches he the latter stage
Of this our mortal pilgrimage,
With feeble step and slow;
New ills that latter stage await,
And old Experience learns too late
That all is vanity below.
Life's vain delusions are gone by,
Its idle hopes are o'er,
Yet Age remembers with a sigh
The days that are no more.

HANNAH.

Passing across a green and lonely lane
A funeral met our view. It was not here
A sight of every day, as in the streets
Of some great city, and we stopt and ask'd
Whom they were bearing to the grave. A girl,
They answer'd, of the village, who had pined
Through the long course of eighteen painful months
With such slow wasting, that the hour of death
Came welcome to her. We pursued our way
To the house of mirth, and with that idle talk
Which passes o'er the mind and is forgot,
We wore away the time. But it was eve
When homewardly I went, and in the air
Was that cool freshness, that discolouring shade
Which makes the eye turn inward: hearing then
Over the vale the heavy toll of death
Sound slow, it made me think upon the dead;
I question'd more, and learnt her mournful tale.
She bore unhusbanded a mother's pains,
And he who should have cherish'd her, far off
Sail'd on the seas. Left thus a wretched one,
Scorn made a mock of her, and evil tongues

Were busy with her name. She had to bear
The sharper sorrow of neglect from him
Whom she had loved so dearly. Once he wrote,
But only once that drop of comfort came
To mingle with her cup of wretchedness;
And when his parents had some tidings from him,
There was no mention of poor Hannah there,
Or 'twas the cold inquiry, more unkind
Than silence. So she pined and pined away,
And for herself and baby toil'd and toil'd;
Nor did she, even on her death-bed, rest
From labour, knitting there with lifted arms,
Till she sunk with very weakness. Her old mother
Omitted no kind office, working for her,
Albeit her hardest labour barely earn'd
Enough to keep life struggling, and prolong
The pains of grief and sickness. Thus she lay
On the sick bed of poverty, worn out
With her long suffering and those painful thoughts
Which at her heart were rankling, and so weak,
That she could make no effort to express
Affection for her infant; and the child,
Whose lisping love perhaps had solaced her,
Shunn'd her as one indifferent. But she too
Had grown indifferent to all things of earth;
Finding her only comfort in the thought
Of that cold bed wherein the wretched rest.
There had she now, in that last home been laid,
And all was over now,—sickness and grief,
Her shame, her suffering, and her penitence:
Their work was done. The school-boys as they sport
In the church-yard, for awhile might turn away
From the fresh grave till grass should cover it;
Nature would do that office soon; and none
Who trod upon the senseless turf would think
Of what a world of woes lay buried there!

THE EBB TIDE.

Slowly thy flowing tide
Came in, old Avon! scarcely did mine eyes,
As watchfully I roam'd thy green-wood side,
Behold the gentle rise.

With many a stroke and strong
The labouring boatmen upward plied their oars,
And yet the eye beheld them labouring long
Between thy winding shores.

Now down thine ebbing tide
The unlabour'd boat falls rapidly along;
The solitary helmsman sits to guide,
And sings an idle song.

Now o'er the rocks that lay
So silent late the shallow current roars;
Fast flow thy waters on their sea-ward way,
Through wider-spreading shores.

Avon! I gaze and know
The lesson emblem'd in thy varying way;
It speaks of human joys that rise so slow,
So rapidly decay.

Kingdoms which long have stood,
And slow to strength and power attain'd at last,
Thus from the summit of high fortune's flood
Ebb to their ruin fast.

Thus like thy flow appears
Time's tardy course to manhood's envied stage;
Alas! how hurryingly the ebbing years
Then hasten to old age!

THE VICTORY.

Hark,—how the church bells' thundering harmony
Stuns the glad ear! tidings of joy have come,—
Good tidings of great joy! two gallant ships
Met on the element;—they met, they fought
A desperate fight!—good tidings of great joy!
Old England triumph'd!—yet another day
Of glory for the ruler of the waves!

For those who fell, 'twas in their country's cause,
They have their passing paragraphs of praise,
And are forgotten!

There was one who died
In that day's glory, whose obscurer name
No proud historian's page will chronicle.
Peace to his honest soul! I read his name,—
'Twas in the list of slaughter, and blest God
The sound was not familiar to mine ear.
But it was told me, after, that this man
Was one whom lawful violence had forced
From his own home, and wife, and little ones,
Who by his labour lived; that he was one
Whose uncorrupted heart could keenly feel
A husband's love,—a father's anxiousness;
That, from the wages of his toil, he fed
The distant dear ones, and would talk of them
At midnight, when he trod the silent deck
With him he valued;—talk of them, of joys
Which he had known,—O God! and of the hour
When they should meet again, till his full heart,
His manly heart, at last would overflow—
Even like a child's—with very tenderness.
Peace to his honest spirit! suddenly
It came, and merciful the ball of death,—
For it came suddenly and shatter'd him,
And left no moment's agonizing thought
On those he loved so well.

He, ocean deep,
Now lies at rest. Be Thou her comforter
Who art the widow's friend! Man does not know
What a cold sickness made her blood run back
When first she heard the tidings of the fight:
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope
She listen'd to the names of those who died:
Man does not know,—or, knowing, will not heed,—
With what an agony of tenderness
She gazed upon her children, and beheld
His image who was gone. O God! be Thou,
Who art the widow's friend, her comforter!

THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's scull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
"For there's many here about;
"And often when I go to plough,
"The ploughshare turns them out!
"For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin he cries;
While little Wilhelmine looks up,
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
"And what they kill'd each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
"But what they kill'd each other for,
"I could not well make out.
"But every body said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory.

" My father lived at Blenheim then,
" Yon little stream hard by;
" They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
" And he was forced to fly;
" So with his wife and child he fled,
" Nor had he where to rest his head.

" With fire and sword the country round
" Was wasted far and wide;
" And many a childing mother then,
" And new-born baby died;
" But things like that, you know, must be
" At every famous victory.

" They say it was a shocking sight
" After the field was won;
" For many thousand bodies here
" Lay rotting in the sun;
" But things like that, you know, must be
" After a famous victory.

" Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
" And our good Prince Eugene."
" Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
" Nay—nay—my little girl," quoth he,
" It was a famous victory.

" And every body praised the Duke
" Who this great fight did win."
" But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
" Why, that I cannot tell," said he,
" But 'twas a famous victory."

TO A BEE.

Thou wert out betimes, thou busy, busy Bee!
As abroad I took my early way,
Before the cow from her resting-place
Had risen up and left her trace
On the meadow, with dew so grey,
Saw I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou wert working late, thou busy, busy Bee!
After the fall of the Cistus flower;
When the Primrose of evening was ready to burst,
I heard thee last, as I saw thee first;
In the silence of the evening hour,
Heard I thee, thou busy, busy Bee.

Thou art a miser, thou busy, busy Bee!
Late and early at employ;
Still on thy golden stores intent,
Thy summer in heaping and hoarding is spent
What thy winter will never enjoy;
Wise lesson this for me, thou busy, busy Bee!

Little dost thou think, thou busy, busy Bee!
What is the end of thy toil.
When the latest flowers of the ivy are gone,
And all thy work for the year is done,
Thy master comes for the spoil:
Woe then for thee, thou busy, busy Bee!

SONNET.

O God! have mercy in this dreadful hour
On the poor mariner! in comfort here
Safe shelter'd as I am, I almost fear
The blast that rages with resistless power.
What were it now to toss upon the waves,
The madden'd waves, and know no succour near;
The howling of the storm alone to hear,
And the wild sea that to the tempest raves:
To gaze amid the horrors of the night,
And only see the billows' gleaming light;
And in the dread of death to think of her,
Who, as she listens, sleepless, to the gale,
Puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale?
O God! have mercy on the mariner!

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin, on the 28th of May, 1780. At the age of fourteen, he entered the University of his native city, where he took his degree. In 1799, he became a member of the Middle Temple, and was called to the bar. Before he had completed his twentieth year, he published his Translations of the Odes of Anacreon; and at once "became famous." The work was dedicated to the Prince of Wales,—and led to an introduction to his royal highness, and a subsequent intimacy, of which a variety of anecdotes are related; but that it terminated disadvantageously for both, we have unquestionable proof in the pages of some of the Poet's later writings. In 1803, Mr. Moore obtained an official situation at Bermuda: he filled it but for a short period, and returned to England. In 1806, he published the "Odes and Epistles;" in 1808, Poems, under the assumed name of Thomas Little; in 1817, Lallah Rookh; and in 1823, the Loves of the Angels. Besides these Poems, Mr. Moore has printed a variety of light poetical squibs—the value of which naturally ceased with the topics that called them forth.

Mr. Moore resides in the vicinity of Bowood,—the seat of his friend Lord Lansdowne, near Calne. He has preferred retirement to celebrity—except that which the Muses have so lavishly bestowed upon him, and resists all attempts to lure him into the arena of public life. It will be readily believed that he is the idol of the circle in which he moves. A finer gentleman, in the better sense of the term, is no where to be found; his learning is not only extensive, but sound; and he is pre-eminent for those qualities which attract and charm in society. His voice, though not of large compass, is wonderfully sweet and effective, and he is a good musician;—to hear him sing one of his own melodies is, indeed, a rich treat. In person he is "Little," and the expression of his countenance is rather joyous than dignified; there is, however, a peculiar kindliness in his look and manner, which in no way detracts from the enthusiasm his presence cannot fail to excite.

It is scarcely necessary to comment on the poetry of Thomas Moore. It has been more extensively read than that of any existing author; those who might not have sought it otherwise, have become familiar with it through the medium of the delicious music to which it has been wedded; and it would be difficult to find a single individual in Great Britain unable to repeat some of his verses. No writer, living or dead, has enjoyed a popularity so universal: and if an author's position is to depend on the delight he produces, we must class the author of "Lallah Rookh," and the "Irish Melodies," as "chiefest of the Bards" of modern times. His poetry, however, is deficient in those higher and more enduring materials which form the ground-work of imperishable fame. Its leading attribute is grace. The Poet rarely attempts, and more rarely succeeds, in fathoming the depths of the human heart, and laying open the rich vein that has been hidden by the dull quarry: he is always brilliant, but seldom powerful; he is an epicurean in poetry, and turns away from all objects which do not yield enjoyment. His fancy is perpetually at play;—things which please the senses are more contemplated than those which excite or controul the passions; and while he

"Lives in a bright little world of his own"—

we must not mistake the dazzling and brilliant light which surrounds him, for the animating and invigorating sun.

His poetry is exquisitely finished: we never encounter a line or even a word that grates upon the ear; it is "harmony, delicious harmony," unbroken by a single jarring note.

We are by no means singular in thinking that the "Irish Melodies" must be considered as the most valuable and enduring of all his works; they

"Circle his name with a charm against death;"

and, as a writer of song, he stands without a rival. Mr. Moore found the national music of his country, with very few exceptions, debased by a union with words that were either unseemly or unintelligible. It was, therefore, comparatively lost to the world; and time was rapidly diminishing that which memory alone preserved. The attempt to combine it with appropriate language was commenced in 1807. Its success is almost without parallel in the history of literature. The music of Ireland is now known and appreciated all over the world;—and the songs of the Irish Poet will endure as long as the country, the loves and glories of which they commemorate.

MOORE.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

They say that Love had once a book
(The urchin likes to copy you),
Where all who came the pencil took,
And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line,
Or thought profane, should enter there.

And sweetly did the pages fill
With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
More bright than that she turn'd before!

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran!
Till Fear would come, alas! as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snowy leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again!

But, oh! there was a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
As all who read still sigh'd for more!

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book!

For still she saw his playful fingers
Fill'd with sweets and wanton toys;
And well she knew the stain that lingers
After sweets from wanton boys!

And so it chanced, one luckless night
He let his honey goblet fall
O'er the dear book so pure, so white,
And sullied lines, and marge and all!

In vain he sought, with eager lip,
The honey from the leaf to drink,
For still the more the boy would sip,
The deeper still the blot would sink!

Oh, it would make you weep, to see
The traces of this honey flood
Steal o'er a page, where Modesty
Had freshly drawn a rose's bud!

And Fancy's emblems lost their glow,
And Hope's sweet lines were all defaced,
And Love himself could scarcely know
What Love himself had lately traced!

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas! could Pleasure stay!)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
In blushes flung the book away!

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some honey stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure!

And oft they say she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages, now no more,
And thinks of lines that long have faded!

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related!

I SAW THY FORM IN YOUTHFUL PRIME.

I saw thy form in youthful prime,
Nor thought that pale decay
Would steal before the steps of time,
And waste its bloom away, Mary!
Yet still thy features wore that light
Which fleets not with the breath;
And life ne'er looked more truly bright
Than in thy smile of death, Mary!

As streams that run o'er golden mines,
Yet humbly, calmly glide,
Nor seem to know the wealth that shines
Within their gentle tide, Mary!
So, veil'd beneath the simplest guise,
Thy radiant genius shone,
And that which charm'd all other eyes,
Seem'd worthless in thy own, Mary!

If souls could always dwell above,
Thou ne'er hadst left that sphere;
Or, could we keep the souls we love,
We ne'er had lost thee here, Mary!
Though many a gifted mind we meet,
Though fairest forms we see,
To live with them is far less sweet
Than to remember thee, Mary!

I SAW FROM THE BEACH.

I saw from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters moved gloriously on;
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining,—
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone!

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known:
Each wave, that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the bleak shore alone!

Ne'er tell me of glories, serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;—
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh! who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul—like the wood that grows precious in burning—
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!

THIS LIFE IS ALL CHEQUERED WITH PLEASURES AND WOES.

This life is all chequer'd with pleasures and woes,
That chase one another, like waves of the deep,—
Each billow, as brightly or darkly it flows,
Reflecting our eyes as they sparkle or weep.

So closely our whims on our miseries tread,
That the laugh is awaked ere the tear can be dried;
And, as fast as the rain-drop of Pity is shed,
The goose-feathers of Folly can turn it aside.
But pledge me the cup—if existence would cloy
With hearts ever happy, and heads ever wise,
Be ours the light grief that is sister to Joy,
And the short brilliant folly that flashes and dies!

When Hylas was sent with his urn to the fount,
Through fields full of sunshine, with heart full of play,
Light rambled the boy over meadow and mount,
And neglected his task for the flowers on the way.
Thus some who, like me, should have drawn and have tasted
The fountain that runs by Philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine!
But pledge me the goblet—while Idleness weaves
Her flow'rets together, if Wisdom can see
One bright drop or two, that has fall'n on the leaves
From her fountain divine, 'tis sufficient for me!

ST. JEROME'S LOVE.

Who is the maid my spirit seeks,
Through cold reproof and slander's blight!
Has *she* Love's roses on her cheeks?
Is *hers* an eye of this world's light?
No,—wan and sunk with midnight prayer
Are the pale looks of her I love;
Or if, at times, a light be there,
Its beam is kindled from above.

I chose not her, my soul's elect,
From those who seek their Maker's shrine
In gems and garlands proudly deck'd,
As if themselves were things divine!
No—heaven but faintly warms the breast
That beats beneath a broider'd veil;
And she who comes in glittering vest
To mourn her frailty, still is frail.

Not so the faded form I prize
And love, because its bloom is gone;
The glory in those sainted eyes
Is all the grace her brow puts on.
And ne'er was beauty's dawn so bright,
So touching as that form's decay,
Which, like the altar's trembling light,
In holy lustre wastes away!

OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

Oft, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so link'd together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather;
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garland's dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

WHEN 'MIDST THE GAY I MEET.

When 'midst the gay I meet
That blessed smile of thine,
Though still on me it turns most sweet,
I scarce can call it mine :
But when to me alone
Your secret tears you show,
Oh ! then I feel those tears my own,
And claim them as they flow.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

The snow on Jura's steep
Can smile with many a beam,
Yet still in chains of coldness sleep,
How bright soe'er it seem.
But, when some deep-felt ray,
Whose touch is fire, appears,
Oh ! then the smile is warm'd away,
And, melting, turns to tears.
Then still with bright looks bless
The gay, the cold, the free ;
Give smiles to those who love you less,
But keep your tears for me.

Percy Bysshe Shelley, eldest son of Sir Timothy Shelley, Bart. of Castle Goring, was born at Field Place, Sussex, on the 4th of August, 1792. He was educated at Eton, and at University College, Oxford; was twice married, and has left two children, a daughter by the first wife, and a son—who is heir to the title—by the second. His widow, the daughter of William Godwin, is well known as the author of Frankenstein, and other novels. Mr. Shelley was cut off in the flower of his years and genius, on the 8th of July, 1822; he was drowned in a storm on the Genoese coast, whither he was hastening, to his abode near the town of Lerici.

It is within the scope neither of the limits nor the object of this work, to enter upon those controversial points which so occupied the attention and coloured the existence of this extraordinary man. Suffice it to say (for the man's NATURE can never be left out where the Poet is concerned), that whether his speculations were well or ill grounded, he is acknowledged on all hands to have been sincere in his pursuit of them; and that his friends entertain the most enthusiastic regard for his memory.

Mr. Shelley was tall, and slight of figure, with a singular union of general delicacy of organization and muscular strength. His hair was brown, prematurely touched with grey; his complexion fair and glowing; his eyes grey and extremely vivid; his face small and delicately featured, especially about the lower part; and he had an expression of countenance, when he was talking in his usual earnest fashion, which has been described elsewhere as giving you the idea of something "seraphical."

Mr. Shelley's poetry resembles that creation, for the moral harmony of which he was so anxious. It is wonderfully flowing and energetic, round and harmonious as the orb,—no less conversant with seas and mountains, than with flowers and the minutest beauty, and it hungers and thirsts after a certain beauty of perfection, as the orb rolls in loving attraction round the sun. He is remarkable for mixing a scholarly grandiosity of style with the most unaffected feeling and the most impulsive expression, and for being alike supernatural and human in his enthusiasm,—that is to say, he is equally fond of soaring away into the most ethereal abstractions, as if he were spirit; and of sympathizing with every-day flesh and blood, as though he had done nothing but suffer and enjoy with the most earth-bound of his fellow-creatures. Whether interrogating Nature in the icy solitudes of Chamouny, or thrilling with the lark in the sunshine, or shedding indignant tears with sorrow and poverty, or pulling flowers like a child in a field, or pitching himself back into the depths of time and space, and discoursing with the first forms and gigantic shadows of creation; he is alike in earnest and AT HOME. His faults arise from the very excess of his sympathies with all things. He is sometimes obscure in the remoteness of his abstractions, and sometimes so impatient with the forms of error, as to seem contradictory to his own tolerant doctrine. He not only

> "Relishes all things sharply,
> Passioned as we"—

he is far more passioned, and relishes them with a sharpness that makes him cry out like one constituted almost too delicately for existence. The cry is useful, because it begets attention to what might be otherwise too dully endured: but it leaves his genius with a certain charge of impatience and excess upon it, that hazards, meanwhile, that very enjoyment of the beautiful which he longed for, and which it is the more peculiar business of poetry to produce.

The Editor is indebted for this Memoir of Shelley, and also for that of Keats, to the friend of both, Leigh Hunt. The dangerous tendency of Shelley's writings,—his mistakes, theoretical and practical, acknowledged in some instances by himself,—will not find from others the excuse they have found from those who had personal regard for the man, as well as admiration of the Poet. Shelley may have been, as it is contended he was, SINCERE in his schemes for re-modelling society; but his doctrines are not, therefore, the less pernicious. Unhappily he died before judgment had arrived to the aid of genius: it is impossible to doubt that a mind so naturally generous would have atoned for many of the errors he had assisted to propagate, if he had lived to be convinced of them. He publicly disavowed (in the "Examiner") the republication of "Queen Mab," and regretted that he had written it. It was the work of a youth exasperated by scholastic injustice.

SHELLEY.

VENICE.

Sea-girt City! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin then than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne, among the waves
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,

Save where many a palace-gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandon'd sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way,
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlit deep,
Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.
* * * * *

THE CLOUD.

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning, my pilot, sits,
In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning-star shines dead.
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,

Sun-beam proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
Is the million-colour'd bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

AN EXHORTATION.

Chameleons feed on light and air;
Poets' food is love and fame:
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With as little toil as they,
Would they ever change their hue
As the light chameleons do,
Suiting it to every ray
Twenty times a-day?

Poets are on this cold earth,
As chameleons might be,
Hidden from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea;

Where light is, chameleons change;
  Where love is not, poets do:
  Fame is love disguised—if few
Find either, never think it strange
That poets range.

Yet dare not stain with wealth or power
  A poet's free and heavenly mind:
If bright chameleons should devour
  Any food but beams and wind,
They would grow as earthly soon
  As their brother lizards are.
  Children of a sunnier star,
Spirits from beyond the moon,
O, refuse the boon!

MUTABILITY.

The flower that smiles to-day
    To-morrow dies;
All that we wish to stay,
    Tempts and then flies:
What is this world's delight?
Lightning that mocks the night,
Brief even as bright.

Virtue, how frail it is!
    Friendship too rare!
Love, how it sells poor bliss
    For proud despair!
But we, though soon they fall,
Survive their joy and all
Which ours we call.

Whilst skies are blue and bright,
    Whilst flowers are gay,
Whilst eyes that change ere night
    Make glad the day;
Whilst yet the calm hours creep,
Dream thou—and from thy sleep
Then wake to weep.

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand,—
Come, long sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee!

Thy brother, Death, came and cried,
Wouldst thou me?
Thy sweet child, Sleep, thy filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noon-tide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon!
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night;
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

TO A SKY-LARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad day-light
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves:

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures,
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness,
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge was born on the 20th of October, 1772, at Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire. His father was a learned clergyman; and the Poet was the youngest of eleven children. In 1782, he was admitted into Christ's Hospital, London, where, according to his own account, he "enjoyed the inestimable advantage of a very sensible, though at the same time, a very severe master." At a premature age, even before his fifteenth year, he had "bewildered himself in metaphysical and theological controversy;" yet he pursued his studies with so much zeal and perseverance, that in 1791 he became Grecian, or captain of the school, which entitled him to an exhibition at the University; he was entered at Jesus College, Cambridge. Three years afterwards, "in an inauspicious hour, he left the friendly cloisters," without assigning any cause, and without taking his degree, and again came to London. There, without the means of support, he wandered for some days about the streets, and enlisted in the 15th Dragoons. While doing duty at Reading, he wrote on the wall of the stable a Latin sentence, which chanced to meet the eye of one of the officers. The inquiry that followed led to his discharge. In 1794, he published a small volume of Poems. Subsequently, the taint of French republicanism fell upon him; and he lectured at Bristol in praise of the Dæmon that had stolen, and was for a time welcomed in, the garb of liberty. In 1795, he married; and in 1798, he visited Germany. In 1800, he returned to England; and although he had formerly professed Unitarianism, and had preached to a congregation at Taunton, he became a firm adherent to the doctrines of Christianity; or, to use his own expression, found a "reconversion." Afterwards, he "wasted the prime and manhood of his intellect," as the Editor of a Newspaper. During the last nineteen years of his life he resided with his faithful and devoted friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gillman, at Highgate; lecturing occasionally, writing poetry and prose, and delighting and instructing all who had the good fortune to be admitted to his society. He died on the 25th of July, 1834.

The friends who knew him best, and under the shelter of whose roof-tree the later and the happier years of his chequered life were passed, have recorded their opinion of his character on the tablet that marks his grave in the Church at Highgate; and all who enjoyed the privilege of his acquaintance will bear testimony to its truth. It tells of his profound learning and discursive genius; his private worth; his social and Christian virtues; and adds, that his disposition was unalterably sweet and angelic: that he was an ever-enduring, ever-loving friend; the gentlest and kindest teacher—the most engaging home companion.

Hazlitt, who knew him in his youth, describes him as rather above the middle size, inclining to corpulency; as having a dreamy countenance, a forehead broad and high, with large projecting eye-brows, and "eyes rolling like a sea with darkened lustre." The description applies with almost equal accuracy to the Poet in age. The wonderful eloquence of his conversation is a prominent theme with all who have written or spoken of him; it was full of matter: his bookish lore, and his wide and intimate acquaintance with men and things, were enlivened by a grace and sprightliness absolutely startling;—his manner was singularly attractive, and the tones of his voice were perfect music.

Few have obtained greater celebrity in the world of letters; yet few have so wasted the energies of a naturally great mind; few, in short, have done so LITTLE of the purposed and promised MUCH. Some of the most perfect examples that our language can supply, are to be found among his Poems, full of the simplest and purest nature, yet pregnant with the deepest and most subtle philosophy *. His judgment and taste were sound and refined to a degree; and when he spoke of the "little he had published" as being of "little importance," it was because his conception of excellence exceeded even his power to convey it. Those who read his wildest productions—Christabel, and the Ancient Mariner—will readily appreciate the fertile imagination and prodigious strength of the writer; and if they turn to the gentler efforts of his genius, they will find so many illustrations of a passage which prefaces an edition of his Juvenile Verses: "Poetry has been to me its 'exceeding great reward;' it has soothed my affliction; it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments; it has endeared solitude; and it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me."

* A complete and beautifully printed edition of the Poems of S. T Coleridge, in 3 vols., was published by Pickering, revised and arranged by the Poet, shortly before his death.

COLERIDGE.

THE GARDEN OF BOCCACCIO.

THANKS, gentle artist! now I can descry
Thy fair creation with a mastering eye,
And *all* awake! And now in fix'd gaze stand,
Now wander through the Eden of thy hand;
Praise the green arches, on the fountain clear
See fragment shadows of the crossing deer;
And with that serviceable nymph I stoop,
The crystal from its restless pool to scoop.
I see no longer! I myself am there,
Sit on the ground-sward, and the banquet share.
'Tis I, that sweep that lute's love-echoing strings,
And gaze upon the maid who gazing sings:

Or pause and listen to the tinkling bells
From the high tower, and think that there she dwells.
With old Boccaccio's soul I stand possest,
And breathe an air like life, that swells my chest.

The brightness of the world, O thou once free,
And always fair, rare land of courtesy!
O Florence! with the Tuscan fields and hills!
And famous Arno, fed with all their rills;
Thou brightest star of star-bright Italy!
Rich, ornate, populous, all treasures thine,
The golden corn, the olive, and the vine,
Fair cities, gallant mansions, castles old,
And forests, where beside his leafy hold
The sullen boar hath heard the distant horn,
And whets his tusks against the gnarled thorn;
Palladian palace, with its storied halls;
Fountains, where Love lies listening to their falls;
Gardens, where flings the bridge its airy span,
And Nature makes her happy home with man;
Where many a gorgeous flower is duly fed
With its own rill, on its own spangled bed,
And wreathes the marble urn, or leans its head,
A mimic mourner, that with veil withdrawn
Weeps liquid gems, the presents of the dawn,
Thine all delights, and every muse is thine:
And more than all, the embrace and intertwine
Of all with all in gay and twinkling dance!

* * * * * * *

LOVE.

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruined tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the armed man,
The statue of the armed knight:
She stood and listened to my harp
Amid the ling'ring light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope, my joy, my Genevieve!
She loves me best, whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I played a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song that fitted well
The ruin wild and hoary.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew, I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight, that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he wooed
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined: and, ah!
The low, the deep, the pleading tone,
With which I sang another's love,
Interpreted my own.

She listened with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
And she forgave me that I gazed
Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
Which crazed this bold and lovely Knight,
And that he crossed the mountain woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once,
In green and sunny glade,

There came, and looked him in the face,
An angel beautiful and bright;
And that he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable Knight!

And how, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murd'rous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept and clasp'd his knees,
And how she tended him in vain,
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn, that crazed his brain:

And that she nursed him in a cave;
And how his madness went away
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay;

His dying words—But when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My falt'ring voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve,
The music, and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng!
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and maiden shame;
And, like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside;
As conscious of my look, she stepp'd—
Then suddenly with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel than see
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears; and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous bride!

THE NIGHTINGALE.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the west, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge!
You see the glimmer of the stream beneath,
But hear no murmuring: it flows silently
O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the nightingale begins its song,
"Most musical, most melancholy" bird!
A melancholy bird? O idle thought!
In nature there is nothing melancholy.
—But some night-wand'ring man, whose heart was pierced
With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
(And so, poor wretch! filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale

Of his own sorrows,) he and such as he
First named these notes a melancholy strain:
And many a poet echoes the conceit;
Poet, who hath been building up the rhyme
When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs
Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell,
By sun or moonlight, to the influxes
Of shapes, and sounds, and shifting elements,
Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song
And of his fame forgetful! so his fame
Should share in nature's immortality,
A venerable thing! and so his song
Should make all nature lovelier, and itself
Be loved, like nature!—But 'twill not be so;
And youths and maidens most poetical,
Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the spring
In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still
Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs
O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.
My friend, and my friend's sister! we have learnt
A different lore: we may not thus profane
Nature's sweet voices always full of love
And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul
Of all its music! and I know a grove
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not: and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up, and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many Nightingales: and far and near
In wood and thicket over the wide grove
They answer and provoke each other's songs—
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical, and swift jug-jug,
And one low piping sound more sweet than all—
Stirring the air with such an harmony,
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day.

A most gentle maid
Who dwelleth in her hospitable home
Hard by the castle, and at latest eve
(Even like a lady vowed and dedicate
To something more than nature in the grove)
Glides through the pathways; she knows all their notes,
That gentle maid! and oft, a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
Have all burst forth with choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sudden gale had swept
An hundred airy harps! And she hath watched
Many a Nightingale perch giddily
On bloss'my twig still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O warbler! till to-morrow eve,
And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!
We have been loitering long and pleasantly,
And now for our dear homes.—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe,
Who, capable of no articulate sound,
Mars all things with his imitative lisp,
How he would place his hand beside his ear,
His little hand, the small forefinger up,
And bid us listen! and I deem it wise
To make him Nature's playmate. He knows well
The evening star: and once when he awoke
In most distressful mood (some inward pain
Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)
I hurried with him to our orchard plot,
And he beholds the moon, and hushed at once
Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently,
While his fair eyes that swam with undropt tears
Did glitter in the yellow moonbeam! Well—
It is a father's tale. But if that Heaven
Should give me life, his childhood shall grow up
Familiar with these songs, that with the night
He may associate joy! Once more farewell,
Sweet Nightingale! once more, my friends, farewell!

LINES,

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGERODE, IN THE HARTZ FOREST.

I stood on Brocken's sovran height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills,
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Heavily my way
Downward I dragg'd through fir-groves evermore,
Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song become a hollow sound;
And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly,
Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct
From many a note of many a waterfall,
And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet stones
The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell
Leap'd frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
In low and languid mood: for I had found
That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive
Their finer influence from the life within:
Fair ciphers else: fair, but of import vague
Or unconcerning, where the heart not finds
History or prophecy of friend, or child,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country! O thou Queen,
Thou delegated Deity of Earth,
O dear, dear England! how my longing eye
Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs!

My native land!
Fill'd with the thought of thee this heart was proud,
Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills,
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgment or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is every where! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the world our home.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LOVE.

How warm this woodland wild recess!
Love surely hath been breathing here;
And this sweet bed of heath, my dear!
Swells up, then sinks with fain caress,
As if to have you yet more near.

Eight springs have flown since last I lay
On sea-ward Quantock's heathy hills,
Where quiet sounds from hidden rills
Float here and there, like things astray,
And high o'er head the sky-lark shrills.

No voice as yet had made the air
Be music with your name; yet why
That asking look? that yearning sigh?
That sense of promise every where?
Beloved! flew your spirit by?

As when a mother doth explore
The rose-mark on her long-lost child,
I met, I loved you, maiden mild!
As whom I long had loved before—
So deeply had I been beguiled.

You stood before me like a thought,
A dream remember'd in a dream.
But when those meek eyes first did seem
To tell me, Love within you wrought—
O Greta, dear domestic stream!

Has not, since then, Love's prompture deep,
Has not Love's whisper evermore
Been ceaseless, as thy gentle roar?
Sole voice, when other voices sleep,
Dear under-song in Clamour's hour.

Henry Hart Milman was born in London, in 1791, and is the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, an eminent Physician. He received his early education at a school in Greenwich, where Dr. Charles Burney was his tutor. He was afterwards placed at Eton; and in 1810, entered at Brazen-nose College, Oxford. He soon became a distinguished scholar; obtained prizes for English and Latin verse, and for English and Latin essays; and gained first honours in the examinations. In 1815, he became a fellow of his College; and in 1817, took holy orders, and was presented to the vicarage of St. Mary, Reading. In 1821, he was elected Professor of Poetry in the University. Mr. Milman's first appearance before the public was as the author of "Fazio," a Tragedy. It met with considerable success; and, after it had passed the ordeal of periodical criticism, was produced on the 5th of February, 1818, at Drury Lane Theatre. It was written, he states, "with some view to the stage:" it was successful in representation, and is still occasionally performed. The nature of his professional duties probably prevented his again writing for the stage; but in 1820, he produced another dramatic work, the "Fall of Jerusalem." "Belshazzar," the "Martyr of Antioch," and "Anne Boleyn," are also dramatic; and these, with "Samor, Lord of the Bright City," and a few minor poems, comprise the whole of his published poetical productions. He has, of late years, appeared but seldom before the world as an author. In 1830, he published a "History of the Jews," a work which gave rise to much controversy, and subjected the writer to various attacks, on the ground that he desired to merge the divine in the historian, and to exhibit himself as a simple narrator of facts,—without any regard to the source whence he derived his materials, as an inspired and infallible record. He was accused of treating the Bible as a philosophical inquirer would treat any profane work of antiquity,—as having ascribed to natural causes, events which the Scriptures unequivocally declare to be miraculous,—and as having, therefore, unwittingly contributed to subvert the bulwarks of the faith he was bound, by every consideration of honour and consistency, to defend. Such criticisms, however, he ably and effectually combated.

Mr. Milman is still the Vicar of St. Mary, Reading, and in that town he continues to reside. He is described as an eloquent preacher, and a zealous clergyman. In person he is tall; his countenance is fine and expressive; his manners are distant and reserved; and, however different he may be in the society of his friends, he is described by those who have had but little intercourse with him, as perpetually reminding them that he is a dignitary of the church to which he belongs; and that he is indisposed to touch any thing "common or unclean."

Mr. Milman is a learned Poet. His study has been the cloister; and neither in the city nor the green fields has he sought the Muse. Books, and not men, have been his companions. His poems are fine examples of sound intellect and cultivated taste; but we look in vain through them for evidence of inventive power, and originality of thought. He is certainly not an enthusiast,—and without enthusiasm there never was a true Poet. He brings Truth before us dressed in "fairy fiction;" but he permits her to seek her way to the heart without any of those aids which a warm imagination and a lively sensibility would have lent her. She leans upon judgment rather than upon fancy, and appears loath to receive any votaries who would worship "without knowing why, or caring wherefore." In a preface to one of his later poems, Mr. Milman expresses a hope that his works "will tend to the advancement of those interests, in subservience to which alone our time and talents can be worthily employed,—those of piety and religion." This is honourable to one, whose grand object is to forward, by every means, the cause of which he is the chosen advocate; and, if he had been of a warmer temperament, he might have brought poetry effectually to his aid,—it has often been so brought,—in the task he has undertaken. But there is a cold pomp about his writings, a frigid dignity of style, and a want of sympathy with human passions and desires,—which, unhappily, defeat his purpose. The temple to which he would conduct his followers, is grand, lofty, and paved with marble; but it chills us the moment we have passed the inner gate. Among religious readers, therefore, Mr. Milman has never been popular; and, from the same causes, added to others, his fame in the world at large is not extensive. His mind is of a high order, his knowledge large and ready; but he has little skill in mastering the heart, or in controlling the feelings, or in guiding the opinions of mankind.

MILMAN.

HYMN.

When God came down from Heaven—the living God—
  What signs and wonders mark'd his stately way!
Brake out the winds in music where He trod?
  Shone o'er the heavens a brighter, softer day?

The dumb began to speak, the blind to see,
  And the lame leap'd, and pain and paleness fled;
The mourner's sunken eye grew bright with glee,
  And from the tomb awoke the wondering dead!

When God went back to Heaven—the living God—
  Rode He the Heavens upon a fiery car?
Waved seraph-wings along His glorious road?
  Stood still to wonder each bright wandering star?

Upon the cross He hung, and bow'd the head,
And pray'd for them that smote, and them that curst;
And, drop by drop, His slow life-blood was shed,
And His last hour of suffering was his worst.

THE MERRY HEART.

I would not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits—light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,—
A merry heart that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour;
And sometimes have been half inclined
To rate her for her ill behaviour.
But life was short,—I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two 'witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season;
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love, you know, 's a reason fair;
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find:
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare,
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind;
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good-humour find.
Yes,—let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share;
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

I.

Love Thee!—oh, Thou, the world's eternal Sire!
Whose palace is the vast infinity;
Time, space, height, depth, oh, God! are full of Thee,
And sun-eyed seraphs tremble and admire.
Love Thee!—but Thou art girt with vengeful fire,
And mountains quake, and banded nations flee;
And terror shakes the wide unfathom'd sea,
When the heavens rock with Thy tempestuous ire.
Oh, Thou!—too vast for thought to comprehend,
That wast ere time,—shalt be when time is o'er;
Ages and worlds begin—grow old—and end,—
Systems and suns Thy changeless throne before,
Commence and close their cycles:—lost, I bend
To earth my prostrate soul, and shudder and adore!

II.

Love Thee!—oh, clad in human lowliness,—
In whom each heart its mortal kindred knows,—
Our flesh, our form, our tears, our pains, our woes;
A fellow-wanderer o'er earth's wilderness!
Love Thee!—whose every word but breathes to bless!
Through Thee, from long-seal'd lips, glad language flows;
The blind their eyes, that laugh with light, unclose;
And babes, unchid, Thy garment's hem caress.
I see Thee—doom'd by bitterest pangs to die,
Up the sad hill, with willing footsteps move,
With scourge, and taunt, and wanton agony;
While the cross nods, in hideous gloom, above,
Though all—even there—be radiant Deity!
Speechless I gaze, and my whole soul is love!

Ebenezer Elliott was born on the 17th of March, 1781, at Masbro, a village near the town of Sheffield; where he has since resided, and where he follows the calling of an ironmonger. His birth, he informs me, was registered only in the family Bible; his father being "a dissenter, and a thorough hater of the Church as by Law established." The boyhood of the Poet was neglected, in consequence of his supposed inability to learn any thing useful; and he was left, for the most part, to his own guidance during the years which generally form the character of the future man. His nature was dull and slow, but thoughtful and affectionate. Happily, his "idle time" was not "idly spent;" his wanderings in the woods and fields laid the foundation of his after-fame; and Thomson's Seasons made him a versifier:

> "His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
> The meadow and the moor."

When at the age which determines destiny, or,—as he quaintly expresses it,—"while it was doubtful whether he would become a man or a malt-worm," a country curate bequeathed to his home a library of valuable Theological Works. To this new source of profit and enjoyment, tinctured though it was with gloom, and to the conversation and amateur-preaching of his father, "an old Cameronian and born rebel," whose religion was of the severest kind, and whose "dreadful declamations it was his misfortune to hear," may be traced the character, literary and political, of the future Corn-Law Rhymer. Blessed or cursed with a hatred of wasted labour, he was never known to read a bad book through; but he has read again and again, and deeply studied, all the master-pieces of the mind, original and translated; and the master-pieces only: a circumstance to which he attributes his success. "There is not," he says, "a good thought in his works that has not been suggested by some object actually before his eyes, or by some real occurrence, or by the thoughts of other men,"—"but," he adds, "I can make other men's thoughts breed." His genius, according to his own view of it, is a compound of earnest perseverance, restless observation, and instinctive or habitual hatred of oppression. He protests against being considered a coarse and careless writer; and asserts that he has never printed a careless line.

So far my notice is indebted to the Corn-Law Rhymer himself. For the rest, I learn that he is indefatigable in his application to his unpoetic business; a most kind husband and father, a pleasant associate, and a faithful friend; energetic to an extreme in conversation; roughly but powerfully eloquent; and that his "countenance bespeaks deep thought, and an enthusiastic temperament: his overhanging brow is stern to a degree, while the lower part of his face indicates mildness and benevolence."

I may state, with natural and pardonable pride, that while Editor of the New Monthly Magazine, it was my fortunate privilege to direct to this extraordinary and highly-gifted man the public attention he had long, but vainly, courted. In April, 1831, a letter reviewing his poetry was addressed to Dr. Southey, by one of the most accomplished writers of the age, and published in that periodical. From the day of its appearance, the world wondered what strange fatality had hitherto obscured his genius; it was at once acknowledged, and his "earnest perseverance" recompensed. His Poems have been recently collected into three volumes*.

It is impossible to avoid some comment on the harsh, ungenerous, and, we must add, un-English political principles, which so continually influence, so thoroughly saturate, and so essentially impair, the poetry of the Rhymer. In his "Corn-Law Rhymes," and the Poems avowedly political, we look for and pardon his strong and ungentle opinions; but he can rarely ramble through a green lane, climb the mountain's brow, or revel amid the luxuries of nature, without giving them expression. He has wooed Liberty with an unchaste passion. His fancy is haunted by images of tyrant-kings, tax-fed aristocrats, and bigoted oppressors.

Still, with the highest and the most enduring of British Poets, we must class Ebenezer Elliott. Among his Poems there are many glorious and true transcripts of nature; full of pathos and beauty, vigorous and original in thought; and clear, eloquent, and impassioned in language. His feelings, though at times kindly and gentle, are more often dark, menacing, and stern; but they are never grovelling or low. He has keen and burning sympathies; but unhappily he forgets that the high-born and wealthy claim them and deserve them, as well as the poor, and those who are more directly "bread-taxed;"—that suffering is the common lot of humanity.

* Benjamin Steill, Paternoster Row. 1835.

ELLIOTT.

THE WONDERS OF THE LANE.

Strong climber of the mountain's side,
  Though thou the vale disdain,
Yet walk with me where hawthorns hide
  The wonders of the lane.
High o'er the rushy springs of Don
  The stormy gloom is roll'd;
The moorland hath not yet put on
  His purple, green, and gold.
But here the titling spreads his wing,
  Where dewy daisies gleam;
And here the sun-flower of the spring
  Burns bright in morning's beam.

To mountain winds the famish'd fox
Complains that Sol is slow,
O'er headlong steeps and gushing rocks
His royal robe to throw.
But here the lizard seeks the sun,
Here coils in light the snake;
And here the fire-tuft hath begun
Its beauteous nest to make.
Oh, then, while hums the earliest bee
Where verdure fires the plain,
Walk thou with me, and stoop to see
The glories of the lane!
For, oh! I love these banks of rock,
This roof of sky and tree,
These tufts, where sleeps the gloaming clock,
And wakes the earliest bee!
As spirits from eternal day
Look down on earth secure;
Gaze thou, and wonder, and survey
A world in miniature;
A world not scorn'd by Him who made
Even weakness by His might;
But solemn in His depth of shade,
And splendid in His light.
Light! not alone on clouds afar
O'er storm-loved mountains spread,
Or widely teaching sun and star
Thy glorious thoughts are read;
Oh, no! thou art a wondrous book,
To sky, and sea, and land—
A page on which the angels look,
Which insects understand!
And here, oh, Light! minutely fair,
Divinely plain and clear,
Like splinters of a crystal hair,
Thy bright small hand is here.
Yon drop-fed lake, six inches wide,
Is Huron, girt with wood;
This driplet feeds Missouri's tide—
And that, Niagara's flood.
What tidings from the Andes brings
Yon line of liquid light,
That down from heav'n in madness flings
The blind foam of its might?

Do I not hear his thunder roll—
The roar that ne'er is still?
'Tis mute as death!—but in my soul
It roars, and ever will.
What forests tall of tiniest moss
Clothe every little stone!
What pigmy oaks their foliage toss
O'er pigmy valleys lone!
With shade o'er shade, from ledge to ledge,
Ambitious of the sky,
They feather o'er the steepest edge
Of mountains mushroom high.
Oh, God of marvels! who can tell
What myriad living things
On these grey stones unseen may dwell!
What nations, with their kings!
I feel no shock, I hear no groan
While fate perchance o'erwhelms
Empires on this subverted stone—
A hundred ruin'd realms!
Lo! in that dot, some mite, like me,
Impell'd by woe or whim,
May crawl, some atoms' cliffs to see—
A tiny world to him!
Lo! while he pauses, and admires
The work of nature's might,
Spurn'd by my foot, his world expires,
And all to him is night!
Oh, God of terrors! what are we!—
Poor insects, spark'd with thought!
Thy whisper, Lord, a word from thee,
Could smite us into nought!
But shouldst thou wreck our father-land,
And mix it with the deep,
Safe in the hollow of thine hand
Thy little ones would sleep.

THE DYING BOY TO THE SLOE BLOSSOM.

Before thy leaves thou com'st once more,
White blossom of the sloe!
Thy leaves will come as heretofore;
But this poor heart, its troubles o'er,
Will then lie low.

A month at least before thy time
Thou com'st, pale flower, to me;
For well thou know'st the frosty rime
Will blast me, ere my vernal prime,
No more to be.

Why here in winter? No storm lours
O'er nature's silent shroud!
But blithe larks meet the sunny showers,
High o'er the doom'd untimely flowers
In beauty bow'd.

Sweet violets in the budding grove
Peep where the glad waves run;
The wren below, the thrush above,
Of bright to-morrow's joy and love
Sing to the sun.

And where the rose-leaf, ever bold,
Hears bees chaunt hymns to God,
The breeze-bow'd palm, moss'd o'er with gold,
Smiles o'er the well in summer cold,
And daisied sod.

But thou, pale blossom, thou art come,
And flowers in winter blow,
To tell me that the worm makes room
For me, her brother, in the tomb,
And thinks me slow.

For as the rainbow of the dawn
Foretels an eve of tears,
A sunbeam on the sadden'd lawn
I smile, and weep to be withdrawn
In early years.

Thy leaves will come! but songful spring
Will see no leaf of mine;
Her bells will ring, her bride's-maids sing,
When my young leaves are withering
Where no suns shine.

Oh, might I breathe morn's dewy breath,
When June's sweet Sabbaths chime!
But, thine before my time, oh, death!
I go where no flow'r blossometh,
Before my time.

Even as the blushes of the morn
Vanish, and long ere noon
The dew-drop dieth on the thorn,
So fair I bloom'd; and was I born
To die as soon?

To love my mother, and to die—
To perish in my bloom!
Is this my sad, brief history!—
A tear dropp'd from a mother's eye
Into the tomb.

He lived and loved—will sorrow say—
By early sorrow tried;
He smiled, he sigh'd, he pass'd away;
His life was but an April day,—
He loved, and died!

My mother smiles, then turns away,
But turns away to weep:
They whisper round me—what they say
I need not hear, for in the clay
I soon must sleep.

O, love is sorrow! sad it is
To be both tried and true;
I ever trembled in my bliss:
Now there are farewells in a kiss,
They sigh adieu.

But woodbines flaunt when blue bells fade,
Where Don reflects the skies;
And many a youth in Shire-cliffs' shade
Will ramble where my boyhood play'd,
Though Alfred dies.

Then panting woods the breeze will feel,
And bowers, as heretofore,
Beneath their load of roses reel:
But I through woodbined lanes shall steal
No more, no more.

Well, lay me by my brother's side,
Where late we stood and wept;
For I was stricken when he died,—
I felt the arrow as he sigh'd
His last, and slept.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

Stop, Mortal! Here thy brother lies,
The Poet of the poor;
His books were rivers, woods, and skies,
The meadow, and the moor;
His teachers were the torn heart's wail,
The tyrant, and the slave,
The street, the factory, the jail,
The palace—and the grave!
Sin met thy brother every where!
And is thy brother blamed?
From passion, danger, doubt, and care,
He no exemption claim'd.
The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm,
He fear'd to scorn or hate;
But, honouring in a peasant's form
The equal of the great.
He bless'd the Steward, whose wealth makes
The poor man's little more;
Yet loath'd the haughty wretch that takes
From plunder'd labour's store.

A hand to do, a head to plan,
A heart to feel and dare—
Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
Who drew them as they are.

TO THE BRAMBLE FLOWER.

Thy fruit full well the school-boy knows,
Wild bramble of the brake!
So, put thou forth thy small white rose;
I love it for his sake.
Though woodbines flaunt, and roses glow
O'er all the fragrant bowers,
Thou need'st not be ashamed to show
Thy satin-threaded flowers;
For dull the eye, the heart is dull
That cannot feel how fair,
Amid all beauty beautiful,
Thy tender blossoms are!
How delicate thy gauzy frill!
How rich thy branchy stem!
How soft thy voice, when woods are still,
And thou sing'st hymns to them;
While silent showers are falling slow,
And 'mid the general hush,
A sweet air lifts the little bough,
Lone whispering through the bush!
The primrose to the grave is gone;
The hawthorn flower is dead;
The violet by the moss'd grey stone
Hath laid her weary head;
But thou, wild bramble! back dost bring,
In all their beauteous power,
The fresh green days of life's fair spring,
And boyhood's blossomy hour.
Scorn'd bramble of the brake! once more
Thou bidd'st me be a boy,
To gad with thee the woodlands o'er,
In freedom and in joy.

Charles Lamb was born in the Temple, London, on the 10th of February, 1775. He received his education at Christ's Hospital, and was, for the greater portion of his life, a clerk in the office of the Accountant-General at the India House. His earliest and his latest associate was his school-mate, Coleridge:—the last, or nearly the last lines he ever penned contained a brief but deeply earnest and pathetic tribute to the memory of his "fifty years old friend without a dissension;" and the grass had not time to grow over the grave of the one, before it was opened to receive all that was mortal of the other. The life of Charles Lamb contains no startling incident;—it was calm, comparatively untroubled, even, and unobtrusive: a story is told, indeed, of some mystery that hung as a dark cloud over his merry heart, bringing and keeping care and despondency under his roof—but it is one with which the world had no concern: his pecuniary circumstances were easy; and literature was to him the staff, but not the crutch. To the fact that he was never compelled to write, we are indebted for the high degree of finish which distinguishes all he produced: but to this cause also must be attributed that he wrote so little. Partly from choice, and partly from the necessity of attending daily to his official duties, he was a constant resident in London; and, consequently, neither in his poetry nor his prose do we find many proofs of that inspiration which is drawn from familiar intercourse with Nature. He loved the country far less than he loved the town; and found in the streets and alleys of the Metropolis themes as fertile as some of his contemporaries had sought and obtained among the hills and valleys of Westmoreland. He knew every spot the great men of former days had made "hallowed ground." Many a dingy building of brick was to him more sacred than "the temple not made with hands," as being the birth-place or intellectual laboratory of some mighty master of the past. His delicious "Essays," therefore, open to us sources of peculiar delight, and show that as much exquisite enjoyment may be derived from a contemplative stroll down Fleet Street, as from a pensive ramble "mid flower-enamelled lands and blooming thickets." They are full of wisdom, pregnant with genuine wit, abound in true pathos, and have a rich vein of humour running through them all. The kindness of his heart and the playfulness of his fancy are spread over every page. As a critic he was sound yet gentle. If his maturer taste and extensive reading compelled him to try all modern writers by a standard terribly severe, he reproved with a mildly persuasive bearing;

> "Of right and wrong he taught
> Truths as refined as ever Athens heard."

If his style reminds us forcibly of the "old inventive Poets," he never strikes us as an imitator of them. His mind was akin to theirs; and he lived his days and nights in their company: naturally and unconsciously, therefore, he thought as they thought, and adopted their manner. His "Tragedy," as he calls it, "John Woodvil," will almost bear comparison with the happiest efforts of our dramatists, in the high and palmy days of the drama. Few of them have done more within the same space, or produced finer effects by simple touches.

The personal character of Lamb must have been amiable to a degree;—the evidence of his writings, and the testimony of many friends, prove it to have been so. He died at his residence in Islington, on the 27th of December, 1834. His personal appearance was remarkable: his figure was diminutive and ungraceful; but his head was of the finest and most intellectual cast; "his face," writes one of his most esteemed friends, was "deeply marked and full of noble lines,—traces of sensibility, imagination, suffering, and much thought. His wit was in his eye, luminous, quick, and restless. The smile that played about his mouth was ever cordial and good-humoured." Leigh Hunt has happily characterized both his person and his mind:—"as his frame so is his genius. It is as fit for thought as can be, and equally as unfit for action."

The poetical productions of Charles Lamb are very limited; but they are sufficient both in quantity and quality to secure for him a prominent station among the Poets of Great Britain. He did not consider it beneath him to scribble "Album verses;" but his judgment in publishing them has been arraigned. If among them we find a few puerilities, and numerous affectations, it will not require a very close search to perceive many graceful and beautiful flowers lurking under leaves which are certainly uninviting. He loved to trifle, both in verse and prose; yet his trifling was that of a philosopher,—desiring to unbend, but retaining a consciousness of power.

LAMB.

THE GIPSY'S MALISON.

Suck, baby, suck, mother's love grows by giving,
Drain the sweet founts that only thrive by wasting;
Black manhood comes, when riotous guilty living
Hands thee the cup that shall be death in tasting.
Kiss, baby, kiss, mother's lips shine by kisses,
Choke the warm breath that else would fall in blessings;
Black manhood comes, when turbulent guilty blisses
Tend thee the kiss that poisons 'mid caressings.

HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.

A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed,
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,

When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning?

SONNETS.

Was it some sweet device of faëry
That mock'd my steps with many a lonely glade,
And fancied wanderings with a fair-hair'd maid?
Have these things been? or what rare witchery,
Impregning with delights the charmed air,
Enlighted up the semblance of a smile
In those fine eyes? methought they spake the while
Soft soothing things, which might enforce despair
To drop the murdering knife, and let go by
His foul resolve. And does the lonely glade
Still court the footsteps of the fair-hair'd maid?
Still in her locks the gales of summer sigh?
While I forlorn do wander reckless where,
And 'mid my wanderings meet no Anna there.

Methinks how dainty sweet it were, reclin'd
Beneath the vast out-stretching branches high
Of some old wood, in careless sort to lie,
Nor of the busier scenes we left behind
Aught envying. And, O Anna! mild-eyed maid!
Beloved! I were well content to play
With thy free tresses all a summer's day,
Losing the time beneath the greenwood shade.
Or we might sit and tell some tender tale
Of faithful vows repaid by cruel scorn,
A tale of true love, or of friend forgot;
And I would teach thee, lady, how to rail
In gentle sort, on those who practise not
Or love or pity, though of woman born.

When last I roved these winding wood walks green,
Green winding walks, and shady pathways sweet,
Oft-times would Anna seek the silent scene,
Shrouding her beauties in the lone retreat.
No more I hear her footsteps in the shade:
Her image only in these pleasant ways
Meets me self-wandering, where, in happier days,
I held free converse with the fair-hair'd maid.

I pass'd the little cottage which she loved,
The cottage which did once my all contain;
It spake of days which ne'er must come again;
Spake to my heart, and much my heart was moved.
"Now fair befal thee, gentle maid!" said I,
And from the cottage turn'd me with a sigh.

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN.

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work.
A flow'ret crushed in the bud,
A nameless piece of babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying:
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying:
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb!
She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark; ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature:
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry,
That babe, or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock,
And cut the branch; to save the shock

Of young years widow'd; and the pain,
When single state comes back again
To the lone man, who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maimed life?
The economy of Heaven is dark;
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why human buds, like this, should fall,
More brief than fly ephemeral,
That has his day; while shrivell'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbed use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss.
Rites, which custom does impose,
Silver bells and baby clothes;
Coral redder than those lips,
Which pale death did late eclipse;
Music framed for infants' glee;
Whistle never tuned for thee;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave;
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie,
A more harmless vanity?

James Montgomery was born in Irvine, Ayrshire, in 1771. His parents belonged to the church of the United Brethren, commonly called Moravians,—a sect by no means numerous in England, and still more limited in Scotland. Having previously sojourned for a short time at a village in the Irish county of Antrim, they placed the future Poet at the school of their society, at Fulnick, near Leeds, and embarked for the West Indies, as missionaries among the negro slaves. They were the victims of their zeal and humanity; the husband died in Barbadoes, and the wife in Tobago.

After remaining two years at Fulnick, and, like other men of genius, disappointing the expectations of his friends, as a student "from very indolence," he was placed by them in a retail shop at Mirfield, near Wakefield. This ungenial employment he considered himself—not being under indentures—at liberty to relinquish at the end of two years, with a view to try his fortune in the great world. After spending other two years at a village near Rotherham, and a few months with a bookseller in London, he engaged as an assistant with Mr. Joseph Gales, of Sheffield, who published a newspaper;—to the management of which, in 1794, he succeeded. This, though conducted with comparative moderation, exposed him to much enmity—rather inherited from his predecessor than actually incurred by himself. The liberty of the press, in those days, was, like Faith, "the substance of things hoped for;" a sentence of condemnation, or even a word of reproach against men in "high places," was punished as libellous. Montgomery did not, indeed, share the fate of some of his stern sectarian forefathers; but, in lieu of maiming and pillory, he had to endure fine and imprisonment. Within eighteen months, and when he had scarcely arrived at manhood, his exertions in the cause of rational freedom had twice consigned him to a gaol. During the thirty-six years that followed, however, he was permitted to publish his opinions, without being the object of open persecution. Wearied out at length, he relinquished his newspaper in 1825. Recently one of the government grants to British Worthies has been conferred upon him; and—it must be recorded to his honour—by Sir Robert Peel. The Poet continues to reside in Sheffield,—esteemed, admired, and beloved: a man of purer mind, or more unsuspected integrity, never existed. He is an honour to the profession of letters; and, by the upright and unimpeachable tenor of his life—even more than by his writings—the persuasive and convincing advocate of religion. In his personal appearance, Montgomery is rather below than above the middle stature: his countenance is peculiarly bland and tranquil; and, but for the occasional sparklings of a clear grey eye, it could scarcely be described as expressive.

Very early in life Montgomery published a volume of Poems. They were not, it would appear, favourably received by the public; and, he writes, the disappointment of his premature poetical hopes brought with it a blight, which his mind has never recovered. "For many years," he adds, "I was as mute as a moulting bird; and when the power of song returned, it was without the energy, self-confidence, and freedom, which happier minstrels among my contemporaries have manifested." The Wanderer of Switzerland was published in 1806; the West Indies, in 1810; the World before the Flood, in 1813; Greenland, in 1819; the Pelican Island, in 1827: he has since contented himself with the production of occasional verses.

Those who can distinguish the fine gold from the "sounding brass" of poetry, must place the name of James Montgomery high in the list of British Poets; and those who consider that the chiefest duty of such is to promote the cause of religion, virtue, and humanity, must acknowledge in him one of their most zealous and efficient advocates. He does not, indeed, often aim at bolder flights of imagination; but if he seldom rises above, he never sinks beneath, the object of which he desires the attainment. If he rarely startles us, he still more rarely leaves us dissatisfied; he does not attempt that to which his powers are unequal,—and therefore is, at all times, successful. To the general reader, it will seem as if the early bias of his mind and his first associations had tinged—we may not say tainted—the source from whence he drew his inspirations; and that his poems are "sicklied o'er" with peculiar impressions and opinions which fail to excite the sympathy of the great mass of mankind. We should, however, recollect, that, although he has chiefly addressed himself to those who think with him, his popularity is by no means confined to them; but that those who read poetry for the delight it affords them, and without any reference to his leading design, acknowledge his merit, and contribute to his fame.

MONTGOMERY.

THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,—
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil,—
To slumber in that dreamless bed,
From all my toil.

For misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish! O my mother earth,
Take home thy child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined,
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark! a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse, my brain runs wild,—I rave:
Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I AM THE GRAVE!

"The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide:
O listen! I will speak no more;—
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From wrath and vengeance would'st thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me:

"By all the terrors of the tomb,—
Beyond the power of tongue to tell:
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By death and hell,

"I charge thee LIVE! repent and pray,
In dust thine infamy deplore:
There yet is mercy,—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a WANDERER?—hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A shipwreck'd sufferer, hast thou been
Misfortune's mark?

"Art thou a MOURNER?—hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights;
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam;
LIVE! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,—
A quiet home.

"To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame,
And was thy friend a deadly foe,—
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"LIVE! and repine not o'er his loss,—
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure, seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm;
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did WOMAN's charms thy youth beguile,—
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"LIVE! 'Twas a false bewildering fire;
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,—
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on list'ning Beauty's eye;
To ask,—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,—
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest
In woman's love.

"Whate'er thy lot—whoe'er thou be,
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod;
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of GOD.

"A bruised reed He will not break,—
Afflictions all his children feel:
He wounds them for his mercy's sake,—
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate his Providence adore:
'Tis done! Arise! HE bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
GOD's glorious image, freed from clay,
In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day.

"The SUN is but a spark of fire,—
A transient meteor in the sky:
The SOUL, immortal as its Sire,
SHALL NEVER DIE!"

FRIENDS.

Friend after friend departs;
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end:
Were this frail world our only rest,—
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond this vale of death,—
There surely is some blessed clime,
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upward to expire.

There *is* a world above,
Where parting is unknown,—
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that happier sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away,
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day;
Nor sink those stars in empty night,—
They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

HANNAH.

At fond sixteen my roving heart
Was pierced by Love's delightful dart;
Keen transport throbb'd through every vein,
I never felt so sweet a pain!

Where circling woods embower'd the glade,
I met the dear romantic maid:
I stole her hand,—it shrunk!—but no;
I would not let my captive go.

With all the fervency of youth,
While passion told the tale of truth,
I mark'd my Hannah's downcast eye,—
'Twas kind, but beautifully shy.

Not with a warmer, purer ray,
The sun, enamour'd, woos young May;
Nor May, with softer maiden grace,
Turns from the sun her blushing face.

But, swifter than the frighted dove,
Fled the gay morning of my love:
Ah! that so bright a morn, so soon
Should vanish in so dark a noon!

The angel of affliction rose,
And in his grasp a thousand woes;
He pour'd his vial on my head,
And all the heaven of rapture fled.

Yet, in the glory of my pride,
I stood,—and all his wrath defied:
I stood, though whirlwinds shook my brain,
And lightnings cleft my soul in twain.

I shunn'd my nymph;—and knew not why
I durst not meet her gentle eye;
I shunn'd her,—for I could not bear
To marry her to my despair.

Yet, sick at heart with hope delay'd,
Oft the dear image of that maid
Glanced, like the rainbow, o'er my mind,
And promised happiness behind.

The storm blew o'er, and in my breast
The halcyon Peace rebuilt her nest:
The storm blew o'er, and clear and mild
The sea of youth and pleasure smiled.

'Twas on the merry morn of May,
To Hannah's cot I took my way:
My eager hopes were on the wing,
Like swallows sporting in the spring.

Then as I climb'd the mountains o'er,
I lived my wooing days once more;
And fancy sketch'd my married lot,—
My wife, my children, and my cot.

I saw the village steeple rise,—
My soul sprang, sparkling, in my eyes;
The rural bells rang sweet and clear,—
My fond heart listen'd in mine ear.

I reach'd the hamlet;—all was gay:
I love a rustic holiday;
I met a wedding,—stepp'd aside;
It pass'd,—my Hannah was the bride!

—There is a grief that cannot feel,—
It leaves a wound that will not heal:
—My heart grew cold,—it felt not then;
When shall it cease to feel again?

Henry Kirke White was born on the 21st of August, 1785, at Nottingham, where his father was a butcher. He gave early tokens of the genius for which he was afterwards distinguished, and had written verses when scarcely more than a child. While at school and wooing the Muses, however, his spirit was subdued by his occupation; on one whole day in every week, and during his leisure hours on the others, he was compelled to carry out the butcher's basket: this drudgery he was forced to exchange for one scarcely less repulsive: at the age of fourteen, the loom of a hosier was selected as a fitting labour for this "darling of Science and the Muse:" his mother, however, felt that his yearnings after fame were indications of a higher destiny, and succeeded in placing him in the office of an attorney. Here he earnestly laboured to acquire knowledge; soon "learned to read Horace with tolerable facility, and made some progress in Greek;" obtained an insight into several of the sciences; and became so conspicuous at the age of fifteen, as to be elected one of six professors in the Literary Society of his native town. Having already felt a consciousness of his natural powers, his mind was directed towards the Universities,—he was ambitious of academic distinction; yet with a very remote hope of ever attaining it. Having printed some prose and poetry in several of the Magazines, he was induced, in 1803, to endeavour to forward his darling project by publishing a small volume. The volume was harshly handled by a critic in the Monthly Review, and the hopes and aspirations of the youth seemed for a time crushed for ever. Events which appear the most ruinous are often the most propitious. The ungentle usage the young Poet had received attracted towards him a friend, who was not only kind and generous, but already in the zenith of his reputation: the friend was Robert Southey, a man who, from that day to this, seems to have considered it a leading duty of his life, and the highest recompense of his genius, to assist young strugglers after fame through the slough of despond which so continually surrounds them. His Memoir of White is one of the most exquisite examples of biography the English language can supply, and does as much honour to the living, as to the memory of the deceased, Poet. White achieved his object; was entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, and rapidly obtained the highest honours the University could confer upon him. All the wasting anxieties of years were now rewarded—the bud had blossomed—and the obscure and friendless youth found fame and "admiring friends." But the penalty was yet to be exacted: the ardour with which he had studied—the eager longings after immortality—the unsubdued resolve to be "marked among men," had weakened his frame;—life was the price he paid for distinction, and

"Science' self destroyed her favourite son."

On the 19th of October, 1806, he died:—"His death," says Dr. Southey, "is to be lamented as a loss to English literature:" he adds, that "his virtues were as admirable as his genius." "Distress and poverty," says another great authority, "could not impair his mind—which death itself destroyed rather than subdued."

Nearly all the Poems of Henry Kirke White were written before he attained the age of nineteen. When he entered College, he was advised "to stifle his poetic fire for severer and more important studies—to lay a billet on the embers until he had taken his degree, and then he might fan it into a flame again." This advice he followed so scrupulously, that a few "fragments" are the only produce of his maturer years. His "Remains" have been among the most popular productions of the age: edition after edition has been called for; and a collection of the Works of British Poets would be imperfect if it did not contain the Poems of this "marvellous boy,"—the martyr-student, the endowments of whose mind were even surpassed by the generosity of his nature, the sweetness of his disposition, the soundness of his principles, and the fervency of his piety. His poetical talent was but one of many rare excellences: a character more perfect, in every sense of the word, has rarely fallen under the notice of the biographer. Had he lived to enter the sacred profession, which latterly became the engrossing object of his thoughts, he would have been one of its brightest ornaments; and it is certain that he must have occupied a foremost station among the Poets of his country. As it is, he has left us abundant proofs of the wisdom of virtue: his upright conduct, no less than his genius, drew friends around him; and it is to the former, even more than to the latter, that his memory is indebted for one of the most valuable tributes that ever came from the pen of a public writer.

WHITE.

DESCRIPTION OF A SUMMER'S EVE.

Down the sultry arc of day
The burning wheels have urged their way,
And Eve along the western skies
Spreads her intermingling dyes;
Down the deep, the miry lane,
Creaking comes the empty wain,
And driver on the shaft-horse sits,
Whistling now and then by fits;
And oft, with his accustom'd call,
Urging on the sluggish Ball.
The barn is still,—the master 's gone,—
And thresher puts his jacket on;
While Dick, upon the ladder tall,
Nails the dead kite to the wall.

Here comes shepherd Jack at last,
He has penn'd the sheepcote fast;
For 'twas but two nights before
A lamb was eaten on the moor:
His empty wallet Rover carries,—
Now for Jack, when near home, tarries;
With lolling tongue he runs to try
If the horse-trough be not dry.
The milk is settled in the pans,
And supper messes in the cans;
In the hovel carts are wheel'd,
And both the colts are drove a-field:
The horses are all bedded up,
And the ewe is with the tup.
The snare for Mister Fox is set,
The leaven laid, the thatching wet,
And Bess has slink'd away to talk
With Roger in the holly walk.

Now on the settle all but Bess
Are set, to eat their supper mess;
And little Tom and roguish Kate
Are swinging on the meadow gate.
Now they chat of various things,—
Of taxes, ministers, and kings;
Or else tell all the village news,—
How madam did the 'squire refuse,
How parson on his tithes was bent,
And landlord oft distrain'd for rent.
Thus do they, till in the sky
The pale-eyed moon is mounted high;
And from the ale-house drunken Ned
Had reel'd;—then hasten all to bed.
The mistress sees that Lazy Kate
The happing coal on kitchen grate
Has laid,—while master goes throughout,
Sees shutters fast, the mastiff out;
The candles safe, the hearths all clear,
And nought from thieves or fire to fear:
Then both to bed together creep,
And join the general troop of sleep.

THE SAVOYARD'S RETURN.

O! YONDER is the well-known spot,
My dear, my long-lost native home;
Oh, welcome is yon little cot,
Where I shall rest—no more to roam!
Oh, I have travell'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband!
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

Of distant climes the false report
Allured me from my native land;
It bade me rove—my sole support
My cymbals and my saraband.
The woody dell, the hanging rock,
The chamois skipping o'er the heights;
The plain adorn'd with many a flock,
And oh! a thousand more delights
That grace yon dear beloved retreat,
Have backward won my weary feet.

Now safe return'd, with wandering tired,
No more my little home I'll leave;
And many a tale of what I've seen
Shall wile away the winter's eve.
Oh! I have wander'd far and wide,
O'er many a distant foreign land;
Each place, each province I have tried,
And sung and danced my saraband!
But all their charms could not prevail
To steal my heart from yonder vale.

John Wilson was born at Paisley, in 1789. After going through a preparatory course of study at the University of Glasgow, he was entered a fellow-commoner at Magdalen College, Oxford, and very soon obtained some portion of that fame of which he was destined to participate so largely. Much of his paternal property was lost by the failure of a mercantile concern in which it had been embarked; but enough remained to purchase the elegancies of life: he bought the beautiful estate of Elleray, on the lake of Winandermere—a fit dwelling for a Poet—and continues to inhabit it, when his professional duties permit his absence from Edinburgh. In 1812, he published the Isle of Palms; and the City of the Plague, in 1816. In 1820 he became, under circumstances highly honourable to him, a successful candidate for the Chair of Moral Philosophy, in the University of the Scottish metropolis. He has since published but little poetry: his prose tales—"The Trials of Margaret Lindsay," "The Foresters," and "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life,"—have, however, amply compensated the world for his desertion of the Muses; and his contributions to "Blackwood's Magazine," which are too strongly marked to leave any doubt of their authorship, have established for him a high and enduring reputation. The conduct of this periodical is so universally understood to be in the hands of the Professor, that we may consider ourselves justified in describing him as its Editor. He has long upheld its supremacy: the best supported Magazines of England have failed in competing with it; because there is no living writer whose talents are so versatile, and consequently so fitted to deal with the varied topics upon which his judgment or his fancy must be employed. His learning is both profound and excursive; his criticism searching and sound; his descriptions of scenery exquisitely true; his paintings of human character and passion admirable; his wit and humour delightful, when it does not degenerate into "fun;" and no writer of modern times has written so many deliciously eloquent passages, which produce, if we may so express ourselves, gushes of admiration. The mind of Wilson is a remarkable blending of the kindly and the bitter:—his praise is always full and hearty; his censure almost unendurable: he appears to have no control over his likings or dislikings;—at times, pursues with almost superhuman wrath, and then, again, becomes so generous and eloquent, that he absolutely makes an author's character, and establishes his position by a few sentences of approval. From all his criticisms there may be gathered some evidence of a sound heart; of a nature like the Highland breezes—keen, but healthy; often most invigorating when most severe—but which may be safely encountered only by those whose stamina is unquestionable. The personal appearance of Professor Wilson is very remarkable: his frame is, like his mind, powerful and robust. His complexion is florid, and his features are finely marked; the mouth is exquisitely chiselled, the expression of his countenance is gentle to a degree; but there is "a lurking devil" in his keen grey eye, that gives a very intelligible hint to the observer. His forehead is broad and high. To us, among all the great men we have ever beheld—and they have not been few—there is not one who so thoroughly extorts a mingled sensation of love and fear.

The poetry of Professor Wilson has not attained the popularity to which it is entitled; probably because, when he first published, he had to compete with a formidable rival in his own illustrious countryman, and the fame which, in England, nearly at the same period, was about to absorb that of all other Bards. His poems are, however, full of beauty; they have all the freshness of the heather,—a true relish for nature breaks out in them all: there is no puerile or sickly sentimentalism;—they are the earnest breathings of a happy and buoyant spirit; a giving out, as it were, of the breath that has been inhaled among the mountains. They manifest, moreover, the finest sympathies with humanity; nothing harsh or repining seems to have entered the Poet's thoughts: they may be read as compositions of the highest merit,—as bearing the severest test of critical asperity; but also as graceful and beautiful transcripts of Nature, when her grace and beauty is felt and appreciated by all. There is no evidence of "fine phrenzy" in his glances "from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;" but there is ample proof of the depth of his worship, and the fulness of his affection for all the objects which "Nature's God" has made graceful and fruitful. It is worthy of comment, that, as far as we know, Wilson has never penned a line of satire, in poetry, seeming as if his thoughts could take in nothing but what was good, and holy, and tranquillizing, when his associates were the Muses.

WILSON.

FROM EDITH AND NORAH.

'Tis a lonely glen! but the happy child
Hath friends whom she meets in the morning wild!
As on she trips, her native stream,
Like her hath awoke from a joyful dream;
And glides away by her twinkling feet
With a face as bright, and a voice as sweet.
In the osier bank the ouzel sitting,
Hath heard her steps, and away is flitting
From stone to stone, as she glides along,
Then sinks in the stream with a broken song.
The lapwing, fearless of his nest,
Stands looking round with his delicate crest;
Or a love-like joy is in his cry,
As he wheels, and darts, and glances by.

Is the heron asleep on the silvery sand
Of his little lake? Lo! his wings expand
As a dreamy thought, and withouten dread,
Cloud-like he floats o'er the maiden's head.
She looks to the birch-wood glade, and lo!
There is browsing there the mountain-roe,
Who lifts up her gentle eyes—nor moves
As on glides the form whom all nature loves.
Having spent in heaven an hour of mirth,
The lark drops down to the dewy earth;
And in silence smooths his yearning breast
In the gentle fold of his lowly nest:
The linnet takes up the hymn, unseen
In the yellow broom or the bracken green.
And now, as the morning hours are glowing,
From the hill-side cots the cocks are crowing;
And the shepherd's dog is barking shrill
From the mist fast rising from the hill;
And the shepherd's self, with locks of grey,
Hath bless'd the maiden on her way!
And now she sees her own dear flock
On a verdant mound beneath the rock—
All close together in beauty and love,
Like the small fair clouds in heaven above;
And her innocent soul at the peaceful sight
Is swimming o'er with a still delight.
* * * * * * *

LINES WRITTEN IN A HIGHLAND GLEN.

To whom belongs this valley fair,
That sleeps beneath the filmy air,
Even like a living thing?
Silent—as infant at the breast—
Save a still sound that speaks of rest,
That streamlet's murmuring!

The heavens appear to love this vale;
Here clouds with scarce-seen motion sail,
Or, mid the silence lie!
By that blue arch, this beauteous earth
'Mid evening's hour of dewy mirth,
Seems bound unto the sky.

O! that this lovely vale were mine,
Then, from glad youth to calm decline,
My years would gently glide;
Hope would rejoice in endless dreams,
And memory's oft-returning gleams
By peace be sanctified.

There would unto my soul be given,
From presence of that gracious heaven,
A piety sublime!
And thoughts would come of mystic mood,
To make in this deep solitude
Eternity of Time!

And did I ask to whom belong'd
This vale? I feel that I have wrong'd
Nature's most gracious soul!
She spreads her glories o'er the earth,
And all her children, from their birth,
Are joint-heirs of the whole!

Yea, long as Nature's humblest child
Hath kept her temple undefiled
By sinful sacrifice;
Earth's fairest scenes are all his own,
He is a monarch, and his throne
Is built amid the skies!

A CHURCH-YARD DREAM.

Methought that in a burial-ground
One still, sad vernal day,
Upon a little daisied mound
I in a slumber lay;
While faintly through my dream I heard
The hymning of that holy bird,
Who with more gushing rapture sings
The higher up in heaven float his unwearied wings!

In that my mournful reverie,
Such song of heavenly birth,
The voice seem'd of a soul set free
From this imprisoning earth;

Higher and higher still it soared,
A holy anthem that adored,—
Till vanish'd song and singer blest
In the blue depths of everlasting rest.

Just then a child in sportive glee
Came gliding o'er the graves,
Like a lone bird that on the sea
Floats dallying with the waves;
Upon the vernal flowers awhile
She pour'd the beauty of her smile,—
Then laid her bright cheek on the sod,
And, overpowered with joy, slept in the eye of God.

The flowers that shine all round her head
May well be breathing sweet;
For flowers are they that spring hath shed,
To deck her winding sheet;
And well the tenderest gleams may fall
Of sunshine, on that hillock small
On which she sleeps,—for they have smiled
O'er the predestined grave of that unconscious child.

In bridal garments, white as snow,
A solitary maid
Doth meekly bring a sunny glow
Into that solemn shade:
A church-yard seems a joyful place
In the visit of so sweet a face;
A soul is in that deep blue eye
Too good to live on earth,—too beautiful to die.

But Death behind a marble tomb
Looks out upon his prey;
And smiles to know that heavenly bloom
Is yet of earthly clay.
Far off I hear a wailing wide,
And, while I gaze upon that bride,
A silent wraith before me stands,
And points unto a grave with cold, pale, clasped hands.

A matron, beautiful and bright,
As is the silver moon,
Whose lustre tames the sparkling light
Of the starry eyes of June,

Is shining o'er the church-yard lone ;
While circling her as in a zone,
Delighted dance five cherubs fair,
And round their native urn shake wide their golden hair.

Oh ! children they are holy things,
In sight of earth and heaven ;
An angel shields with guardian wings
The home where they are given.
Strong power there is in children's tears,—
And stronger in their lisped prayers ;
But the vulture stoops down from above,
And, 'mid her orphan brood, bears off the parent dove.

The young,—the youthful,—the mature,
Have smiled, and all past by,
As if nought lovely could endure
Beneath the envious sky ;
While bow'd with age, and age's woes
Still near, yet still far off the close
Of weary life, yon aged crone
Can scarce with blind eyes find her husband's funeral-stone.

All dead the joyous, bright, and free,
To whom this life was dear !
The green leaves shiver'd from the tree,
And dangling left the sere !
O dim wild world !—but from the sky
Down came the glad lark waveringly ;
And, startled by his liquid mirth,
I rose to walk in faith the darkling paths of earth.

THE WIDOWED MOTHER.

Beside her babe, who sweetly slept,
A widow'd mother sat and wept
O'er years of love gone by ;
And as the sobs thick-gathering came,
She murmur'd her dead husband's name,
'Mid that sad lullaby.

Well might that lullaby be sad,
For not one single friend she had
On this cold-hearted earth;
The sea will not give back its prey,—
And he was wrapt in foreign clay
Who gave the orphan birth.

Stedfastly as a star doth look
Upon a little murmuring brook,
She gazed upon the bosom
And fair brow of her sleeping son:—
"O merciful Heaven! when I am gone,
Thine is this earthly blossom!"

While thus she sat—a sunbeam broke
Into the room;—the babe awoke,
And from his cradle smiled!
Ah me! what kindling smiles met there,
I know not whether was more fair,
The mother or her child!

With joy fresh sprung from short alarms,
The smiler stretch'd his rosy arms,
And to her bosom leapt;
All tears at once were swept away,
And, said a face as bright as day,
"Forgive me—that I wept!"

Sufferings there are from Nature sprung,
Ear hath not heard, nor Poet's tongue
May venture to declare;
But this as Holy Writ is sure,
"The griefs she bids us here endure,
She can herself repair!"

THE THREE SEASONS OF LOVE.

With laughter swimming in thine eye,
That told youth's heartfelt revelry!
And motion changeful as the wing
Of swallow waken'd by the spring;

With accents blithe as voice of May,
Chaunting glad Nature's roundelay;
Circled by joy like planet bright
That smiles 'mid wreaths of dewy light,—
Thy image such, in former time,
When thou, just entering on thy prime,
And woman's sense in thee combined
Gently with childhood's simplest mind,
First taught'st my sighing soul to move
With hope towards the heaven of love!

Now years have given my Mary's face
A thoughtful and a quiet grace;—
Though happy still—yet chance distress
Hath left a pensive loveliness!
Fancy hath tamed her fairy gleams,
And thy heart broods o'er home-born dreams!
Thy smiles, slow-kindling now and mild,
Shower blessings on a darling child;
Thy motion slow, and soft thy tread,
As if round thy hush'd infant's bed!
And when thou speak'st, thy melting tone,
That tells thy heart is all my own,
Sounds sweeter, from the lapse of years,
With the wife's love, the mother's fears!

By thy glad youth, and tranquil prime
Assured, I smile at hoary time!
For thou art doom'd in age to know
The calm that wisdom steals from woe;
The holy pride of high intent,
The glory of a life well spent.
When earth's affections nearly o'er,
With Peace behind, and Faith before,
Thou render'st up again to God,
Untarnish'd by its frail abode,
Thy lustrous soul,—then harp and hymn,
From bands of sister seraphim,
Asleep will lay thee, till thine eye
Open in immortality!

George Crabbe was born on the 24th of December, 1754, at Aldborough, in Suffolk, where his father was an officer of the customs. He was originally apprenticed to a surgeon-apothecary; but disliking the profession, and encouraged by the praise accorded to some early attempts at composition, he ventured to London, and had the good fortune to meet a friend in the illustrious Edmund Burke, under whose auspices, in 1781, "The Library" was published. "The Village" soon followed; and both received the praise of Dr. Johnson. The Poet, however, had no ambition to become an author by profession: he took holy orders, and obtained the rectory of Trowbridge, in Wiltshire: here—away from the busy world—in calm and contented tranquillity, the remainder of his long life was passed. In 1807, he published a collection of "Poems;" in 1810, "The Borough;" in 1812, the "Tales;" and in 1819, the "Tales of the Hall." The whole of his works have been recently collected, with the addition of several posthumous poems, and published by his son.*

The character of Mr. Crabbe forms a singular contrast to his writings:—he was amiable, benevolent, and conciliatory to a degree. All who knew him loved him;

> "In every family
> Alike, in every generation dear,—
> The children's favourite, and the grandsire's friend,
> Tried, trusted, and beloved."

"To him it was recommendation enough to be poor and wretched." We quote this passage from the "Life," by his son, which prefaces the edition of his works. It is a gracefully and sensibly written biography; and altogether worthy of the memory of the admirable Poet and estimable man. His conversation was easy, fluent, and abundant in correct information; but distinguished chiefly by good sense and good feeling. "Kindness, meekness, and comfort were in his tongue." He died on the 3d of February, 1832. Mr. Lockhart thus describes his person:—"His noble forehead, his bright beaming eye, without any thing of old age about it—though he was then, I presume, above seventy—his sweet, and, I would say, innocent smile, and the calm, mellow tones of his voice,—all are re-produced the moment I open any page of his poetry." A high contemporary authority characterises Crabbe as

> "Nature's sternest painter—yet the best."

It is certain, that those who read his poems derive from them greater pain than pleasure; and while admitting the general truth of his pictures, and the accuracy of his portraits, turn from them with a feeling of dissatisfaction approaching to disgust. It may be that

> "The fault was not in him—but in mankind:"

there can be, however, no doubt that the Poet wilfully exaggerated in his descriptions of human vice, and details of human suffering; and that he himself neither believed nor imagined his fellow-beings so odious and depraved as he describes them. His desire to be original led him into this large error,—to reject the garb in which poetry had for ages been wont to array the works of the creation, and to clothe them in a dress quite as unnatural, and equally opposed to reality. The rustic population of our country are neither so wretched nor so degraded as they are, with few exceptions, made to appear. The poor, as well as the rich, have their vices—but their virtues also. It is not only while writing of men and women that Crabbe "looks askance:" he can perceive in the people who surround him little that is good, and less that is gracious; but he has neither eye nor ear for the beautiful sights and delicious sounds of inanimate nature. To him, the breeze is ever harsh and unmusical,—seldom moving except to produce wrecks; and hill, and stream, and valley, are barren, muddy, and unprofitable. He contemplates all things, animate and inanimate, "through a glass, darkly." The consequence has naturally been, that Crabbe never was a popular Poet. Yet the rough energy of his descriptions, the vigorous and manly style of his versification, the deep though oppressive interest of his stories, and his stern maxims of morality,—with a little more of a kindly leaning towards humanity—must have secured for him universal admiration.

* The Poetical Works of the Rev. George Crabbe; 6 vols. London. Murray.

CRABBE.

THE SANDS.

Turn to the watery world!—but who to thee
(A wonder yet unview'd) shall paint—the sea?
Various and vast, sublime in all its forms,
When lull'd by zephyrs, or when roused by storms,
Its colours changing, when from clouds and sun
Shades after shades upon the surface run;
Embrown'd and horrid now, and now serene,
In limpid blue, and evanescent green;
And oft the foggy banks on ocean lie,
Lift the fair sail, and cheat the experienced eye.

Be it the summer noon: a sandy space
The ebbing tide has left upon its place;
Then just the hot and stony beach above,
Light twinkling streams in bright confusion move;

(For heated thus, the warmer air ascends,
And with the cooler in its fall contends),—
Then the broad bosom of the ocean keeps
An equal motion; swelling as it sleeps,
Then slowly sinking; curling to the strand,—
Faint, lazy waves o'ercreep the ridgy sand,
Or tap the tarry boat with gentle blow,
And back return in silence, smooth and slow.
Ships in the calm seem anchor'd; for they glide
On the still sea, urged solely by the tide;
Art thou not present, this calm scene before,
Where all beside is pebbly length of shore,
And far as eye can reach, it can discern no more?

Yet sometimes comes a ruffling cloud to make
The quiet surface of the ocean shake;
As an awaken'd giant with a frown
Might show his wrath, and then to sleep sink down.

View not the winter-storm! above, one cloud,
Black and unbroken, all the skies o'ershroud;
Th' unwieldy porpoise through the day before
Had roll'd in view of boding men on shore;
And sometimes hid and sometimes show'd his form,
Dark as the cloud, and furious as the storm.

All, where the eye delights, yet dreads to roam,
The breaking billows cast the flying foam
Upon the billows rising,—all the deep
Is restless change; the waves so swell'd and steep,
Breaking and sinking,—and the sunken swells,
Nor one, one moment, in its station dwells:
But nearer land you may the billows trace,
As if contending in their watery chase;
May watch the mightiest till the shoal they reach,
Then break and hurry to their utmost stretch;
Curl'd as they come, they strike with furious force,
And then, reflowing, take their grating course,
Raking the rounded flints, which ages past
Roll'd by their rage, and shall to ages last.

* * * * * * *

ROGER CUFF.

Now to his grave was Roger Cuff convey'd,
And strong resentment's lingering spirit laid:
Shipwreck'd in youth, he home return'd and found
His brethren three,—and thrice they wish'd him drown'd.
"Is this a landman's love? Be certain, then,
We part for ever!"—and they cried, "Amen!"
His words were truth's. Some forty summers fled,
His brethren died, his kin supposed him dead:
Three nephews these—one sprightly niece, and one
Less near in blood—they call'd him surly John;
He work'd in woods apart from all his kind,
Fierce were his looks, and moody was his mind.
For home the sailor now began to sigh:
"The dogs are dead—and I'll return and die;
When all I have, my gains, in years of care,
The younger Cuffs with kinder souls shall share:—
Yet hold!—I'm rich;—with one consent they'll say,
'You're welcome, Uncle, as the flowers in May.'
No; I'll disguise me, be in tatters dress'd,—
And best befriend the lads who treat me best."
Now all his kindred,—neither rich nor poor,—
Kept the wolf, want, some distance from the door.
In piteous plight he knock'd at George's gate,
And begg'd for aid, as he described his state:
But stern was George;—"Let them who had thee strong
Help thee to drag thy weaken'd frame along;
To us a stranger while your limbs would move,
From us depart, and try a stranger's love;—
Ha! dost thou murmur?"—for, in Roger's throat,
Was 'Rascal!' rising with disdainful note.
To pious James he then his prayer address'd:
"Good lack," quoth James, "thy sorrows pierce my breast!
And, had I wealth, as have my brethren twain,
One board should feed us, and one roof contain:
But plead I will thy cause, and I will pray;
And so farewell!—Heaven help thee on thy way!"
"Scoundrel!" said Roger, (but apart,)—and told
His case to Peter. Peter too was cold:
"The rates are high; we have a-many poor;
But I will think," he said, and shut the door.

Then the gay niece the seeming pauper press'd:
"Turn, Nancy, turn, and view this form distress'd;—
Akin to thine is this declining frame,
And this poor beggar claims an Uncle's name."
"Avaunt! begone!" the courteous maiden said,
"Thou vile impostor! Uncle Roger's dead:
I hate thee, beast; thy look my spirit shocks!
Oh! that I saw thee starving in the stocks!"
"My gentle Niece!" he said,—and sought the wood.
"I hunger, fellow; prithee give me food!"
"Give! am I rich? This hatchet take, and try
Thy proper strength,—nor give those limbs the lie:
Work, feed thyself, to thine own powers appeal,
Nor whine out woes thine own right hand can heal:
And while that hand is thine, and thine a leg,
Scorn of the proud or of the base to beg."
"Come, surly John, thy wealthy kinsman view,"
Old Roger said:—"thy words are brave and true;
Come, live with me,—we'll vex those scoundrel boys;
And that prim shrew shall, envying, hear our joys.
Tobacco's glorious fume all day we'll share,
With beef and brandy kill all kinds of care;
We'll beer and biscuit on our table heap,
And rail at rascals, till we fall asleep."
Such was their life: but when the woodman died,
His grieving kin for Roger's smiles applied—
In vain: he shut, with stern rebuke, the door,
And dying, built a refuge for the poor;
With this restriction,—that no Cuff should share
One meal, or shelter for one moment there.

* * * * * * *

STANZAS.

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, around my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead.
As flow'rs that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed;
And ev'ry day the sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flow'r, am dead.

Oh! let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath;
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know;
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below:
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,—
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown,—
The soil a pure and silver sand,
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand:
In virgin earth, till then unturn'd,
There let my maiden form be laid.
Nor let my changed clay be spurn'd,
Nor for new guests that bed be made.

There will the lark,—the lamb, in sport,
In air,—on earth,—securely play,
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent,—but not so gay.
I will not have the churchyard ground,
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey;
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,—
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care;
I cannot these cold truths allow:—
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But, oh! they vex and tease me now.

Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace;
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place.

O! take me from a world I hate,—
Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
And, in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister minds behold:
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,—
For only generous souls design'd,
And not a man to meet us there.

WOMAN.

Place the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white:
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal.
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow,—
From all her stores she bears a part;
And bids the spring of hope re-flow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.

"What though so pale his haggard face,
So sunk and sad his looks,"—she cries;
"And far unlike our nobler race,
With crisped locks and rolling eyes;
Yet misery marks him of our kind,—
We see him lost, alone, afraid!
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
Pronounce him man, and ask our aid.

"Perhaps in some far distant shore,
There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more
Than ours of jet, thus burnish'd bright:

Of such may be his weeping wife,
Such children for their sire may call;
And if we spare his ebbing life,
Our kindness may preserve them all."

Thus her compassion woman shows,
Beneath the line her acts are these;
Nor the wide waste of Lapland snows
Can her warm flow of pity freeze;—
"From some sad land the stranger comes,
Where joys like ours are never found;
Let's soothe him in our happy homes,
Where freedom sits with plenty crown'd.

"'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
To see the famish'd stranger fed;
To milk for him the mother-deer,
To smooth for him the furry bed.
The powers above our Lapland bless
With good no other people know;
T' enlarge the joys that we possess,
By feeling those that we bestow!"

Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering man may trace his kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In woman they compassion find:
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.

Man may the sterner virtues know,—
Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
And woman holds affliction dear:
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear,—
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear.
To woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe—and age they cheer.

Walter Scott was born in Edinburgh, on the 15th of August, 1771. His father was a writer to the signet, and of ancient and honourable descent. Almost from his birth, until the age of sixteen, he was afflicted with ill health; and, either from the weakness of his constitution, or, as some assert, from an accident occasioned by the carelessness of his nurse, his right foot was injured, and he was lame during his life. His early days were passed among the hills and dales of the borders—"famous in war and verse"—"where," we quote from Allan Cunningham, "almost every stone that stands above the ground is the record of some skirmish, or single combat; and every stream, although its waters be so inconsiderable as scarcely to moisten the pasture through which they run, is renowned in song and in ballad." Perhaps to the happy chance of his residence in a district so fertile in legendary lore the world is indebted for the vast legacy of wealth he bequeathed to it. In 1783, he entered the University of Edinburgh; and in 1792, became an advocate at the Scottish bar: but after a few years' attendance at the Courts, quitted it, in order to devote himself to literature. He had, however, reached his twenty-fifth year before he manifested any desire, or rather intention, to contend for fame in a path so intricate; and as he himself states, his first attempt ended in a transfer of his printed sheets to the service of the trunk-maker. Though discouraged, he was not disheartened. In 1802, the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border" obtained a more fortunate destiny; and about three years afterwards, the publication of the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" completely established the fame of the writer. From the appearance of this Poem, the life of the Poet, until towards the close of it, is little else than a history of his writings. Marmion issued from the press in 1808; the Lady of the Lake in 1810; Don Roderick in 1811; Rokeby in 1813; the Lord of the Isles in 1814; the Bridal of Triermain, and Harold the Dauntless, appeared anonymously,—the former, in 1813; and the latter, in 1817. The publication of his novels and romances commenced with Waverley, in 1814. In 1820, Walter Scott was created a baronet of the United Kingdom. In January, 1826, his publishers became bankrupts: it produced a feeling of the deepest sorrow,—not only in Edinburgh, but throughout the kingdom,—when it was ascertained that, through their failure, he was involved in pecuniary responsibilities to a ruinous extent. He encountered adversity with manly fortitude; asked and obtained from his creditors no other boon than time; and in about four years had actually paid off nearly £70,000 of the debt. The price of almost superhuman labour was, however, to be exacted. In 1831, he was attacked with gradual paralysis: in the autumn of that year he was prevailed upon to visit the more genial climate of the south of Europe:—the experiment was unsuccessful in restoring him to health: he returned to Abbotsford, and died there on the 21st of September, 1832. His loss was mourned not only by his own country, but in every portion of the civilized globe; for his fame had spread throughout all parts of it; and there is scarcely a language into which his works have not been translated. The kindness of his heart, the benevolence of his disposition, the thorough goodness of his nature, were appreciated by all who had the privilege of his acquaintance; but his genius is the vast and valuable property of mankind.

In person he was tall, and had the appearance of a powerful and robust man. His countenance has been rendered familiar by artists in abundance; the justest notion of it is conveyed by the bust of Chantrey. Its expression was peculiarly benevolent; his forehead was broad, and remarkably high.

We have left ourselves but little space to comment upon the poetry of Sir Walter Scott: his fame as a Poet was eclipsed by his reputation as a Novelist; and the appearance of a star of greater magnitude drew from him, by degrees, the popularity he had so long engrossed. Yet we venture to hazard an opinion, that if it be possible for either to be forgotten, his poems will outlive his prose; and that Waverley and Ivanhoe will perish before Marmion and the Lady of the Lake. We can find no rare and valuable quality in the former that we may not find in the latter. A deeply interesting and exciting story, glorious and true pictures of scenery, fine and accurate portraits of character, clear and impressive accounts of ancient customs, details of battles—satisfying to the fancy, yet capable of enduring the sternest test of truth—are to be found in the one class as well as in the other. In addition, we have the most graceful and harmonious verse; and the style is undoubtedly such, as equally to delight those who possess, and those who are without, a refined poetical taste.

SCOTT.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

Enchantress, farewell! who so oft has decoy'd me,
At the close of the evening through woodlands to roam,
Where the forester, lated, with wonder espied me
Explore the wild scenes he was quitting for home.
Farewell! and take with thee thy numbers wild speaking,
The language alternate of rapture and woe;
Oh! none but some lover, whose heart-strings are breaking,
The pang that I feel at our parting can know.

Each joy thou couldst double, and when there came sorrow,
Or pale disappointment, to darken my way,
What voice was like thine, that could sing of to-morrow,
Till forgot in the strain was the grief of to-day!

But when friends drop around us in life's weary waning,
The grief, queen of numbers, thou canst not assuage:
Nor the gradual estrangement of those yet remaining,
The languor of pain, and the chilness of age.

'Twas thou that once taught me, in accents bewailing,
To sing how a warrior lay stretch'd on the plain;
And a maiden hung o'er him with aid unavailing,
And held to his lips the cold goblet in vain:
As vain those enchantments, O queen of wild numbers,
To a bard when the reign of his fancy is o'er,
And the quick pulse of feeling in apathy slumbers,—
Farewell, then, enchantress! I meet thee no more!

HUNTING SONG.

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
On the mountain dawns the day,
All the jolly chase is here,
With hawk, and horse, and hunting-spear:
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;
Merrily, merrily, mingle they,—
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
The mist has left the mountain grey;
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming:
And foresters have busy been,
To track the buck in thicket green;
Now we come to chaunt our lay,—
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,
To the greenwood haste away;
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot, and tall of size:
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd;
You shall see him brought to bay,—
"Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Louder, louder, chaunt the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay:
Tell them youth, and mirth, and glee,
Run a course as well as we:
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,
Staunch as hound, and fleet as hawk;
Think of this, and rise with day,—
Gentle lords and ladies gay.

LOCHINVAR.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar has come out of the west,
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And, save his good broadsword, he weapons had none,
He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone;
He swam the Eske river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented—the gallant came late—
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Helen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby-hall,
Among bride's-men and kinsmen, and brothers, and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word,)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long woo'd your daughter,—my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide,
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kiss'd the goblet; the knight took it up;
He quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup.—
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar:
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,—
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, "'Twere better by far
To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar!"

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reach'd the hall-door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,—
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bush, loch, and scaur;
They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan,—
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

LULLABY OF AN INFANT CHIEF.

O HUSH thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,—
Thy mother a lady, both lovely and bright;
The woods and the glens, from the towers which we see,
They all are belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu lo,
O ho ro, i ri ri, cadil gu lo.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows,
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose;
Their bows would be bended, their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum;
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O ho ro, i ri ri, etc.

HELLVELLYN.

I CLIMB'D the dark brow of the mighty Hellvellyn,
Lakes and mountains beneath me gleam'd misty and wide;
All was still, save by fits when the eagle was yelling,
And starting around me the echoes replied.
On the right, Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was ascending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had died.

Dark green was the spot mid the brown meadow heather,
Where the pilgrim of nature lay stretch'd in decay,—
Like the corpse of an outcast abandon'd to weather,
Till the mountain-winds wasted the tenantless clay.
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-loved remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou start?
How many long days and long weeks didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And, oh! was it meet, that—no requiem read o'er him,
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him,
And thou, little guardian, alone stretch'd before him—
Unhonour'd the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim-lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall:
Through the courts, at deep midnight, the torches are gleaming,
In the proudly-arched chapel the banners are beaming,
Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb;
When, wilder'd, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam.
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the grey plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Hellvellyn and Catchedicam.

JOCK OF HAZELDEAN.

"Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen,"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"Now let this wilful grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen,"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

"A chain o' gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair:
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Sall ride our forest queen,"—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her both by bower and ha',
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

NORA'S VOW.

Hear what Highland Nora said,
"The earlie's son I will not wed,
Should all the race of nature die,
And none be left but he and I.

For all the gold, for all the gear,
And all the lands both far and near,
That ever valour lost or won,
I would not wed the earlie's son."

"A maiden's vows," old Callum spoke,
"Are lightly made, and lightly broke;
The heather on the mountain's height
Begins to bloom in purple light:
The frost-wind soon shall sweep away
That lustre deep from glen and brae;
Yet Nora, ere its bloom be gone,
May blithely wed the earlie's son."

"The swan," she said, "the lake's clear breast
May barter for the eagle's nest;
The Awe's fierce stream may backward turn,
Ben-Cruaichan fall, and crush Kilchurn;
Our kilted clans, when blood is high,
Before their foes may turn and fly;
But I, were all these marvels done,
Would never wed the earlie's son."

Still in the water-lily's shade
Her wonted nest the wild swan made;
Ben-Cruaichan stands as fast as ever,
Still downward foams the Awe's fierce river;
To shun the clash of foeman's steel,
No Highland brogue has turn'd the heel;
But Nora's heart is lost and won,—
She's wedded to the earlie's son!

William Sotheby, the eldest son of Colonel Sotheby, of the Guards, was born in London, on the 9th of November, 1757. He was educated at Harrow, and at the age of seventeen purchased a commission in the 10th Dragoons:—his taste for literature was cultivated with great assiduity while in "country quarters" with his regiment. In 1780, he quitted the army, and purchased Beirs Mount, near Southampton,—a place which had been celebrated as the residence of the Earl of Peterborough, and by the frequent visits of Pope, to whom allusion is made by Mr. Sotheby in one of the most graceful of his Sonnets:—

> "Underneath the gloom
> Of yon old oak a skill'd magician sung:
> Oft at his call these sunny glades among,
> Thy guardian sylphs, Belinda, sportive play'd;
> And Eloisa sigh'd in yon sequester'd shade."

Here Mr. Sotheby lived for several years, devoting his time to the more diligent study of the Classics, to the translation of many of the minor Greek and Latin Poets, and to the production of original compositions. His desire for literary society and distinction, however, induced him, in 1791, to fix his permanent residence in the Metropolis. He was soon elected a fellow of the Royal and Antiquarian Societies; and, in 1798, published a translation of the Oberon of Wieland. This was one of the earliest attempts to introduce the English reader to the poetry of Germany: its reception encouraged Mr. Sotheby to proceed in the path he had chosen: he subsequently translated the Georgics, and, at a very advanced period of life, the Iliad and the Odyssey. His poetical works are numerous: they afford proofs of an elegant taste and a matured judgment; and if they failed in obtaining extensive popularity, happily for the writer, he was placed under circumstances which rendered the approbation of a circle of accomplished friends a sufficient recompense for his labours. In 1816, he visited Italy; and wrote a series of Poems, which, a few years afterwards, he published under the general title "Italy." Mr. Sotheby died in London, on the 30th of December, 1833. Few men have been more warmly esteemed in private life; and, although we should unduly estimate the character of his mind if we described it as of a very high order, his writings afford abundant proofs of an elegant and refined taste, and a true relish for all that is sound and excellent in literature. He presents a remarkable instance of industry and energy in old age. He had passed his seventieth year before he commenced his translation of Homer, which he lived to complete. To this extraordinary undertaking it is not our province to refer; but we feel assured that all who are acquainted with the poem, "Italy," will consider us justified in classing him among the better and more enduring of the Poets of Great Britain. Of a long list of poetical productions, this, however, is the only one to which especial reference may be made. He was seldom happy in his choice of subjects; and wrote, as we have intimated, only because composition afforded an agreeable employment. He appears to have been but little anxious for extended fame; and of course had no desire to render his labour profitable. While in London, he was usually surrounded by those whose tastes were similar to his own; and it is said that the less prosperous professors of literature and science found in him a generous and sympathizing friend. He was, we believe—and unhappily the character is as rare as it is admirable—a patron to whom we can trace but few acts of patronage; one of those who

> "Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

The plan of his poem necessarily led him among all the grander and more beautiful objects of Nature, in the classic land through which he travelled. He describes them in a manner at once graceful and graphic; and it would be difficult to find any writer who more clearly and distinctly brings them before the reader. It is, however, in allusions to the ancient histories of the Italian cities that he most excels. At times, he rises into absolute sublimity: there are passages in his poem that would not lose by comparison with the most vigorous and energetic compositions in the language. He was a scholar, and "a ripe and good one:" occasionally, the hue academic is over his page, but he never renders it repulsive. It will not be easy now-a-days to obtain readers for his volume; but we venture to assert, that those who may be induced to peruse it, will marvel that his popularity should have been so limited.

SOTHEBY.

SALVATOR.

Where stood Salvator, when with all his storms
Around him winter raved,
When being, none save man, the tempest braved?
When on her mountain crest
The eagle sank to rest,
Nor dared spread out her pennons to the blast;
Nor, till the whirlwind passed,
The famish'd wolf around the sheep-cote prowl'd?
Where stood Salvator, when the forest howl'd,
And the rock-rooted pine in all its length
Crash'd, prostrating its strength?

Where stood Salvator, when the summer cloud
At noon-day, to Ausonia direr far
Than winter, and its elemental war,
Gather'd the tempest, from whose ebon shroud,
That cross'd like night a sky of crimson flame,
Stream'd ceaselessly the fire-bolts' forked aim:
While hurricanes, whose wings were frore with hail,
Cut sheer the vines, and o'er the harvest vale
Spread barrenness? Where was Salvator found,
When all the air a bursting sea became,
Deluging earth?—On Terni's cliff he stood,
The tempest sweeping round.
I see him where the spirit of the storm
His daring votary led:
Firm stands his foot on the rock's topmost head,
That reels above the rushing and the roar
Of deep Vellino.—In the glen below,
Again I view him on the reeling shore,
Where the prone river, after length of course,
Collecting all its force,
An avalanche cataract, whirl'd in thunder o'er
The promontory's height,
Bursts on the rock: while round the mountain brow,
Half, half the flood rebounding in its might,
Spreads wide a sea of foam evanishing in light.

ROME.

I saw the ages backward roll'd,
The scenes long past restore:
Scenes that Evander bade his guests behold,
When first the Trojan stept on Tyber's shore—
The shepherds in the forum pen their fold;
And the wild herdsman, on his untamed steed,
Goads with prone spear the heifer's foaming speed,
Where Rome, in second infancy, once more
Sleeps in her cradle. But—in that drear waste,
In that rude desert, when the wild goat sprung
From cliff to cliff, and the Tarpeian rock
Lour'd o'er the untented flock,
And eagles on its crest their aërie hung:

And when fierce gales bow'd the high pines, when blazed
The lightning, and the savage in the storm
Some unknown godhead heard, and, awe-struck, gazed
On Jove's imagined form:—
And in that desert, when swoln Tyber's wave
Went forth the twins to save,
Their reedy cradle floating on his flood:
While yet the infants on the she-wolf clung,
While yet they fearless play'd her brow beneath,
And mingled with their food
The spirit of her blood,
As o'er them seen to breathe
With fond reverted neck she hung,
And lick'd in turn each babe, and form'd with fostering tongue:
And when the founder of imperial Rome
Fix'd on the robber hill, from earth aloof,
His predatory home,
And hung in triumph round his straw-thatch'd roof
The wolf-skin, and huge boar tusks, and the pride
Of branching antlers wide:
And tower'd in giant strength, and sent afar
His voice, that on the mountain echoes roll'd,
Stern preluding the war:
And when the shepherds left their peaceful fold,
And from the wild wood lair, and rocky den,
Round their bold chieftain rush'd strange forms of barbarous men:
Then might be seen by the presageful eye
The vision of a rising realm unfold,
And temples roof'd with gold.
And in the gloom of that remorseless time,
When Rome the Sabine seized, might be foreseen
In the first triumph of successful crime,
The shadowy arm of one of giant birth
Forging a chain for earth:
And tho' slow ages roll'd their course between,
The form as of a Cæsar, when he led
His war-worn legions on,
Troubling the pastoral stream of peaceful Rubicon.

Such might o'er clay-built Rome have been foretold
By word of human wisdom. But—what word,
Save from thy lip, Jehovah's prophet! heard,
When Rome was marble, and her temples gold,

And the globe Cæsar's footstool, who, when Rome
View'd th' incommunicable name divine
Link a Faustina to an Antonine
On their polluted temple; who but thou,
The prophet of the Lord! what word, save thine,
Rome's utter desolation had denounced?
Yet, ere that destined time,
The love-lute, and the viol, song, and mirth,
Ring from her palace roofs.—Hear'st thou not yet,
Metropolis of earth!
A voice borne back on every passing wind,
Wherever man has birth,
One voice, as from the lip of human kind,
The echo of thy fame?—Flow they not yet,
As flow'd of yore, down each successive age
The chosen of the world, on pilgrimage,
To commune with thy wrecks, and works sublime,
Where genius dwells enthroned?—

* * * * * * *

Rome! thou art doom'd to perish, and thy days,
Like mortal man's, are numbered: number'd all,
Ere each fleet hour decays.
Though pride yet haunt thy palaces, though art
Thy sculptured marbles animate:
Though thousands, and ten thousands throng thy gate;
Though kings and kingdoms with thy idol mart
Yet traffic, and thy throned priest adore:
Thy second reign shall pass,—pass like thy reign of yore.—

THE GROTTO OF EGERIA.

Can I forget that beauteous day,
When, shelter'd from the burning beam,
First in thy haunted grot I lay,
And loos'd my spirit to its dream,
Beneath the broken arch, o'erlaid
With ivy, dark with many a braid
That clasp'd its tendrils to retain
The stone its roots had writhed in twain?
No zephyr on the leaflet play'd,
No bent grass bow'd its slender blade,

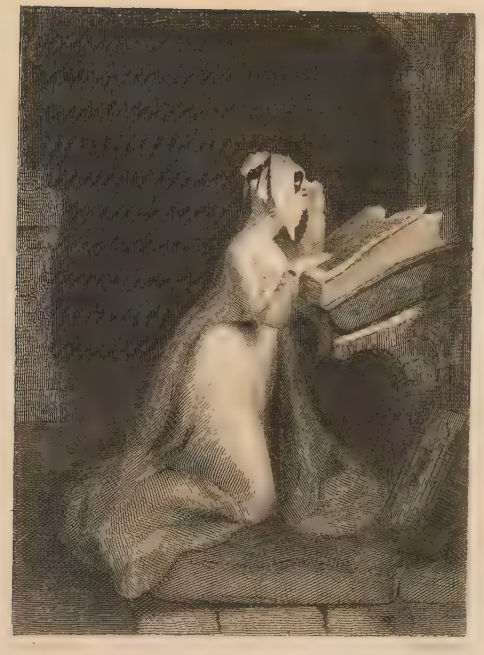
The coiled snake lay slumber-bound :
All mute, all motionless around,
Save, livelier, while others slept,
The lizard on the sunbeam leapt,
And louder, while the groves were still,
The unseen cigali, sharp and shrill,
As if their chirp could charm alone,
Tired noontide with its unison.

Stranger ! that roam'st in solitude !
Thou, too, 'mid tangling bushes rude,
Seek in the glen, yon heights between,
A rill more pure than Hippocrene,
That from a sacred fountain fed
The stream that fill'd its marble bed.
Its marble bed long since is gone,
And the stray water struggles on,
Brawling through weeds and stones its way.
There, when o'erpower'd at blaze of day,
Nature languishes in light,
Pass within the gloom of night,
Where the cool grot's dark arch o'ershades
Thy temples, and the waving braids
Of many a fragrant brier that weaves
Its blossom through the ivy leaves.
Thou, too, beneath that rocky roof,
Where the moss mats its thickest woof,
Shalt hear the gather'd ice-drops fall
Regular, at interval,
Drop after drop, one after one,
Making music on the stone,
While every drop, in slow decay,
Wears the recumbent nymph away.
Thou, too, if ere thy youthful ear
Thrill'd the Latian lay to hear,
Lull'd to slumber in that cave,
Shalt hail the nymph that held the wave ;
A goddess, who there deign'd to meet,
A mortal from Rome's regal seat,
And o'er the gushing of her fount,
Mysterious truths divine to earthly ear recount.

JOHN KEATS, one of the most poetical of Poets, and therefore by nature one of the most refined of men, was of the humblest origin, having been born, October the 29th, 1796, at a livery-stable in Moorfields, which belonged to his family. He received the rudiments of a classical education at the school of Mr. Clarke, at Enfield, where, in the person of the master's son, Mr. Charles Cowden Clarke, the editor of the "Riches of Chaucer," he had the luck of finding a friend possessed of discernment enough to see his genius, and warm-heartedness to encourage it. He was afterwards apprenticed to a surgeon and apothecary; but inheriting a small independence (which, however, he used in the most generous manner), he did not stop long with him, but devoted himself entirely to poetry. Mr. Clarke introduced him to Mr. Leigh Hunt, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, through the medium of the "Examiner," to the public,—which introduction, while it procured instant recognition of his genius, attracted towards him, in consequence of the party-politics then raging, the hostility of the critics on the opposite side, who paid him the unhappy compliment of being unusually bitter and ungenerous. The result was, not his death, as some have supposed,—but undoubtedly an embitterment of the causes which were then leading to it, and which originated in a consumptive tendency. Mr. Keats left England in the year 1820, to try the warmer climate of Italy, and on the 24th of February, in the year following, died at Rome in the arms of his friend, Mr. Severn, the artist, who had accompanied him on the voyage, and attended his bedside like a brother. Mr. Shelley, who loved him, and who enthusiastically admired his genius (as he has evinced in the beautiful elegy, entitled "Adonis"), invited him to come and take up his abode with himself; and he would have done so, had life been spared him. But fate had disposed otherwise; and the ashes of his inviter, no great while afterwards, went to take up their abode in the same burial-ground. His death was embittered by a passion he had for a young lady, who returned his affection; but, amidst all his sufferings, his love of poetical beauty did not forsake him. He said, in anticipation of his grave, that he already "felt the daisies growing over him." He requested, however, in the anguish of disappointed hope, that his friends would inscribe upon his tomb, "Here lies one whose name was writ in water;" and they did so.

Mr. Keats was under the middle size, and somewhat large above, in proportion to his lower limbs,—which, however, were neatly formed; and he had any thing in his dress and general demeanour but that appearance of "laxity," which has been strangely attributed to him in a late publication. In fact, he had so much of the reverse, though in no unbecoming degree, that he might be supposed to maintain a certain jealous care of the appearance and bearing of a gentleman, in the consciousness of his genius, and perhaps not without some sense of his origin. His face was handsome and sensitive, with a look in the eyes at once earnest and tender; and his hair grew in delicate brown ringlets, of remarkable beauty.

Mr. Keats may truly be pronounced a Poet of the most poetical order, for he gave himself up entirely to the beautiful, and had powers of expression equal to an excess of sensibility. His earlier poems, especially the "Endymion," are like a luxuriant wilderness of flowers and weeds ("weeds of glorious feature"); his latest, the "Hyperion," was a growing wood of oaks, from which the deepest oracles of the art might have been looked for. Indeed, there they were, as far as he gave his thoughts utterance. It has been justly said, that he "is the greatest YOUNG Poet that ever appeared in the language;" that is to say, the greatest who did not live to be old, and whose whole memory will be identified with something both young and great. His lyrics (the Odes to the Nightingale and the Grecian Vase) are equal to the very finest we possess, both for subtle feeling and music. His "Eve of St. Agnes" is as full of beauty as the famous painted window he describes in it; and there was such a profusion in him of fancies and imaginations, analogous to the beautiful forms of the genius of the ancient Poets, that a university-man expressed his astonishment at hearing he was not a Greek scholar. Of our lately deceased Poets, if you want imaginative satire, or bitter wailing, you must go to the writings of Lord Byron; if a thoughtful, dulcet, and wild dreaminess, you must go to Coleridge; if a startling appeal to the first elements of your nature and sympathies (most musical also), to Shelley; if a thorough enjoyment of the beautiful—for beauty's sake—like a walk on summer's noon in a land of woods and meadows, you must embower yourself in the luxuries of Keats.



KEATS.

MADELINE. FROM "ISABELLA."

A CASEMENT high and triple arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imágeries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device
Innumerable of stains, and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep damask wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon.

* * * * * * *

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thy happiness,—
    That thou, light-winged dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
  Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stained mouth;
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-eyed despairs,
  Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
    Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
  Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
  Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
  And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
    Cluster'd around by all her starry fays;
      But here there is no light,
  Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
    Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time,
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath:
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I heard this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape?
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone;
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?

What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

SONNETS.

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by;
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

Happy is England! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent:

Yet do I sometimes feel a languishment
  For skies Italian, and an inward groan
  To sit upon an Alp as on a throne,
And half forget what world or worldling meant.
Happy is England, sweet her artless daughters;
  Enough their simple loveliness for me,
    Enough their whitest arms in silence clinging:
  Yet do I often warmly burn to see
    Beauties of deeper glance, and hear their singing,
And float with them about the summer waters.

STANZAS.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
Their green felicity:
The north cannot undo them;
With a sleety whistle through them;
Nor frozen thawings glue them
From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
Apollo's summer look;
But with a sweet forgetting,
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
A gentle girl and boy!
But were there ever any
Writhed not at passed joy?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it,
Nor numbed sense to steal it,
Was never said in rhyme.

— — —

TO AUTUMN.

Season of mist and mellow fruitfulness!
  Close bosom friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
  With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage trees,
  And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
    To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
  With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flower for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
    For summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
  Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting, careless, on a granary floor,—
  Thy hair soft lifted by the winnowing wind:
Or, on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
  Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
    Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
  Steady thy laden head across a brook;
  Or, by a cyder-press, with patient look,
    Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
  Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
  And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue:
Then, in a wailful choir, the small gnats mourn
  Among the river sallows, borne aloft,
    Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
  Hedge-crickets sing; and now, with treble soft,
  The redbreast whistles from a garden croft,
    And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

James Hogg was born on the 25th of January, 1772, in a cottage on the banks of the Ettrick, in the shire of Selkirk. He was descended from a race of shepherds who had inhabited, for centuries, the sequestered district in which was the Poet's birth-place. Humble as was the calling of his father, it was not beyond the reach of misfortune. When James was scarcely more than a child, he was compelled to labour for his own living; and engaged himself to herd cows with a neighbouring farmer. The good seed had, however, been sown;—sound and upright principles had taken root in his mind, and his fancy had been nursed, unconsciously, by his mother, whose memory was stored with old border ballads. His elder brother states, that James was what is called, in the language of his native valley, a soft, "actionless" boy; and that in early life he gave no token of the genius which afterwards astonished and delighted his countrymen. The scenery amid which he lived and rambled, the utter seclusion in which the shepherds of Ettrick dwelt, and his lonely, yet happy, occupation among his native glens and mountains, gathered the intellectual wealth which the simple shepherd was destined to scatter among mankind: the "actionless" boy soon gave proof that he was also contemplative: he spoke songs long before he could write them. For many years, until indeed he had grown to manhood, his fame was limited to his own neighbourhood: at length, chance conducted him to Edinburgh: a small printed volume was the result: it was soon followed by "the Mountain Bard;" and the world began to speak of the Shepherd of Ettrick. Still he continued to "tend his flock:" and it was not until after his reputation had very widely spread, that he commenced farming on his own account. In 1821, he took the farm of Mount Benger: it was a disastrous attempt to better his fortunes, and it exhausted the money his literary labours had collected. From the period of his first appearance before the public, he passed scarcely a year without furnishing something for the press. The Mountain Bard was followed by the Queen's Wake; the Witch of Fife, and Queen Hynde, established his fame as a Poet: and the Border Tales, and other publications, gave him a prominent station as a writer of prose. Fortunate in the friendship of such men as Scott and Wilson, happy in his home, and admired by the world, with a disposition naturally cheerful, he had but one drawback from the happiness of life: his pecuniary circumstances were by no means prosperous towards the close of it; and he left a widow and five children in poverty. He died on the 21st of November, 1835.

Hogg visited London in 1833:—although accustomed to the comparatively rude society of mountaineers, he was perfectly easy and self-possessed—because natural—in the polished circles into which he was eagerly welcomed. His glowing and kindly countenance, his cheerful smile, his rousing and hearty laugh, the originality of his remarks, his gentle satire, his continual flow of wit, the rough but becoming manner in which he sang his own ballads, gained for him, personally, the "golden opinions" which had previously been accorded to his genius. He was somewhat above the middle height,—of a muscular frame: he had a sharp, clear, grey eye, an expansive forehead, and sandy hair; and the soundness of his constitution was evident from the fresh and ruddy colour of his cheeks. He was kind and liberal to a degree; and, although he manifested occasionally the irritability of his "class," all his friends loved him.

If we are to class James Hogg among uneducated Poets, he must undoubtedly rank at the head of them. But as he had lived thirty years before he made the world acquainted with his powers, we can scarcely consider his productions as the mere offspring of his mind, unformed by knowledge and unaided by experience. He was unquestionably a man of fine original genius; and he confined himself to those topics with which his early habits and associations render him familiar. His happiest and most popular poems are those which dwell most on the scenes and legends of the hills and valleys of his native land. There is perhaps a national tone and feeling in his writings, in which we Southrons do not wholly sympathise: but in his own country we must consider him to be rather under than over-rated. Born in the very humblest condition of life, reared under circumstances most adverse to the growth and development of mind, he obtained a popularity second only to that of Burns:—he has written his name on enduring tablets in the literary annals of Great Britain, and it will go down to posterity with that of the most eminent of his many eminent countrymen. Such is the triumph which genius, even unaided, can achieve.

HOGG.

THE STRANDED SHIP.

My spirit dreams of a peaceful bay
Where once a ship in beauty lay,
Floating between the waves and air,
Each glad to claim a thing so fair.
Her white wings to the sunshine gleaming
In anchored rest,—bright ensigns streaming,
As if they wish'd away to fly
From the proud ship which they glorify.
  Alas! her wings no more expanded,
High on the beach the ship is stranded;
And, reft of motion, never more
Must walk above the ocean roar!
Yet the creatures of the deep, too blest
Within their sunless caves to rest,

In the genial warmth of upper day
Are rolling in unwieldy play;
Or shooting upwards through the light
With arrowy motion silvery bright,
The silent summer air employ
For their region of capricious joy!
While fairy shells in myriads lying,
The smooth, hard sand in lustre dyeing,
Encircle with a far-seen chain
Of glory,—the most glorious main!

* * * * * * *

THE WEE HOUSIE.

I LIKE thee weel, my wee auld house,
Though laigh thy wa's an' flat the riggin';
Though round thy lum the sourock grows,
An' rain-draps gaw my cozy biggin'.
Lang hast thou happit mine and me,
My head's grown grey aneath thy kipple;
And aye thy ingle cheek was free
Baith to the blind man an' the cripple.

What gart my ewes thrive on the hill,
An' kept my little store increasin'?
The rich man never wish'd me ill,
The poor man left me aye his blessin'.
Troth I maun greet wi' thee to part,
Though to a better house I'm flittin';
Sic joys will never glad my heart
As I've had by thy hallan sittin'.

My bonny bairns around me smiled,
My sonsy wife sat by me spinning,—
Aye lilting o'er her ditties wild,
In notes sae artless an' sae winning.
Our frugal meal was aye a feast,
Our e'ening psalm a hymn of joy;
Sae calm an' peacefu' was our rest,
Our bliss, our love, without alloy.

I canna help but haud thee dear,
My auld, storm-batter'd, hamely shieling;
Thy sooty lum, an' kipples clear,
I better love than gaudy ceiling.

Thy roof will fa', thy rafters start,
How damp an' cauld thy hearth will be!
Ah! sae will soon ilk honest heart,
That erst was blithe an' bauld in thee!

I thought to cower aneath thy wa',
Till death should close my weary een;
Then leave thee for the narrow ha',
Wi' lowly roof o' sward sae green.
Farewell, my house an' burnie clear,
My bourtree bush an' bowzy tree!
The wee while I maun sojourn here,
I'll never find a hame like thee.

THE BROKEN HEART.

Now lock my chamber-door, father,
And say you left me sleeping;
But never tell my step-mother
Of all this bitter weeping.
No earthly sleep can ease my smart,
Or even a while reprieve it;
For there's a pang at my young heart
That never more can leave it!

O, let me lie, and weep my fill
O'er wounds that heal can never;
And O, kind Heaven! were it thy will,
To close these eyes for ever:
For how can maid's affections dear
Recal her love forsaken?
Or how can heart of maiden bear
To know that heart forsaken?

O, why should vows so fondly made,
Be broken ere the morrow—
To one who loved as never maid
Loved in this world of sorrow?
The look of scorn I cannot brave,
Nor pity's eye more dreary;
A quiet sleep within the grave
Is all for which I weary!

Farewell, dear Yarrow's mountains green,
And banks of broom so yellow!
Too happy has this bosom been
Within your arbours mellow.
That happiness is fled for aye,
And all is dark desponding—
Save in the opening gates of day,
And the dear home beyond them!

MARY GRAY.

Some say that my Mary Gray is dead,
And that I in this world shall see her never;
Some say she is laid on her cold death-bed,
The prey of the grave and of death for ever!
Ah, they know little of my dear maid,
Or kindness of her spirit's Giver;
For every night she is by my side,—
By the morning bower, or the moonlight river.

My Mary was bonny when she was here,
When flesh and blood was her mortal dwelling;
Her smile was sweet, and her mind was clear,
And her form all virgin forms excelling.
But oh, if they saw my Mary now,
With her looks of pathos and of feeling,
They would see a cherub's radiant brow,
To ravish'd mortal eyes unveiling.

The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers,
It is all of beauty and of sweetness,—
So my dear maid in the heavenly bowers
Excels in beauty and in meekness!
She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kaim'd my hair,
And made a breast of heaven my pillow;
And promised her God to take me there
Before the leaf falls from the willow!

Farewell! ye homes of living men—
I have no relish for your pleasures;
In the human face I naething ken
That with my spirit's yearning measures.
I long for onward bliss to be
A day of joy—a brighter morrow;
And from this bondage to be free,—
Farewell, this world of sin and sorrow!

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O to abide in the desert with thee!

AN ARABIAN SONG.

Meet me at even, my own true love,
Meet me at even, my honey, my dove,
Where the moonbeam revealing
The cool fountain stealing,
Away and away
Through flow'rets so gay,
Singing its silver roundelay.

Love is the fountain of life and bliss,
Love is the valley of joyfulness;
A garden of roses,
Where rapture reposes,—
A temple of light
All heavenly bright;
O, virtuous love is the soul's delight!

Felicia Dorothea Browne was born in Liverpool, on the 21st of September, 1793. Her father was Irish, and her mother German;—much of the romance which pervaded her character from earliest childhood may be traced to this mixed descent. Her first youth was passed among the mountains and valleys of North Wales: scenes so fertile in sublimity and beauty produced their natural effects; the earnest and continual study of Shakspeare led to the power of giving language to thought,—and before she had entered her thirteenth year, a printed collection of her Juvenile Poems was actually before the world. From this period to the close of her life she continued to send forth volume after volume,—each surpassing the other in sweetness and power: it seemed as if the intellectual mine was inexhaustible, and perhaps her last production, of any length, will be considered her best. She married early: her marriage was not a happy one. Into the cause of her husband's estrangement, after she had borne him five sons, it is not our province to inquire; but it is impossible not to feel that the circumstance contributed to produce that sadness, which, as an under-current, runs through all her works:—

> "Have I not tried, and striven, and failed to bind
> One true heart unto me, whereon my own
> Might find a resting-place?"

She resided several years at St. Asaph, then removed to Wavertree, near Liverpool, and finally to Dublin, where she died on the 16th of May, 1835.

The character of Mrs. Hemans is in beautiful keeping with her poetry. Like the sweetest of all singing birds, she was often heard but rarely seen. After her name became familiar to every reader in England, she shrunk from the public gaze,—and, we believe, never visited the Metropolis. We have, however, the testimony of more than one intimate and loving friend, that her unwillingness to enter general society arose from no unworthy disrelish for it. All her sympathies were in common with mankind. She is said to have possessed considerable beauty in youth; but thought and anxiety had done the work of years,—and it had passed long before its time. Her form was exceedingly delicate; her countenance was gentle, yet full of expression and intelligence; and her long hair of silken auburn continued to the last remarkably profuse. Her manners were unassuming: she was reserved to strangers—but among her friends cheerful even to playfulness. We have heard one of the most beloved of all her familiar associates—a kindred spirit, also too early lost—speak of her with the most earnest and devoted affection. She described her conversation as singularly fascinating,—full of rich poetry; and Mr. Chorley, who loved her when living, and honoured her memory when dead, relates that some of her poems were printed almost exactly as they were spoken.

The poetry of Mrs. Hemans will endure as long as the language in which it is written. It is essentially feminine. A tone of gentle, unforced, and persuasive Goodness pervades it: it displays no fiery passion, and resorts to no vehement appeal;—it touches upon nothing degraded or unnatural; it is often sad, but never exhibits "a discontented or repining spirit;" and though it affords continual proofs of an eager longing for a "better land," and a mournful consciousness that her "soul's lofty gifts" were insufficient

> "To quench its panting thirst for happiness;"

it manifests no unwillingness to bear meekly, patiently, and trustingly, the thousand ills that flesh is heir to. Few Poets, living or dead, have written so much, and written so well. There is not, indeed, one among her productions that we might cast from us with indifference, or "willingly let die." Her diction is harmonious and free; her themes, though infinitely varied, are all happily chosen, and treated with grace, originality, and judgment. Her poetry is full of images—but they are always natural and true: it is studded with ornaments—but they are never unbecoming; she selected and distributed them with singular felicity. Though rarely energetic, she is never languid,—her tenderness never wearies; her piety—one of the chief sources of her power and her success—never degenerates into bitterness, but is at all times fervid and humanizing. The poetry of Mrs. Hemans, indeed, may be likened to a cathedral chaunt,—deep, solemn, and impressive; entrancing rather than exciting—and depressing rather than elevating the spirits of those whose "spirits are attentive."

HEMANS.

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

A DIM and mighty minster of old Time!
A temple shadowy with remembrances
Of the majestic past!—the very light
Streams with a colouring of heroic days
In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
To other years;—and the rich fretted roof,

And the wrought coronals of summer leaves,
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose—
The tenderest image of mortality—
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves,—all these things
Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
On their heart's worship pour'd a wealth of love!
Honour be with the dead!—the people kneel
Under the helms of antique chivalry,
And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,
And midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved
Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel
Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt; where jewelled crowns
On the flush'd brows of conquerors have been set;
Where the high anthems of old victories
Have made the dust give echoes. Hence, vain thoughts!
Memories of power and pride, which, long ago,
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
In twilight depths away. Return, my soul!
The cross recals thee.—Lo! the blessed cross!
High o'er the banners and the crests of earth,
Fix'd in its meek and still supremacy!
And lo! the throng of beating human hearts,
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
All their full treasuries of immortal Hope,
Gather'd before their God! Hark! how the flood
Of the rich organ harmony bears up
Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty burst!—
A forest-sounding music!—every tone
Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings
From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent:
And the old minster—forest-like itself—
With its long avenues of pillared shade,
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
One tomb unthrill'd by the strong sympathy
Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul!
In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

THE SONG OF NIGHT.

I come to thee, O Earth!
With all my gifts:—for every flower, sweet dew,
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills or forest-leaves,
But, through its views of beauty, so receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star:
Making thy streams, that on their noon-day track
Gave but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace; I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks o'er the honey bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe, and, sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!
Who calls me silent?—I have many tones:
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep-organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
Till the bright day is done.

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong in their sweetness from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crushed affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tone heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb;
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love,
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove—
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train:
Who calls me lonely?—Hosts around me tread,
Th' intensely bright, the beautiful, the dread—
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes,
These are my lightnings!—filled with anguish vain,
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
I am th' Avenging One!—the armed, the strong,
The searcher of the soul!

I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest birth
Of memory, thought, remorse:—be holy, Earth!
I am the solemn Night!

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her firstborn, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vowed
Unto the temple service. By the hand
She led him; and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was her's,
To bring before her God!

So passed they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest:
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheeks' repose,
As at a red flower's heart; and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There, too, she lingered, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.

At last the fane was reached,—
The earth's one sanctuary: and rapture hushed
Her bosom, as before her, through the day
It rose a mountain of white marble, steeped
In light like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to her's,—and half in fear,
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm
Clung, even as ivy clings, the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swelled high; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—"Alas!" she cried,

"Alas! my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleasing eyes,
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart,—
How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing
So late along the mountains at my side?
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, even as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

"And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turned from its door away,
While, through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill?

"Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn?
Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake!

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck; and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child?—will He not hear thee
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Will He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

"I give thee to thy God!—the God that gave thee,
A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!
And, precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!
And thou shalt be His child!

"Therefore, farewell!—I go! my soul may fail me,
As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,
Yearning for thy sweet looks!
But thou, my firstborn! droop not, nor bewail me,—
Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength,—farewell!"

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

'Twas a trumpet's pealing sound!
And the knight looked down from the Paynim's tower,
And a Christian host, in its pride and power,
Through the pass beneath him wound.
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"I knew 'twas a trumpet's note!
And I see my brethren's lances gleam,
And their pennons wave, by the mountain stream,
And their plumes to the glad wind float?
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"I am here, with my heavy chain!
And I look on a torrent, sweeping by,
And an eagle, rushing to the sky,
And a host, to its battle plain!
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"Must I pine in my fetters here?
With the wild wave's foam, and the free bird's flight,
And the tall spears glancing on my sight,
And the trumpet in mine ear?
Cease awhile, clarion! clarion wild and shrill,
Cease! let them hear the captive's voice,—be still!

"They are gone! they have all pass'd by!
They in whose wars I had borne my part,
They that I loved with a brother's heart,
They have left me here to die!
Sound again, clarion! clarion, pour thy blast!
Sound! for the captive's dream of hope is past!"

THE TRUMPET.

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land,
Light up the beacon-pyre!
A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire!

A hundred banners to the breeze
Their gorgeous folds have cast;
And, hark! was that the sound of seas?
A king to war went past!

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth!
The mother on her firstborn son
Looks with a boding eye;—
They come not back, though all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side;
E'en for the marriage altar crowned,
The lover quits his bride!
And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By earthly clarion spread!
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead?

THE RETURN TO POETRY.

Once more the eternal melodies from far,
Woo me like songs of home: once more discerning
Through fitful clouds the pure majestic star,
Above the poet's world serenely burning,—
Thither my soul, fresh-winged by love, is turning,
As o'er the waves the wood-bird seeks her nest,
For those green heights of dewy stillness yearning,
Whence glorious minds o'erlook the earth's unrest.
Now be the spirit of Heaven's truth my guide
Through the bright land! that no brief gladness, found
In passing bloom, rich odour, or sweet sound,
May lure my footsteps from their aim aside:
Their true, high quest—to seek, if ne'er to gain,
The inmost, purest shrine of that august domain.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hid'st thou in thy treasure caves and cells?
Thou hollow sounding and mysterious main!
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow colour'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain.
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal argosies.
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry!
Dash o'er them, ocean! in thy scornful play,
Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
They hear not now the booming waters roar,—
The battle thunders will not break their rest.
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long;
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown,—
But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,—
O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown!
Yet must thou hear a voice,—Restore the dead!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee!
Restore the dead, thou sea!

Allan Cunningham was born at Blackwood, a place of much natural beauty, on Nithside, a few miles above Dumfries, on the 7th of December, 1784. His father and grandfather were farmers; and one of his ancestors, an officer under the great Montrose, shared in his leader's good and evil fortune at Kilsythe and Philiphaugh. Some hopes held out by a relative of a situation in India, having, it appears, failed, Allan, at eleven years of age, was removed from school, to learn, under an elder brother, his business of a mason. This he did not dislike, and soon became a skilful workman; but he loved still better to pore over old books—listen to old songs and tales—and roam among his native glens and hills. A thirst for knowledge came early; but a love of writing, as we have heard him say, came late. Some of his lyrics, however, found their way into a singular book,—Cromek's "Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song,"—and, passing for ancient, were received with an applause which at once startled and amused the writer. Dr. Percy boldly declared they were too good to be old; and the author of "Marmion" has more than once said, that not even Burns himself had enriched Scottish song with more beautiful effusions. In 1810, Mr. Cunningham was allured from the Nith to the Thames. For some years he attached himself to the public press; and, in 1814, entered the studio of Sir Francis Chantrey, the distinguished sculptor, as superintendent of his works. The first volume he ventured to publish was "Sir Marmaduke Maxwell," a dramatic poem, named after one of the heroes of his native district. It was well received by critics; and Sir Walter Scott generously

"Handed the rustic stranger up to fame,"

by a kind notice of his first attempt in the Preface to the "Fortunes of Nigel." Thenceforward Mr. Cunningham took his place among the Poets of Great Britain. He has since supplied us with but occasional proofs of his right to retain it; having devoted much of his leisure to the production of prose works of fiction; and commenced an undertaking of vast magnitude and importance,—the "Lives of the Poets from Chaucer to Coleridge;"—a task for which he is eminently qualified.

Few modern writers are more universally respected and esteemed than Mr. Cunningham; he numbers among his personal friends all the most eminent and accomplished of his contemporaries: in private life he has ever been irreproachable:—an early and a happy marriage probably preserved him from the errors and eccentricities which too generally mark the career of a youth of genius, upon entering the perilous maze of the metropolis:—where hundreds of as rare promise have sunk under the effects of dissipation or despondency; and whose names are to be found only in the terrible records of "Calamities of Authors." Cunningham, in person, seems better fitted to deal with huge blocks of marble than with creations of fancy. His frame is of vigorous proportions; his countenance highly expressive of mental as well as physical power; his eye keen and searching, but peculiarly gentle and winning. He combines industry with genius, and a rigid integrity with both. His biographies have been objected to, on the ground that he has seen more to censure than to praise in the subjects of them: if, however, such contributions are valuable only as they are TRUE, and in proportion to their distance from the imaginative and the misleading, they are the best, and will be the most enduring of his works.

The Poems of Cunningham, as we have intimated, are not numerous: his last poetical production of any length,—the Maid of Elvar,—is, perhaps, his best; the scene of this little rustic epic, as he correctly styles it, is laid in his native vale; and many of the delicious pictures it contains, with a true vein of poetry throughout, are drawn frum rural life. It is, however, written in a measure ill calculated to become extensively popular. The poetical reputation of Allan Cunningham has been made, and is sustained, by his ballads and lyrical pieces. They are exquisite in feeling—chaste and elegant in style—graceful in expression, and natural in conception: they seem, indeed, the mere unstudied out-pourings of the heart; yet will bear the strictest and most critical inspection of those who consider elaborate finish to be at least the second requisite of writers of song. His own country has supplied him with his principal themes; and the peculiar dialect of Scotland—in which he frequently writes—his good taste prevents him from ever rendering harsh, or even inharmonious, to Southern ears.

CUNNINGHAM.

THE TOWN AND COUNTRY CHILD.

Child of the country! free as air
Art thou, and as the sunshine fair;
Born, like the lily, where the dew
Lies odorous when the day is new;
Fed 'mid the May-flowers like the bee,
Nursed to sweet music on the knee,
Lull'd in the breast to that glad tune
Which winds make 'mong the woods of June:
I sing of thee;—'tis sweet to sing
Of such a fair and gladsome thing.

Child of the town! for thee I sigh;
A gilded roof's thy golden sky,
A carpet is thy daisied sod,
A narrow street thy boundless road,

Thy rushing deer's the clattering tramp
Of watchmen, thy best light's a lamp,—
Through smoke, and not through trellised vines
And blooming trees, thy sunbeam shines:
I sing of thee in sadness; where
Else is wreck wrought in aught so fair?

Child of the country! thy small feet
Tread on strawberries red and sweet;
With thee I wander forth to see
The flowers which most delight the bee;
The bush o'er which the throstle sung
In April, while she nursed her young;
The den beneath the sloe-thorn, where
She bred her twins the timorous hare;
The knoll, wrought o'er with wild bluebells,
Where brown bees build their balmy cells;
The greenwood stream, the shady pool,
Where trouts leap when the day is cool;
The shilfa's nest that seems to be
A portion of the sheltering tree,—
And other marvels, which my verse
Can find no language to rehearse.

Child of the town! for thee, alas!
Glad nature spreads nor flowers nor grass;
Birds build no nests, nor in the sun
Glad streams come singing as they run:
A Maypole is thy blossom'd tree,
A beetle is thy murmuring bee;
Thy bird is caged, thy dove is where
Thy poulterer dwells, beside thy hare;
Thy fruit is pluck'd, and by the pound
Hawk'd clamorous all the city round;
No roses, twinborn on the stalk,
Perfume thee in thy evening walk;
No voice of birds,—but to thee comes
The mingled din of cars and drums,
And startling cries, such as are rife
When wine and wassail waken strife.

Child of the country! on the lawn
I see thee like the bounding fawn,

Blithe as the bird which tries its wing
The first time on the winds of spring;
Bright as the sun when from the cloud
He comes as cocks are crowing loud;
Now running, shouting, 'mid sunbeams,
Now groping trouts in lucid streams,
Now spinning like a mill-wheel round,
Now hunting echo's empty sound,
Now climbing up some old tall tree—
For climbing sake. 'Tis sweet to thee
To sit where birds can sit alone,
Or share with thee thy venturous throne.

Child of the town and bustling street,
What woes and snares await thy feet!
Thy paths are paved for five long miles,
Thy groves and hills are peaks and tiles;
Thy fragrant air is yon thick smoke,
Which shrouds thee like a mourning cloak;
And thou art cabin'd and confined,
At once from sun, and dew, and wind;
Or set thy tottering feet but on
Thy lengthen'd walks of slippery stone:
The coachman there careering reels
With goaded steeds and maddening wheels;
And Commerce pours each poring son
In pelf's pursuit and hollos' run:
While flush'd with wine, and stung at play,
Men rush from darkness into day.
The stream's too strong for thy small bark;
There nought can sail, save what is stark.

Fly from the town, sweet child! for health
Is happiness, and strength, and wealth.
There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower;
On every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope, and holiness, and God.

AWAKE, MY LOVE!

Awake, my love! ere morning's ray
Throws off night's weed of pilgrim grey:
Ere yet the hare, cower'd close from view,
Licks from her fleece the clover dew:
Or wild swan shakes her snowy wings,
By hunters roused from secret springs:
Or birds upon the boughs awake,
Till green Arbigland's woodlands shake.

She comb'd her curling ringlets down,
Laced her green jupes, and clasp'd her shoon;
And from her home, by Preston-burn,
Came forth the rival light of morn.
The lark's song dropp'd,—now loud, now hush,—
The goldspink answer'd from the bush;
The plover, fed on heather crop,
Call'd from the misty mountain top.

'Tis sweet, she said, while thus the day
Grows into gold from silvery grey,
To hearken heaven, and bush, and brake,
Instinct with soul of song awake;—
To see the smoke in many a wreath,
Stream blue from hall and bower beneath,
Where yon blithe mower hastes along
With glittering scythe and rustic song.

Yes, lovely one! and dost thou mark
The moral of yon carolling lark?
Tak'st thou from Nature's counsellor tongue
The warning precept of her song?
Each bird that shakes the dewy grove
Warms its wild note with nuptial love;
The bird, the bee, with various sound,
Proclaim the sweets of wedlock round.

THE LASS OF GLENESLAN-MILL.

The laverock loves the dewy light,
The bee the balmy fox-glove fair;
The shepherd loves the glowing morn,
When song and sunshine fill the air:

But I love best the summer moon,
With all her stars, pure streaming still;
For then, in light and love I meet,
The sweet lass of Gleneslan-mill.

The violets lay their blossoms low,
Beneath her white foot, on the plain;
Their fragrant heads the lilies wave,
Of her superior presence fain.
O might I clasp her to my heart,
And of her ripe lips have my will!
For loath to woo, and long to win,
Was she by green Gleneslan-mill.

Mute was the wind, soft fell the dew,
O'er Blackwood brow bright glow'd the moon;
Rills murmur'd music, and the stars
Refused to set our heads aboon:
Ye might have heard our beating hearts,
Our mixing breaths,—all was so still,
Till morning's light shone on her locks,—
Farewell, lass of Gleneslan-mill.

Wert thou an idol all of gold,
Had I the eye of worldish care,—
I could not think thee half so sweet,
Look on thee so, or love thee mair.
Till death's cold dew-drop dim mine eye,
This tongue be mute, this heart lie still,—
Thine every wish of joy and love,
My lass of green Gleneslan-mill!

THE POET'S BRIDAL-DAY SONG.

O! MY love's like the steadfast sun,
Or streams that deepen as they run;
Nor hoary hairs, nor forty years,
Nor moments between sighs and fears;
Nor nights of thought, nor days of pain,
Nor dreams of glory dream'd in vain,—
Nor mirth, nor sweetest song which flows
To sober joys and soften woes,
Can make my heart or fancy flee
One moment, my sweet wife, from thee.

Even while I muse I see thee sit
In maiden bloom and matron wit:
Fair, gentle, as when first I sued
Ye seem, but of sedater mood:
Yet my heart leaps as fond for thee
As when, beneath Arbigland tree,
We stayed and wooed, and thought the moon
Set on the sea an hour too soon;
Or linger'd 'mid the falling dew,
When looks were fond, and words were few.

Though I see smiling at thy feet
Five sons and ae fair daughter sweet;
And time, and care, and birth-time woes
Have dimm'd thine eye, and touch'd thy rose:
To thee, and thoughts of thee, belong
All that charms me of tale or song;
When words come down like dews unsought,
With gleams of deep enthusiast thought;
And fancy in her heaven flies free,—
They come, my love, they come from thee.

O, when more thought we gave of old
To silver than some give to gold,
'Twas sweet to sit and ponder o'er
What things should deck our humble bower!
'Twas sweet to pull, in hope, with thee
The golden fruit from fortune's tree;
And sweeter, still, to choose and twine
A garland for these locks of thine;
A song-wreath which may grace my Jean,
While rivers flow, and woods are green.

At times there come, as come there ought,
Grave moments of sedater thought,—
When fortune frowns, nor lends our night
One gleam of her inconstant light;
And hope, that decks the peasant's bower,
Shines like the rainbow through the shower:
O then I see, while seated nigh,
A mother's heart shine in thine eye;
And proud resolve, and purpose meek,
Speak of thee more than words can speak,—
I think the wedded wife of mine
The best of all that's not divine!

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

A WET sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,—
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast:
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze,
And white waves heaving high:
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free,—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark! the music, mariners,
The wind is piping loud:
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashing free,—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

Leigh Hunt is the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, and was born at Southgate, in Middlesex, October the 19th, 1784. He, as well as Coleridge and Lamb, received his early education at Christ's Hospital, and chiefly under the same grammar-master; and, like Lamb, he was prevented from going to the University (on the Christ's Hospital foundation, it is understood to be a preparatory step to holy orders) by an impediment in his speech—which, however, he had the good fortune to overcome. At school, as in after life, he was remarkable for exuberance of animal spirits, and for passionate attachment to his friends,—a feeling, also, which years have not diminished; but he evinced little care for study, except when the exercises were in verse, when he would "give up" double the quantity demanded from him. His prose themes (he has so told us among other interesting facts) were generally so bad, that the master used to crumple them in his hand, and throw them to the boys for their amusement. Mr. Hunt has been an ardent, though never an ungenerous, political partizan, and has suffered in almost every possible way for the advocacy of opinions which, whether right or wrong, he has lived to see in a great measure triumph. He is not the only early struggler for "Reform," who has been left by Reformers in power to be recompensed by his own feelings.

The acquaintance of Mr. Hunt and Lord Byron began in prison, where Mr. Hunt was confined for the publication of an article in the "Examiner," which he then conducted. It was pronounced to be a libel on the Prince Regent;—and originated in his sympathy with the sufferings of the people of Ireland. To the history of their after intercourse we have not space to refer. Time has pretty nearly satisfied the world that Mr. Hunt by no means overdrew the picture of the noble Bard. The leading feature in Mr. Hunt's character is a love of truth. This was unpalatable to Lord Byron, and, for a time also, to the Public. Animal spirits,—a power of receiving delight from the commonest every-day objects, as well as from remote ones,—and a sort of luxurious natural piety (so to speak), are the prevailing influences of his writings. His friend, Hazlitt, used to say of him, in allusion to his spirits, and to his family-stock (which is from the West Indies), that he had "tropical blood in his veins."

In person he is tall, and slightly formed; his countenance is singularly fine; his eyes, like his complexion, are dark—but they have a gentle expression, akin to that of the gazelle. His look and his manner are both kindly and persuasive; indeed, we have rarely met any one who so completely realizes our notions of benevolence. His conversation is exquisitely pleasing,—"combining the vivacity of the school-boy with the resources of the wit, and the taste of the scholar."—We know little of his political writings; they must have been fierce and bitter,—for they alarmed his opponents, and delighted and encouraged his friends: but unquestionably the man is to be seen in the tender, graceful, and affectionate effusions of the Poet. He is only at home where the Heart presides. In the earlier part of his career, his opinions were assailed with the severest hostility. He has outlived the animosity to which he was subjected; the misfortunes to which he has been exposed have been met with philosophy; and his enemies have, like generous antagonists, aided in binding up the wounds they had inflicted. He has at length received justice from all,—save his political "friends."

The poetry of Leigh Hunt has been, and ever will be, appreciated by all who love nature and sympathise with humanity. It is liable to the charge of occasional affectation; and it is to be lamented that, at times, he defaces the beauty of a composition by some trifling puerilities. Mr. Hazlitt appears to have divined the cause of these defects. "From great sanguineness of temper, from great quickness and unsuspecting simplicity, he runs on to the public as he does at his own fireside,—and talks about himself, forgetting that he is not always among friends." This disposition, however, is also the main source of his success. His nature is essentially good; and what he writes makes its way to the heart. The models he consults are the true old English Poets, and the gayer spirits of Italy. He is a scholar, and "a special lover of books;" yet we never find in him a touch of pedantry. His poetry is like his mind,—a sort of buoyant outbreak of joyousness; and when a tone of sadness pervades it, it is so gentle, confiding, and hoping, as to be far nearer allied to resignation than repining. Perhaps there is no Poet who so completely pictures himself: it is a fine and natural and all-unselfish egotism; and a glorious contrast to the gloomy and misanthropic moods which some Bards have laboured first to acquire, and then to pourtray.

HUNT.

SONGS AND CHORUS OF THE FLOWERS.

ROSES.

We are blushing roses,
  Bending with our fulness,
'Midst our close-capp'd sister buds
  Warming the green coolness.

Whatsoe'er of beauty
  Yearns and yet reposes,
Blush, and bosom, and sweet breath,
  Took a shape in roses.

Hold one of us lightly,—
  See from what a slender
Stalk we bow'r in heavy blooms,
  And roundness rich and tender:

Know you not our only
  Rival flow'r,—the human?
Loveliest weight on lightest foot,
  Joy-abundant woman?

LILIES.

We are lilies fair,
  The flower of virgin light;
Nature held us forth, and said,
  "Lo! my thoughts of white."

Ever since then, angels
  Hold us in their hands;
You may see them where they take
  In pictures their sweet stands.

Like the garden's angels
  Also do we seem;
And not the less for being crown'd
  With a golden dream.

Could you see around us
  The enamour'd air,
You would see it pale with bliss
  To hold a thing so fair.

POPPIES

We are slumberous poppies,
  Lords of Lethe downs,
Some awake, and some asleep,
  Sleeping in our crowns.
What perchance our dreams may know,
Let our serious beauty show.

Central depth of purple,
  Leaves more bright than rose,—
Who shall tell what brightest thought
  Out of darkest grows?
Who, through what funereal pain,
Souls to love and peace attain?

Visions aye are on us,
Unto eyes of power;
Pluto's always-setting sun,
And Proserpiné's bower:
There, like bees, the pale souls come
For our drink, with drowsy hum.

Taste, ye mortals, also:
Milky-hearted, we;
Taste, but with a reverent care;
Active-patient be.
Too much gladness brings to gloom
Those who on the gods presume.

CHORUS.

We are the sweet flowers,
Born of sunny showers,
(Think, whene'er you see us, what our beauty saith;)
Utterance, mute and bright,
Of some unknown delight,
We fill the air with pleasure, by our simple breath:
All who see us love us,—
We befit all places:
Unto sorrow we give smiles,—and unto graces, graces.

Mark our ways, how noiseless
All, and sweetly voiceless,
Though the March-winds pipe, to make our passage clear;
Not a whisper tells
Where our small seed dwells,
Nor is known the moment green, when our tips appear,
We thread the earth in silence,
In silence build our bowers,
And leaf by leaf in silence show, till we laugh a-top, sweet flowers.

The dear lumpish baby,
Humming with the May-bee,
Hails us with his bright stare, stumbling through the grass;
The honey-dropping moon,
On a night in June,
Kisses our pale pathway leaves, that felt the bridegroom pass.
Age, the wither'd clinger,
On us mutely gazes,
And wraps the thought of his last bed in his childhood's daisies.

See (and scorn all duller
Taste) how heav'n loves colour;
How great Nature, clearly, joys in red and green;—
What sweet thoughts she thinks
Of violets and pinks,
And a thousand flushing hues, made solely to be seen:
See her whitest lilies
Chill the silver showers,
And what a red mouth is her rose, the woman of the flowers.

Uselessness divinest,
Of a use the finest,
Painteth us, the teachers of the end of use;
Travellers, weary eyed,
Bless us, far and wide;
Unto sick and prison'd thoughts we give sudden truce:
Not a poor town window
Loves its sickliest planting,
But its wall speaks loftier truth than Babylonian vaunting.

Sagest yet the uses,
Mix'd with our sweet juices,
Whether man, or May-fly, profit of the balm;
As fair fingers heal'd
Knights from the olden field,
We hold cups of mightiest force to give the wildest calm.
Ev'n the terror, poison,
Hath its plea for blooming;
Life it gives to reverent lips, though death to the presuming.

And oh! our sweet soul-taker,
That thief, the honey-maker,
What a house hath he, by the thymy glen!
In his talking rooms
How the feasting fumes,
Till the gold cups overflow to the mouths of men!
The butterflies come aping
Those fine thieves of ours,
And flutter round our rifled tops, like tickled flowers with flowers.

See those tops, how beauteous!
What fair service duteous
Round some idol waits, as on their lord the Nine?

Elfin court 'twould seem;
And taught, perchance, that dream
Which the old Greek mountain dreamt, upon nights divine.
To expound such wonder
Human speech avails not;
Yet there dies no poorest weed, that such a glory exhales not.

Think of all these treasures,
Matchless works and pleasures,
Every one a marvel, more than thought can say;
Then think in what bright show'rs
We thicken fields and bow'rs,
And with what heaps of sweetness half stifle wanton May:
Think of the mossy forests
By the bee-birds haunted,
And all those Amazonian plains, lone lying as enchanted.

Trees themselves are ours;
Fruits are born of flowers;
Peach, and roughest nut, were blossoms in the spring:
The lusty bee knows well
The news, and comes pell-mell,
And dances in the bloomy thicks with darksome antheming.
Beneath the very burthen
Of planet-pressing ocean,
We wash our smiling cheeks in peace,—a thought for meek devotion.

Tears of Phœbus,—missings
Of Cytherea's kissings,
Have in us been found, and wise men find them still;
Drooping grace unfurls
Still Hyacinthus' curls,
And Narcissus loves himself in the selfish rill:
Thy red lip, Adonis,
Still is wet with morning;
And the step, that bled for thee, the rosy briar adorning.

Oh! true things are fables,
Fit for sagest tables,
And the flow'rs are true things,—yet no fables they;
Fables were not more
Bright, nor loved of yore,—
Yet they grew not, like the flow'rs, by every old pathway:

Grossest hand can test us;
Fools may prize us never;—
Yet we rise, and rise, and rise,—marvels sweet for ever.

Who shall say, that flowers
Dress not heaven's own bowers?
Who its love, without us, can fancy,—or sweet floor?
Who shall even dare
To say, we sprang not there,—
And came not down that Love might bring one piece of heav'n the more?
Oh! pray believe that angels
From those blue dominions,
Brought us in their white laps down, 'twixt their golden pinions.

TO A CHILD, DURING SICKNESS.

Sleep breathes at last from out thee,
My little, patient boy;
And balmy rest about thee
Smooths off the day's annoy.
I sit me down, and think
Of all thy winning ways;
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong pillow'd meekness,
Thy thanks to all that aid,
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,
Of fancied faults afraid;
The little trembling hand
That wipes thy quiet tears,—
These, these are things that may demand
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I've had, severe ones
I will not think of now;
And calmly midst my dear ones,
Have wasted with dry brow:
But when thy fingers press,
And pat my stooping head,
I cannot bear the gentleness,—
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,
When life and hope were new:
Kind playmate of thy brother,
Thy sister, father, too:
My light, where'er I go,
My bird, when prison-bound,—
My hand in hand companion,—no,
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed,"—
"His voice,"—"his face,"—"is gone;"
To feel impatient-hearted,
Yet feel we must bear on:
Ah, I could not endure
To whisper of such woe,
Unless I felt this sleep ensure
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he's fix'd, and sleeping!
This silence too the while—
Its very hush and creeping
Seem whispering us a smile:—
Something divine and dim
Seems going by one's ear,
Like parting wings of cherubim,
Who say, "We've finish'd here."

THE GLOVE AND THE LIONS.

King Francis was a hearty king, and loved a royal sport,
And one day, as his lions fought, sat looking on the court:
The nobles fill'd the benches round, the ladies by their side,
And 'mongst them sat the Count de Lorge, with one for whom he sigh'd:
And truly 'twas a gallant thing to see that crowning show,
Valour and love, and a king above, and the royal beasts below.

Ramp'd and roar'd the lions, with horrid laughing jaws;
They bit, they glared, gave blows like beams, a wind went with their paws;
With wallowing might and stifled roar, they roll'd one on another,
Till all the pit, with sand and mane, was in a thund'rous smother;
The bloody foam above the bars came whizzing through the air:
Said Francis, then, "Faith, gentlemen, we're better here than there."

De Lorge's love o'erheard the king, a beauteous, lively dame,
With smiling lips and sharp bright eyes, which always seem'd
the same;
She thought, The Count, my lover, is brave as brave can be—
He surely would do wondrous things to show his love of me:
King, ladies, lovers, all look on; the occasion is divine,
I'll drop my glove, to prove his love; great glory will be mine.

She dropp'd her glove, to prove his love, then look'd at him
and smiled;
He bow'd, and in a moment leap'd among the lions wild:
The leap was quick, return was quick, he has regain'd the place,
Then threw the glove, but not with love, right in the lady's face.
"By God!" cried Francis, "rightly done!" and he rose from
where he sat;
"No love," quoth he, "but vanity, sets love a task like that!"

THE FISH, THE MAN, AND THE SPIRIT.

TO FISH.

You strange, astonish'd-looking, angle-faced,
Dreary-mouth'd, gaping wretches of the sea,
Gulping salt water everlastingly,
Cold-blooded, though with red your blood be graced,
And mute, though dwellers in the roaring waste;
And you, all shapes beside, that fishy be,—
Some round, some flat, some long, all devilry,
Legless, unloving, infamously chaste;

O scaly, slippery, wet, swift, staring wights,
What is't ye do? what life lead? eh, dull goggles?
How do ye vary your vile days and nights?
How pass your Sundays? Are ye still but joggles
In ceaseless wash? Still nought but gapes, and bites,
And drinks, and stares, diversified with boggles?

A FISH ANSWERS.

Amazing monster! that, for aught I know,
With the first sight of thee didst make our race
For ever stare! O flat and shocking face,
Grimly divided from the breast below!
Thou, that on dry land horribly dost go
With a split body, and most ridiculous pace
Prong after prong, disgracer of all grace,
Long-useless-finn'd, hair'd, upright, unwet, slow!

O breather of unbreathable, sword sharp air,
How canst exist? How bear thyself, thou dry
And dreary sloth? What particle canst share
Of the only blessed life, the watery?
I sometimes see of ye an actual *pair*
Go by! link'd fin by fin! most odiously.

THE FISH TURNS INTO A MAN, AND THEN INTO A SPIRIT, AND AGAIN SPEAKS.

Indulge thy smiling scorn, if smiling still,
O man! and loathe, but with a sort of love;
For difference must itself by difference prove,
And, with sweet clang, the spheres with music fill.
One of the spirits am I, that at their will
Live in whate'er has life—fish, eagle, dove—
No hate, no pride, beneath nought, nor above,
A visiter of the rounds of God's sweet skill.

Man's life is warm, glad, sad, 'twixt loves and graves,
Boundless in hope, honour'd with pangs austere,
Heaven-gazing; and his angel-wings he craves:—
The fish is swift, small-needing, vague yet clear,
A cold sweet silver life, wrapp'd in round waves,
Quicken'd with touches of transporting fear.

ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold:
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so;"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."
The angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
It came again, with a great wakening light,
And shew'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

JOHN CLARE was born at Helpstone, near Peterborough, Northamptonshire, in 1793. His father was a day labourer; and the Poet was acquainted with Poverty long before he associated with the Muse. His manhood has been doomed to a lot as severe, and it would seem that want is his only prospect in old age; for modern legislation has deprived him even of the "hope" on which he reckons, in one of his early poems, as a "last resource,"

> "To claim the humble pittance once a-week,
> Which justice forces from disdainful pride."

The story of his life presents, perhaps, one of the most striking and affecting examples that the history of unhappy genius has ever recorded; illustrating in a sad and grievous manner the misery produced by the gift of mind in a humble station—by great thoughts nourished in unfitting places. If ever the adage which tells us that a Poet is born a Poet has been practically realized, it is in the case of the peasant of Northamptonshire. If ever the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties has been made clear beyond a doubt, it is in his case. It is our melancholy task to add—if ever the oft-denied assertion, that genius is but the heritage of woe, may be placed beyond controversy, it is in this instance also. By working "over-hours," he contrived to earn enough to pay for learning to read; the savings of eight weeks sufficed to obtain a month's "schooling;" and his first object having been achieved, his next was to procure books. A shilling made him the master of Thomson's "Seasons;" and he immediately began to compose poetry; but for some time afterwards, being unable to master funds to procure paper, he was compelled to entrust to his memory the preservation of his verses. He lived in the presence of Nature, and worshipped her with a genuine and natural passion: "the common air, the sun, the skies;" the "old familiar faces" of the green fields, with their treasures of blade and wild flower, were the sources of his inspiration; and the people—their customs, their loves, their griefs, and their amusements—were the themes of his verse. Thus he went on, making and writing poetry, for thirteen years, "without having received a single word of encouragement, and without the most distant prospect of reward." Perhaps his destiny would have been happier had he never encountered either. Accident, however, led to the publication of a volume of his Poems: it passed through several editions, and brought money to the writer; a few "noble" patrons doled out some guineas; and we believe that something like an annuity was purchased for the Poet;—several other volumes followed; but the public no longer sympathized when they ceased to be astonished, and latterly we imagine, not only has the writer received nothing for his productions, but the sale of them has not sufficed to pay the expenses of their publication.

Clare has, we understand, made an unsuccessful, indeed a ruinous, attempt to improve his condition, by farming the ground he tilled; and has for some years existed in a state of poverty, as utter and hopeless as that in which he passed his youth. He has a wife and a very large family; and it is stated to us, that at times his mind gives way under the sickness of hope deferred. His appearance, when some years ago it was our lot to know him, was that of a simple rustic; and his manners were remarkably gentle and unassuming. He was short and thick, yet not ungraceful, in person. His countenance was plain but agreeable; he had a look and manner so dreamy, as to have appeared sullen—but for a peculiarly winning smile; and his forehead was so broad and high, as to have bordered on deformity. Further, we believe, that in his unknown and uncherished youth, and in his after-days when some portion of fame and honour fell to his share, he maintained a fair character, and has subjected himself to no charge more unanswerable than that of indiscretion in applying the very limited funds with which he was furnished after the world heard of his name, and was loud in applause of his genius. It is not yet too late for a hand to reach him; a very envied celebrity may be obtained by some wealthy and good "Samaritan;"—Strawberry Hill might be gladly sacrificed for the fame of having saved Chatterton.

We do not place him too high when we rank John Clare at the head of the Poets who were, and continued to be, "uneducated," according to the stricter meaning of the term. The most accomplished of British Poets will not complain at finding him introduced into their society:—setting aside all consideration of the peculiar circumstances under which he wrote, he is worthy to take his place among them.

CLARE.

JUNE.

THERE with the scraps of songs, and laugh, and tale,
He lightens annual toil, while merry ale
Goes round, and glads some old man's heart to praise
The threadbare customs of his early days:
How the high bowl was in the middle set
At breakfast-time, when clippers yearly met,
Fill'd full of furmety, where dainty swum
The streaking sugar and the spotting plum.
The maids could never to the table bring
The bowl, without one rising from the ring
To lend a hand; who, if 'twere ta'en amiss,
Would sell his kindness for a stolen kiss.
The large stone pitcher in its homely trim,
And clouded pint-horn with its copper rim,

Were there; from which were drunk, with spirits high,
Healths of the best the cellar could supply;
While sung the ancient swains, in uncouth rhymes,
Songs that were pictures of the good old times.

* * * * * * *

Thus ale, and song, and healths, and merry ways,
Keep up a shadow still of former days;
But the old beechen bowl, that once supplied
The feast of furmety, is thrown aside;
And the old freedom that was living then,
When masters made them merry with their men;
When all their coats alike were russet brown,
And his rude speech was vulgar as their own—
All this is past, and soon will pass away,
The time-torn remnant of the holiday.

THE QUIET MIND.

Though low my lot, my wish is won,
My hopes are few and staid;
All I thought life would do is done,
The last request is made.
If I have foes, no foes I fear,
To fate I have resigned;
I have a friend I value here,
And that's a quiet mind.

I wish not it was mine to wear
Flush'd honour's sunny crown;
I wish not I were Fortune's heir,—
She frowns, and let her frown.
I have no taste for pomp and strife,
Which others love to find:
I only wish the bliss of life—
A poor and quiet mind.

The trumpet's taunt in battle-field,
The great man's pedigree,—
What peace can all their honours yield?
And what are they to me?
Though praise and pomp, to eke the strife,
Rave like a mighty wind;
What are they to the calm of life—
A still and quiet mind?

I mourn not that my lot is low,
I wish no higher state;
I sigh not that Fate made me so,
Nor tease her to be great.
I am content—for well I see
What all at last shall find,—
That life's worst lot the best may be,
If that's a quiet mind.

I see the world pass heedless by,
And pride above me tower;
It costs me not a single sigh
For either wealth or power:
They are but men, and I'm a man
Of quite as great a kind,—
Proud, too, that life gives all she can,
A calm and quiet mind.

I never mocked at beauty's shrine,
To stain her lips with lies;
No knighthood's fame or luck was mine,
To win love's richest prize:
And yet I've found in russet weed,
What all will wish to find,
True love—and comfort's prize indeed,
A glad and quiet mind.

And come what will of care or woe,
As some must come to all;
I'll wish not that they were not so,
Nor mourn that they befal:
If tears for sorrows start at will,
They're comforts in their kind;
And I am blest, if with me still
Remains a quiet mind.

When friends depart, as part they must,
And love's true joys decay,
That leave us like the summer dust,
Which whirlwinds puff away:
While life's allotted time I brave,
Though left the last behind;
A prop and friend I still shall have,
If I've a quiet mind.

MARY LEE.

I HAVE traced the valleys fair
In May morning's dewy air,
  My bonny Mary Lee!
Wilt thou deign the wreath to wear,
  Gather'd all for thee?
They are not flowers of Pride,
For they graced the dingle-side;
Yet they grew in heaven's smile,
  My gentle Mary Lee!
Can they fear thy frowns the while,
  Though offered by me?

Here's the lily of the vale,
That perfumed the morning gale,
  My fairy Mary Lee!
All so spotless and so pale,
  Like thine own purity.
And, might I make it known,
'Tis an emblem of my own
Love—if I dare so name
  My esteem for thee.
Surely flowers can bear no blame,
  My bonny Mary Lee!

Here's the violet's modest blue,
'That 'neath hawthorns hides from view,
  My gentle Mary Lee,
Would show whose heart is true,
  While it thinks of thee.
While they choose each lowly spot,
The sun disdains them not;
I'm as lowly, too, indeed,
  My charming Mary Lee;
So I've brought the flowers to plead,
  And win a smile from thee.

Here's a wild rose just in bud;
Spring's beauty in its hood,
  My bonny Mary Lee!
'Tis the first in all the wood
  I could find for thee.

Though a blush is scarcely seen,
Yet it hides its worth within,
Like my love; for I've no power,
My angel, Mary Lee,
To speak, unless the flower
Can make excuse for me.

Though they deck no princely halls,
In bouquets for glittering balls,
My gentle Mary Lee!
Richer hues than painted walls
Will make them dear to thee;
For the blue and laughing sky
Spreads a grander canopy,
Than all wealth's golden skill,
My charming Mary Lee!
Love would make them dearer still,
That offers them to thee.

My wreathed flowers are few,
Yet no fairer drink the dew,
My bonny Mary Lee!
They may seem as trifles too—
Not I hope to thee.
Some may boast a richer prize
Under pride and wealth's disguise;
None a fonder offering bore
Than this of mine to thee;
And can true love wish for more?
Surely not, Mary Lee!

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton, the second daughter of Thomas, and the grand-daughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, was born in London. Soon after the union of Mr. Sheridan with her mother (the daughter of Colonel and Lady Elizabeth Callander), he became consumptive, and was induced to try the effects of a warmer climate upon his constitution. His wife accompanied him to Madeira, and subsequently to the Cape, where, after lingering two or three years, he died. His still young and beautiful widow returned to England, to superintend the education of her children,—a task to which she devoted herself with engrossing zeal, passing the best and generally the vainest years of a woman's life, apart from the gay world; indifferent to the lures of society, and sacrificing even her personal comforts to advance their interests and form their minds. To this accomplished and excellent parent may be attributed much of Mrs. Norton's literary fame;—it forms another link in that long chain of hereditary genius which has now been extended through a whole century. Her sister, the lady of the Hon. Captain Price Blackwood, is also a writer of considerable taste and power; her publications have been anonymous, and she is disinclined to seek that notoriety which the "pursuits of literature" obtain;—but those who are acquainted with the productions of her pen, will readily acknowledge their surpassing merit. The sisters used, in their childish days, to write together, and, before either of them had attained the age of twelve years, they produced two little books of prints and verses, called, "The Dandies' Ball," and "The Travelled Dandies;" both being imitations of a species of caricature then in vogue. But we believe that, at a much earlier period, Mrs. Norton had written poetry, which even now she would not be ashamed to see in print. Her disposition to "scribble" was, however, checked rather than encouraged by her mother; for a long time, pen, ink, and paper were denied to the young Poetess, and works of fiction carefully kept out of her way, with a view of compelling a resort to occupations of a more useful character. Her active and energetic mind, notwithstanding, soon accomplished its cherished purpose. At the age of seventeen, she wrote "The Sorrows of Rosalie;" and, although it was not published until some time afterwards, she had scarcely passed her girlhood before she had established for herself the distinction which had long been attached to her maiden name.

At the age of nineteen, Miss Sheridan was married to the Hon. George Chapple Norton, brother to the present Lord Grantley. He had proposed for her three years previously, but the mother had postponed the contract until the daughter was better qualified to fix her choice. These years had enabled her to make an acquaintance with one whose early death prevented a union more consonant to her feelings. When Mr. Norton again sought her hand he received it. It is unnecessary to add, that the marriage has not been a happy one: the world has heard the slanders to which she has been exposed; and a verdict of acquittal from all who for a moment listened to them can scarcely have atoned for the cruel and baseless suspicions to which she has been subjected.

Mrs. Norton has published two volumes of poetry,—"The Sorrows of Rosalie," and "The Undying One." The former tells the story of a ruined cottage girl; and the latter is founded on the superstition of the wandering Jew. The subject of the latter especially was ill chosen; a circumstance for which the authoress accounts, by stating, that until she married she had read fewer works of fiction than most young persons. The St. Leon of Godwin, and the wild romance of Maturin, were unknown to her; and she imagined she was INVENTING, when she was, in fact, only following in the path of her predecessors.

Mrs. Norton is eminently beautiful; her form is peculiarly graceful and dignified; and her features are exquisitely chiselled,—but hers is that intellectual beauty with which there is usually mingled a degree of haughtiness. She must occupy a high station among female authors, of which our age may boast a long and dazzling list. Her mind is of a high order; but she is far from having attained the zenith of her fame.

Her poetry is distinguished both by grace and energy. She is, perhaps, deficient in that inventive faculty in which some of her contemporaries have so greatly excelled; but her productions are full of thought,—there is nothing of the aspect of poverty in any thing she has written; on the contrary, her ideas seem too large and abundant for her verse; and she far more often crowds her materials than ekes out a description by words that might be dispensed with.

NORTON.

THE MOURNERS.

Low she lies, who blest our eyes
  Through many a sunny day;
She may not smile, she will not rise,—
  The life hath past away!
Yet there is a world of light beyond,
  Where we neither die nor sleep;
She is there, of whom our souls were fond,—
  Then wherefore do we weep?

The heart is cold, whose thoughts were told
  In each glance of her glad bright eye;
And she lies pale, who was so bright,
  She scarce seem'd made to die.

Yet we know that her soul is happy now,
Where the saints their calm watch keep;
That angels are crowning that fair young brow,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

Her laughing voice made all rejoice,
Who caught the happy sound;
There was gladness in her very step,
As it lightly touch'd the ground.
The echoes of voice and step are gone,
There is silence still and deep;
Yet we know she sings by God's bright throne,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

The cheek's pale tinge, the lid's dark fringe,
That lies like a shadow there,
Were beautiful in the eyes of all,—
And her glossy golden hair!
But though that lid may never wake
From its dark and dreamless sleep;
She is gone where young hearts do not break,—
Then wherefore do we weep?

That world of light with joy is bright,
This is a world of woe:
Shall we grieve that her soul hath taken flight,
Because we dwell below?
We will bury her under the mossy sod,
And one long bright tress we'll keep;
We have only given her back to God,—
Ah! wherefore do we weep?

THE MOTHER'S HEART.

When first thou camest, gentle, shy, and fond,
My eldest-born, first hope, and dearest treasure,
My heart received thee with a joy beyond
All that it yet had felt of earthly pleasure;
Nor thought that *any* love again might be
So deep and strong as that I felt for thee.

Faithful and fond, with sense beyond thy years,
And natural piety that lean'd to heaven;
Wrung by a harsh word suddenly to tears,
Yet patient of rebuke when justly given:
Obedient,—easy to be reconciled;
And meekly cheerful,—such wert thou, my child!

Not willing to be left; still by my side
Haunting my walks, while summer-day was dying;
Nor leaving in thy turn: but pleased to glide
Through the dark room where I was sadly lying,
Or by the couch of pain, a sitter meek,
Watch the dim eye, and kiss the feverish cheek.

Oh! boy, of such as thou are oftenest made
Earth's fragile idols; like a tender flower,
No strength in all thy freshness,—prone to fade,—
And bending weakly to the thunder-shower;
Still, round the loved, thy heart found force to bind,
And clung, like woodbine shaken in the wind!

Then THOU, my merry love;—bold in thy glee,
Under the bough, or by the firelight dancing,
With thy sweet temper, and thy spirit free,
Didst come, as restless as a bird's wing glancing,
Full of a wild and irrepressible mirth,
Like a young sunbeam to the gladden'd earth!

Thine was the shout! the song! the burst of joy!
Which sweet from childhood's rosy lip resoundeth;
Thine was the eager spirit nought could cloy,
And the glad heart from which all grief reboundeth;
And many a mirthful jest and mock reply
Lurk'd in the laughter of thy dark blue eye!

And thine was many an art to win and bless,
The cold and stern to joy and fondness warming;
The coaxing smile;—the frequent soft caress;—
The earnest tearful prayer all wrath disarming!
Again my heart a new affection found,
But thought that love with *thee* had reach'd its bound.

At length THOU camest; thou, the last and least;
Nick-named "the Emperor," by thy laughing brothers,
Because a haughty spirit swell'd thy breast,
And thou didst seek to rule and sway the others;
Mingling with every playful infant wile
A mimic majesty that made us smile;—

And oh! most like a regal child wert thou!
An eye of resolute and successful scheming;
Fair shoulders—curling lip—and dauntless brow—
Fit for the world's strife, not for Poet's dreaming:
And proud the lifting of thy stately head,
And the firm bearing of thy conscious tread.

Different from both! Yet each succeeding claim,
I, that all other love had been forswearing,
Forthwith admitted, equal and the same;
Nor injured either, by this love's comparing;
Nor stole a fraction for the newer call,—
But in the mother's heart found room for ALL!

THE CHILD OF EARTH.

FAINTER her slow step falls from day to day,
Death's hand is heavy on her darkening brow;
Yet doth she fondly cling to earth, and say,
"I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!—
Not while the blossoms of the joyous spring
Make the warm air such luxury to breathe;
Not while the birds such lays of gladness sing;
Not while bright flowers around my footsteps wreathe.
Spare me, great God! lift up my drooping brow;
I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!"

The spring hath ripen'd into summer time;
The season's viewless boundary is past;
The glorious sun hath reach'd his burning prime;
Oh! must this glimpse of beauty be the last?

"Let me not perish while o'er land and lea,
With silent steps, the Lord of light moves on;
Not while the murmur of the mountain bee
Greets my dull ear with music in its tone!
Pale sickness dims my eye and clouds my brow;
I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!"

Summer is gone; and autumn's soberer hues
Tint the ripe fruits, and gild the waving corn;
The huntsman swift the flying game pursues,
Shouts the halloo! and winds his eager horn.
"Spare me awhile, to wander forth and gaze
On the broad meadows, and the quiet stream,
To watch in silence while the evening rays
Slant through the fading trees with ruddy gleam!
Cooler the breezes play around my brow;
I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!"

The bleak wind whistles; snow-showers, far and near,
Drift without echo to the whitening ground;
Autumn hath pass'd away, and, cold and drear,
Winter stalks on with frozen mantle bound:
Yet still that prayer ascends. "Oh! laughingly
My little brothers round the warm hearth crowd,
Our home-fire blazes broad, and bright, and high,
And the roof rings with voices light and loud:
Spare me awhile! raise up my drooping brow!
I am content to die,—but, oh! not now!"

The spring is come again—the joyful spring!
Again the banks with clustering flowers are spread;
The wild bird dips upon its wanton wing:—
The child of earth is number'd with the dead!
"Thee never more the sunshine shall awake,
Beaming all redly through the lattice-pane;
The steps of friends thy slumbers may not break,
Nor fond familiar voice arouse again!
Death's silent shadow veils thy darken'd brow;
Why didst thou linger?—thou art happier now!"

Samuel Rogers was born in London, in the year 1762: his father was a banker,—and the Poet, it is known, follows the same profitable calling. His first work, an "Ode to Superstition, and other Poems," was published in 1786. It met with considerable success; and the appearance of "The Pleasures of Memory," in 1792, at once established a reputation, which has continued undiminished for nearly half a century. "The Pleasures of Memory" was followed by an "Epistle to a Friend;" "The Voyage of Columbus;" and "Jacqueline," which was originally published in the same volume with Lord Byron's "Lara." This was succeeded by "Human Life." His last, and we think his greatest work, "Italy," was published in 1823. An edition of this volume, magnificently illustrated by a series of fine engravings, from the designs of Turner and Stothard, appeared in 1830; and, although it was at first considered that the author sought only to indulge his fancy by a large expenditure, for which he did not anticipate a return, we believe the extent of its sale has been so large, that the experiment has been exceedingly lucrative. The other "Poems" were published on a similar plan, in 1834. The two volumes are, without exception, the most exquisite examples of embellished books which our age, so fertile in such achievements, has yet produced. They afford proof that a judicious employment of capital cannot fail to ensure success. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that the Editor of the "Book of Gems" is indebted to Mr. Rogers for the suggestion of his work.

Mr. Rogers is now not a young man. He has preserved his fame, notwithstanding that since he obtained it so many new and vigorous competitors have started for the same goal. Portraits of him, in abundance, have been published: they all give us the outlines of a countenance strongly marked,—but not one of them supply us with the smallest notion of the shrewd and observant man, who, through nearly all his life in "populous city pent," has looked much about him, both at home and abroad, has devoted all his leisure to the "proper study of mankind," and whose natural talent has been matured and polished by a long intercourse with all the finer spirits of the age. Few men have been more extensively known, or more universally courted: his conversation is remarkably brilliant, and his wit pure and original.

Mr. Rogers, it is said, writes with labour, and polishes with exceeding care. His Poems are not, perhaps, remarkable for passion or vigour; and he does not attempt invention. They are, however, surpassingly sweet, touching, and correct: a false rhyme, or an inharmonious sound, rarely or never occurs in any of his productions. He is the contemplative philosopher, rather than the man of action. It may be that his earnest desire to refine has often lessened the strength of a thought, and that the melody of his verse has procured him more admirers than the energy of his conceptions; but if the grand object of a writer is to give pleasure to a reader, he has undoubtedly attained it. "The Pleasures of Memory" has stood the test of time; the grandsires of the present race loved it; and it remains one of the most popular productions of the press. His "Italy" will for ever hold place among the finest poems in the language. Its leading feature is simplicity. Nature itself is not more free from meretricious and inappropriate ornament. It is the record of a "keen observer"—learned and contemplative—passing through a country, every spot of which has been made familiar to the scholar by his books, telling all he sees, hears, and thinks, in language so unforced and natural, so graceful and impressive, that the people with their habits, and the palaces with their traditions, appear actually before the reader. In a brief Preface to the work he says, "wherever he came he could not but REMEMBER;"—it is, however, in calling actual observation and experience to the aid of memory and reading that his great excellence consists. His descriptions are marvellously accurate: with a single sentence he pictures a whole scene; the worthy and the unworthy of past ages are brought, as it were, under our very eyes; and the deep pathos with which the legendary tales are told is singularly affecting. Who that has read the story of Ginevra can ever forget it? How different from—because how much more natural than—the solemn dignity of Childe Harold, or the impassioned glow of Corinne, is the "Italy" of Rogers. It is, indeed, a romance without exaggeration; a book of travels, without a tedious detail; a history of classic ground, which may be acquired without struggling to obtain it through the schools; and a poem, with all the best, most exciting, and most attractive attributes of poetry.

ROGERS.

AN ITALIAN SONG.

Dear is my little native vale,
  The ring-dove builds and murmurs there;
Close by my cot she tells her tale
  To every passing villager.
The squirrel leaps from tree to tree,
And shells his nuts at liberty.

In orange-groves and myrtle-bowers,
  That breathe a gale of fragrance round,
I charm the fairy-footed hours
  With my loved lute's romantic sound:
Or crowns of living laurel weave
For those that win the race at eve.

The shepherd's horn at break of day,
  The ballet danced in twilight glade,
The canzonet and roundelay
  Sung in the silent greenwood shade:
These simple joys, that never fail,
Shall bind me to my native vale.

ON A TEAR.

Oh! that the Chemist's magic art
  Could crystallize this sacred treasure!
Long should it glitter near my heart,
  A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell,
  Its lustre caught from Chloe's eye;
Then, trembling, left its coral cell,—
  The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!
  In thee the rays of virtue shine,—
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,
  Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul!
  Who ever fly'st to bring relief,—
When first we feel the rude controul
  Of love or pity, joy or grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme,
  In every clime—in every age;
Thou charm'st in fancy's idle dream,
  In reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear,
  And bids it trickle from its source,
That law preserves the earth a sphere,
  And guides the planets in their course.

TO AN OLD OAK.

Round thee, alas! no shadows move,—
From thee no sacred murmurs breathe!
Yet within thee, thyself a grove,
Once did the eagle scream above,
And the wolf howl beneath!

There once the steel-clad knight reclined,
His sable plumage tempest-toss'd;
And, as the death-bell smote the wind,
From towers long fled by human kind,
His brow the hero cross'd!

Then culture came, and days serene,—
And village-sports, and garlands gay:
Full many a pathway cross'd the green,—
And maids and shepherd-youths were seen
To celebrate the May!

Father of many a forest deep,
Whence many a navy thunder fraught!
Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep,
Soon destined o'er the world to sweep,
Opening new spheres of thought!

Wont in the night of woods to dwell,
The holy Druid saw thee rise;
And, planting there the guardian-spell,
Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell
Of human sacrifice!

Thy singed top and branches bare
Now straggle in the evening sky;
And the wan moon wheels round to glare
On the lone corse that shivers there
Of him who came to die!

Lætitia Elizabeth Landon was born in Hans Place, London. She is of the old Herefordshire family of Tedstone-Delamere. Her father was, originally, intended for the navy, and sailed his first voyage as a midshipman, with his relative, Admiral Bowyer: he afterwards became a partner with Mr. Adair, the well-known army agent, but died while his daughter was very young. Her uncle, the Rev. Dr. Landon, is head of Worcester College, and Dean of Exeter. As we have heard her say, she cannot remember the time when composition—in some shape or other—was not a habit. She used in her earliest childhood to invent long stories, and repeat them to her brother; these soon took a metrical form, and she frequently walked about the grounds of Trevor Park, and lay awake half the night, reciting her verses aloud. The realities of life began with her at a very early period. Her father's altered circumstances induced her to direct her mind to publication; and some of her poems were transmitted to the Editor of the "Literary Gazette,"—the first and the most constant of all her literary friends He could scarcely believe they were written by the child who was introduced to him. "The Improvvisatrice" soon afterwards appeared, and obtained for her that reputation, to which every succeeding year has largely contributed.

In person Miss Landon is small, and delicately framed; her form is exquisitely moulded; and her countenance is so full of expression, that although her features are by no means regular, she must be considered handsome. Her conversation is brilliant, and abounds in wit. Like most persons of genius, her spirits are either too high or too low; and those who have seen her only during her moments of joyousness, imagine that the sadness which too generally pervades her writings is all unreal:—

> "Blame not her mirth who was sad yesterday,
> And may be sad to-morrow."

One of her prose tales records the history of her childhood. It is but a gloomy one—and she treats it as the shadow of her after-life. In a communication before us, she says, "I write poetry with far more ease than I do prose, and with far greater rapidity. In prose I often stop and hesitate for a word,—in poetry, never. Poetry always carries me out of myself; I forget every thing in the world but the subject which has interested my imagination. It is the most subtle and insinuating of pleasures,—but like all pleasures, it is dearly bought. It is always succeeded by extreme depression of spirits, and an overpowering sense of bodily fatigue. Mine has been a successful career; and I hope I am earnestly grateful for the encouragement I have received, and the friends I have made,—but my life has convinced me that a public career must be a painful one to a woman. The envy and the notoriety carry with them a bitterness which predominates over the praise." It has perhaps been her lot to encounter those best of friends—enemies—on her path through an eventful life; but she has the affection, as well as the admiration, of many; and her own generous and ardent zeal in forwarding the interests of those she regards, has not always been met with indifference or ingratitude.

Miss Landon has been nearly all her life a resident in London. Her poetry, therefore, dwells more upon human passions, desires, and enjoyments—the themes and persons that history has rendered sacred—the glorious chivalries of gone by ages, and the ruins of nations,—than upon the gentler topics, objects, and characters which those who live in the country cherish, venerate, and love. It is to be lamented that her intimacy with Nature has been so limited and constrained, and that the scope of her genius has been therefore narrowed. The sources of her fame, have, however, been numerous and productive; and her poems have obtained a popularity scarcely second to that of any British writer. She not only obtained a reputation—she has sustained it: it is acknowledged and appreciated wherever the English language is understood. When she quitted the less substantial topics in which her early youth delighted, for themes more worthy of the Muse, she proved the strength of her mind, as well as the richness of her fancy; and her later productions are unquestionably her best. The extent of her labour is absolutely startling. A large proportion of her poems remain scattered through various periodical works:—we believe, if collected, they would form a greater number of volumes than those already published; and her writings in prose are records of her industry, no less than of her genius.

LANDON.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

Come back, come back together,
All ye fancies of the past,
Ye days of April weather,
Ye shadows that are cast
By the haunted hours before!
Come back, come back, my childhood;
Thou art summon'd by a spell
From the green leaves of the wild wood,
From beside the charmed well!
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,—
The flower of fairy lore.

The fields were covered over
With colours, as she went;
Daisy, buttercup, and clover,
Below her footsteps bent.
Summer shed its shining store,
She was happy as she prest them
Beneath her little feet;
She pluck'd them, and caress'd them—
They were so very sweet;
They had never seemed so sweet before,
To Red Riding Hood, the darling,—
The flower of fairy lore.

How the heart of childhood dances
Upon a sunny day!
It has its own romances,
And a wide, wide world have they!
A world where phantasie is king,
Made all of eager dreaming,—
When once grown up and tall;
Now is the time for scheming,
Then we shall do them all!
Do such pleasant fancies spring
For Red Riding Hood, the darling,—
The flower of fairy lore?

She seems like an ideal love,
The poetry of childhood shown,
And yet loved with a real love,
As if she were our own;
A younger sister for the heart;
Like the woodland pheasant,
Her hair is brown and bright;
And her smile is pleasant,
With its rosy light.
Never can the memory part
With Red Riding Hood, the darling,—
The flower of fairy lore.

Did the painter, dreaming
In a morning hour,
Catch the fairy seeming
Of this fairy flower?

Winning it with eager eyes,
From the old enchanted stories,
Lingering with a long delight,
On the unforgotten glories
Of the infant sight?
Giving us a sweet surprise
In Red Riding Hood, the darling,—
The flo ·er of fairy lore?

Too long in the meadow staying,
Where the cowslip bends,
With the buttercups delaying
As with early friends,
Did the little maiden stay.
Sorrowful the tale for us,
We, too, loiter 'mid life's flowers,
A little while so glorious,
So soon lost in darker hours.
All love lingering on their way,
Like Red Riding Hood, the darling,—
The flower of fairy lore.

THE FIRST GRAVE,

IN THE NEW CHURCHYARD AT BROMPTON.

A SINGLE grave!—the only one
In this unbroken ground,
Where yet the garden leaf and flower
Are lingering around.
A single grave!—my heart has felt
How utterly alone
In crowded halls, where breathed for me
Not one familiar tone;

The shade where forest-trees shut out
All but the distant sky;—
I've felt the loneliness of night
When the dark winds pass'd by;
My pulse has quicken'd with its awe,
My lip has gasp'd for breath;
But what were they to such as this,—
The solitude of death!

A single grave!—we half forget
How sunder human ties,
When round the silent place of rest
A gather'd kindred lies.
We stand beneath the haunted yew,
And watch each quiet tomb;
And in the ancient churchyard feel
Solemnity, not gloom:

The place is purified with hope,
The hope that is of prayer;
And human love, and heavenward thought,
And pious faith, are there.
The wild flowers spring amid the grass,
And many a stone appears,—
Carved by affection's memory,
Wet with affection's tears.

The golden chord which binds us all
Is loosed, not rent in twain;
And love, and hope, and fear, unite
To bring the past again.
But THIS grave is so desolate,
With no remembering stone;
No fellow-graves for sympathy,—
'Tis utterly alone.

I do not know who sleeps beneath,
His history or name,—
Whether if, lonely in his life,
He is in death the same:
Whether he died unloved, unmourn'd,
The last leaf on the bough;
Or, if some desolated hearth
Is weeping for him now.

Perhaps this is too fanciful:—
Though single be his sod,
Yet not the less it has around
The presence of his God.
It may be weakness of the heart,
But yet is kindliest, best:
Better if in our selfish world
It could be less represt.

Those gentler charities which draw
Man closer with his kind:
Those sweet humanities which make
The music which they find.
How many a bitter word 'twould hush,—
How many a pang 'twould save,
If life more precious held those ties
Which sanctify the grave!

THE MOON.

The moon is sailing o'er the sky,
But lonely all, as if she pined
For somewhat of companionship,
And felt it were in vain she shined:

Earth is her mirror, and the stars
Are as the court around her throne;
She is a beauty, and a queen,—
But what is this? she is alone.

Is there not one—not one—to share
Thy glorious royalty on high?
I cannot choose but pity thee,
Thou lovely orphan of the sky.

I'd rather be the meanest flower
That grows, my mother earth, on thee,
So there were others of my kin,
To blossom, bloom, droop, die with me.

Earth, thou hast sorrow, grief, and death;
But with these better could I bear,
Than reach and rule yon radiant sphere,
And be a solitary there.

VENICE.

Morn on the Adriatic, every wave
Is turned to light, and mimics the blue sky,
As if the ocean were another heaven;
Column, and tower, and fretted pinnacle
Are white with sunshine; and the few soft shades
Do but relieve the eye.

The morning-time—
The summer time, how beautiful they are!
A buoyant spirit fills the natural world,
And sheds its influence on humanity;
Man draws his breath more lightly, and forgets
The weight of cares that made the night seem long.
How beautiful the summer, and the morn,
When opening over forest and green field,
Waking the singing birds, till every leaf
Vibrates with music; and the flowers unfold,
Heavy and fragrant with their dewy sleep.
But here they only call to life and light
The far wide waste of waters, and the walls
Of a proud city,—yet how beautiful!
Not the calm beauty of a woodland world,
Fraught with sweet idleness and minstrel-dreams;
But beauty which awakes the intellect
More than the feelings; that of power and mind—
Man's power, man's mind—for never city raised
A prouder or a fairer brow than Venice,
The daughter and the mistress of the sea.
Far spread the ocean,—but it spread to bear
Her galleys o'er its depths, for war or wealth;
And raised upon foundations, which have robbed
The waters of their birthright, stand her halls.
Now enter in her palaces: a world
Has paid its tribute to their luxury;
The harvest of the rose on Syria's plains
Is reaped for Venice; from the Indian vales
The sandal-wood is brought to burn in Venice;
The ambergris that floats on eastern seas,
And spice, and cinnamon, and pearls that lie
Deep in the gulf of Ormus, are for Venice;
The Persian loom doth spread her silken floors;
And the clear gems from far Golconda's mines
Burn on the swanlike necks of her proud daughters—
For the fair wife of a Venetian noble
Doth often bear upon her ivory arm
The ransom of a kingdom. By the sword,
Drawn by the free and fearless; by the sail,
That sweeps the sea for riches, which are power,
The state of Venice is upheld: she is
A Christian Tyre,—save that her sea-girt gates
Do fear no enemy, and dread no fall.

Morn on the Adriatic, bright and glad!
And yet we are not joyful; there is here
A stronger influence than sweet Nature's joy:
The scene hath its own sorrow, and the heart
Ponders the lessons of mortality
Too gravely to be warmed by that delight
Born of the sun, and air, and morning prime.
For we forget the present as we stand
So much beneath the shadow of the past:
And here the past is mighty. Memory
Lies heavy on the atmosphere around;
There is the sea,—but where now are the ships
That bore the will of Venice round the world?
Where are the sails that brought home victory
And wealth from other nations? No glad prows
Break up the waters into sparkling foam:
I only see some sluggish fishing-boats.
There are the palaces,—their marble fronts
Are grey and worn; and the rich furniture
Is stripp'd from the bare walls; or else the moth
Feeds on the velvet hangings. There they hang,—
The many pictures of the beautiful,
The brave, the noble, who were once Venetians:
But hourly doth the damp destroy their colours,
And Titian's hues are faded as the face
From which he painted. With a downcast brow,
Drawing his dark robe round him, which no more
Hides the rich silk or gems, walks the Venetian;
Proud, with a melancholy pride which dwells
Only upon the glories of the dead;
And humble, with a bitter consciousness
Of present degradation.

These are the things that tame the pride of man;
The spectral writings on the wall of time,—
Warnings from the Invisible, to show
Man's destiny is not in his own hands.
Cities and nations, each are in their turn
The mighty sacrifice which Time demands,
And offers up at the eternal throne,—
Signs of man's weakness, and man's vanity.

GEORGE CROLY was born in Ireland, towards the close of the last century. Being intended for the Church, he entered the Irish University, Trinity College, Dublin, at an early age,—obtained a scholarship, and successively proceeded to the degrees of A. B. and A. M. He was ordained by O'Beirne, Bishop of Meath—the friend of Edmund Burke—and put in charge of a parish in his diocese. His residence was favourable to the study of his profession: the village church stood on the borders of an immense lake, imbedded in mountains; and the solitude amid which the Poet thought and wrote, strengthened his mind, and prepared it to contest for eminence in the great world he was to enter. After remaining some years in this retirement, he visited London;—it was at the animating period when England first embarked in the Spanish war. Sharing the general impulse of the time, and intending to see, in person, the land whose sudden achievements restored almost her old days of romance, he applied himself vigorously to acquire the Spanish language. On the first announcement that the Elbe was open, he went to Germany. No moment could have been more interesting to a British observer. The Continent had been a sealed book since the short peace of Amiens. During the interval the most singular changes had been wrought in every Continental state. The three great capitals of the Continent had been entered by the French armies. The population had been alternately broken down by military severity, and roused to resistance by foreign extortion. Men and manners had changed; half a generation had gone down into the grave;—all was now strange, and impressed with the character of the great convulsion. Dr. Croly has given some account of this aspect of things, in a lately published volume, entitled, "The Year of Liberation,"—formed from his recollections of the time. He resided chiefly in Hamburgh,—the return of the French troops preventing all intercourse with the interior of Germany. Napoleon had flooded the Continent again with his conscripts, and all was confusion. In 1815, Paris was opened to the world. The lost army of France capitulated behind the Loire, and the conqueror of Waterloo replaced the old family of the French kings on the throne. The curiosity of the English led them to Paris in multitudes; and Dr. Croly remained there for some time. But his chief interest seems to have been excited by the localities and monuments of the Revolution; while the generality of the visiters occupied themselves with the later memorials of the empire which abound in Paris, and which form some of the most striking ornaments of that capital, he was engrossed by the scenes which had been distinguished in the revolutionary period and reign of terror,—the Temple, the Carmes, the site of the Bastille, the prison of the Abbaye, &c. With those impressions on his mind, on his return to England, he produced his first poem, entitled "Paris in 1815." It was successful, and was followed at intervals by other poems,—"The Angel of the World," a Tragedy on the subject of the Catilinarian Conspiracy,—"Gems from the Antique," &c.

Dr. Croly is thus a writer of tragedy and comedy;—an almost universal Poet; a painter of rich and glowing romance; a daring interpreter of the darkest mystery of the Scriptures,—the Apocalypse of St. John; a skilful and searching critic; and an eloquent and accomplished preacher. His Poems have not obtained a popularity adequate to their merit—perhaps because he manifests but little sympathy with his kind. He is grand and gorgeous, but rarely tender and affectionate; he builds a lofty and magnificent temple, but it is too cold and stately to be a home for the heart. In several of his minor productions, he is exceedingly vigorous and animated,—and from his "Gems" may be selected some of the boldest and most striking compositions in the language.

A few years since, he published his first work in prose, "Salathiel, a story of the Past, the Present, and the Future," founded on the legend of the "Wandering Jew."

But, as we have intimated, in subjects of this order, which are, indeed, analogous to his profession, Dr. Croly had not neglected the more direct studies of theology. He has produced several works on the chief matters of divinity; among the rest, a New Interpretation of the Apocalypse of St. John,—which has arrived at a third edition. In the year 1831, Lord Brougham, on taking the seals, gave him one of the livings in his gift as Chancellor. In 1835, Lord Lyndhurst, then Chancellor, gave him the rectory of St. Stephen's, Walbrook, which involved the surrender of his former living. A few years previously he had received from his own University, what he probably felt as scarcely a less gratifying mark of recollection, the unsolicited degree of LL.D.

CROLY.

THE TUILERIES. FROM "PARIS IN 1815."

Large, lofty, gorgeous, all that meets the eye,
Strong with the stamp of ancient majesty;
The impress which, so undefined, yet clear,
Tells that the former mighty have been there.
All looking hoary pomp; the walls rich scroll'd,
The roof high flourish'd, arras stiff with gold,
In many a burning hue and broad festoon
Wreathing those casements, blazon'd now with noon;
The marble tablets on their silver claws,
Loaded with nymph, and grace, and pix, and vase.

Beside the mirror foot, the Indian screen
Dazzling the eye with dragons red and green;
The mighty mirror, bright'ning, doubling all,
In its deep crystal lit an endless hall.

The rout a moment paused, gave glance and smile,
Then scatter'd on, to wonder through the pile;
Yet there was beauty in the very light
That round the chamber roll'd its gush of white;
And well the wanderer there might feel his gaze
Tranced by the bright creations of the blaze.

* * * * * * *

PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

This was the ruler of the land,
When Athens was the land of fame;
This was the light that led the band,
When each was like a living flame:
The centre of earth's noblest ring,
Of more than men, the more than king!

Yet, not by fetter, nor by spear,
His sov'reignty was held or won;
Fear'd,—but alone as freemen fear;
Loved,—but as freemen love alone:
He waved the sceptre o'er his kind,
By Nature's first great title—mind!

Resistless words were on his tongue;
Then eloquence first flash'd below!
Full arm'd to life the portent sprung,
Minerva, from the thunderer's brow!
And his the sole, the sacred hand,
That shook her ægis o'er the land!

And throned immortal, by his side,
A woman sits, with eye sublime,—
Aspasia, all his spirit's bride;
But if their solemn love were crime,
Pity the beauty and the sage,—
Their crime was in their darken'd age.

He perish'd—but his wreath was won—
He perish'd on his height of fame!
Then sank the cloud on Athens' sun;
Yet still she conquer'd in his name.
Fill'd with his soul, she could not die—
Her conquest was posterity!

LINES WRITTEN AT SPITHEAD.

Hark to the knell!
It comes in the swell
Of the stormy ocean wave;
'Tis no earthly sound,
But a toll profound
From the mariner's deep sea grave.

When the billows dash,
And the signals flash,
And the thunder is on the gale;
And the ocean is white
In its own wild light,
Deadly, and dismal, and pale.

When the lightning's blaze
Smites the seaman's gaze,
And the sea rolls in fire and in foam;
And the surges' roar
Shakes the rocky shore,
We hear the sea-knell come.

There 'neath the billow,
The sand their pillow,
Ten thousand men lie low;
And still their dirge
Is sung by the surge,
When the stormy night-winds blow.

Sleep, warriors! sleep
On your pillow deep
In peace! for no mortal care,
No art can deceive,—
No anguish can heave
The heart that once slumbers there.

LEONIDAS.

Shout for the mighty men
Who died along this shore,—
Who died within this mountain glen!
For never nobler chieftain's head
Was laid on valour's crimson bed,
Nor ever prouder gore
Sprang forth, than theirs who won the day
Upon thy strand, Thermopylæ!

Shout for the mighty men,
Who on the Persian tents,
Like lions from their midnight den,
Bounding on the slumbering deer,
Rush'd—a storm of sword and spear—
Like the roused elements,
Let loose from an immortal hand,
To chasten or to crush a land!

But there are none to hear;
Greece is a hopeless slave.
Leonidas! no hand is near
To lift thy fiery falchion now:
No warrior makes the warrior's vow
Upon thy sea-wash'd grave.
The voice that should be raised by men,
Must now be given by wave and glen.

And it is given! the surge—
The tree—the rock—the sand—
On freedom's kneeling spirit urge,
In sounds that speak but to the free,
The memory of thine and thee!
The vision of thy band
Still gleams within the glorious dell,
Where their gore hallow'd, as it fell!

And is thy grandeur done?
Mother of men like these!
Has not thy outcry gone
Where justice has an ear to hear?
Be holy! God shall guide thy spear;
Till in thy crimson'd seas
Are plunged the chain and scimitar,
Greece shall be a new-born star!

THE DEATH OF LEONIDAS.

It was the wild midnight,
A storm was on the sky;
The lightning gave its light,
And the thunder echoed by.

The torrent swept the glen,
The ocean lash'd the shore;
Then rose the Spartan men,
To make their bed in gore!

Swift from the deluged ground
Three hundred took the shield;
Then, silent, gather'd round
The leader of the field.

He spoke no warrior-word,—
He bade no trumpet blow;
But the signal thunder roar'd,
And they rush'd upon the foe.

The fiery element
Show'd, with one mighty gleam,
Rampart, and flag, and tent,
Like the spectres of a dream.

All up the mountain side,
All down the woody vale,
All by the rolling tide
Waved the Persian banners pale.

And King Leonidas,
Among the slumbering band,
Sprang foremost from the pass,
Like the lightning's living brand.

Then double darkness fell,
And the forest ceased its moan;
But there came a clash of steel,
And a distant, dying groan.

Anon, a trumpet blew,
And a fiery sheet burst high,
That o'er the midnight threw
A blood-red canopy.

A host glared on the hill,—
A host glared by the bay;
But the Greeks rush'd onwards still,
Like leopards in their play.

The air was all a yell,
And the earth was all a flame,
Where the Spartan's bloody steel
On the silken turbans came.

And still the Greek rush'd on
Beneath the fiery fold,
Till, like a rising sun,
Shone Xerxes' tent of gold.

They found a royal feast,
His midnight banquet, there!
And the treasures of the east
Lay beneath the Doric spear.

Then sat to the repast
The bravest of the brave!
That feast must be their last,—
That spot must be their grave.

They pledged old Sparta's name
In cups of Syrian wine,
And the warrior's deathless fame
Was sung in strains divine.

They took the rose-wreathed lyres
From eunuch and from slave;
And taught the languid wires
The sounds that freedom gave.

But now the morning star
Crown'd Œta's twilight brow;
And the Persian horn of war
From the hills began to blow.

Up rose the glorious rank,
To Greece one cup pour'd high,—
Then, hand in hand, they drank
"To Immortality!"

Fear on King Xerxes fell,
When, like spirits from the tomb,
With shout and trumpet-knell,
He saw the warriors come.

But down swept all his power,
With chariot and with charge;
Down pour'd the arrowy shower,
Till sank the Dorian's targe.

They march'd within the tent,
With all their strength unstrung;
To Greece one look they sent,
Then on high their torches flung.

To heaven the blaze uproll'd,
Like a mighty altar fire;
And the Persians' gems and gold
Were the Grecian's funeral pyre.

Their king sat on the throne,
His captains by his side,—
While the flame rush'd roaring on,
And their pæan loud replied!

Thus fought the Greek of old,—
Thus will he fight again!
Shall not the self-same mould
Bring forth the self-same men?

Charles Wolfe was born in Dublin, on the 14th of December, 1791. He received his early education at a school in Winchester: his classical attainments distinguished him when very young; and on entering, in 1809, the University of his native city, he had already given proofs of the genius which, although perceived and appreciated by all who knew him, was unhappily known to the world only when death had removed him alike from censure and praise. In College he soon became remarkable; obtained a scholarship; gained several prizes, and attracted general attention as one of the most promising young men of the time. His mind, however, appears to have been reflective rather than energetic; and when the chief excitements to distinction ceased to influence him, he preferred the easy life of a country curate to the continued struggle for academic fame. It is said, however, that his ambitious hopes were chilled by the unfavourable result of a deep attachment: one of his friends writes, that "it pressed upon both mind and body: until this unfortunate epoch of his life, he had been in the enjoyment of robust health,—but the sickness at his heart soon communicated itself to his whole frame. Even his general deportment was quite altered." He settled in an obscure corner of Tyrone county, and was afterwards removed to the curacy of Castle Caulfield, in the diocese of Armagh:—his duties were discharged with unremitting zeal; and he succeeded in obtaining the affection as well as the respect of his parishioners. In the spring of 1821, symptoms of consumption made their appearance, and he was at length induced by his friends to remove from his parish, and commence a search after health in more genial climates. For a short time he resided in Devonshire, and afterwards at Bourdeaux. His restoration to health was but temporary. "The fatal disease," writes his amiable and excellent biographer, Mr. Russell, "which had been long apprehended, proved to have taken full hold of his constitution. The bounding step, which expressed a constant buoyancy of mind, became slow and feeble: his robust and upright figure began to droop; his marked and prominent features acquired a sharpness of form; and his complexion, naturally fair, assumed the pallid cast of wasting disease." He died at the Cove of Cork, on the 21st of February, 1823.

While at College, Mr. Wolfe wrote the Poem which has, perhaps, obtained as wide a popularity as any single production in the English language. It was not, however, until after his death that the world became conscious of his value, and of the loss it had sustained. The lines on the burial of Sir John Moore were printed in Captain Medwin's "Conversations of Lord Byron," by whom they were highly praised, and to whom the author of the work attributed them. Soon after the publication of the book, however, they were claimed for Mr. Wolfe, by several of his friends, and ample proof was adduced of his right to the celebrity they were calculated to confer. Upon how slight chances does immortality depend! The Poem, small as it is, has been the means of registering the writer's name in the records of fame; and though it cannot be doubted that the circumstances connected with the publicity it obtained, and the sympathy consequently excited by the early death of one who had already manifested so much genius, has greatly increased the admiration produced by it, and will prevent the critic from exercising a sound judgment in considering it, its exceeding beauty will not be denied. Although Mr. Wolfe produced but few other Poems, he afforded sufficient proof that, if circumstances had directed his mind to the cultivation of poetry, he would have greatly surpassed this composition, which he so little imagined would become famous. He appears to have been quite indifferent to the fate of his "Lines;" they had been circulated full of errors, from one newspaper to another; and probably the author had himself forgotten their production. Fortunately for his posthumous fame—that fame which many so ardently covet—they had been repeated by him to a few of his acquaintances, one of whom was in his society when part of them was written, or they would now be wandering without an owner; and the name of Charles Wolfe as little known to the world, as that of any of the "gems" which

> "The dark, unfathom'd depths of ocean bear."

The Poem has been compared, we think unwisely, with Campbell's "Hohenlinden," to which it is certainly inferior. If Mr. Wolfe had anticipated the sensation his "Lines" created, he would, no doubt, have materially improved his composition, and have refined the structure of his verse, without impairing its vigour.

WOLFE.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Nor a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,—
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we stedfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory:
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,—
But left him alone with his glory.

SONG.

If I had thought thou couldst have died,
I might not weep for thee;
But I forgot, when by thy side,
That thou couldst mortal be!
It never through my mind had past,
The time would e'er be o'er,—
And I on thee should look my last,
And thou shouldst smile no more!

And still upon that face I look,
And think 'twill smile again;
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I must look in vain!
But when I speak, thou dost not say
What thou ne'er left'st unsaid;
And now I feel, as well I may,
Sweet Mary! thou art dead!

If thou would'st stay, e'en as thou art,
All cold, and all serene,—
I still might press thy silent heart,
And where thy smiles have been!
While e'en thy chill, bleak corse I have,
Thou seemest still mine own;
But there I lay thee in thy grave,—
And I am now alone!

I do not think, where'er thou art,
Thou hast forgotten me;
And I, perhaps, may soothe this heart,
In thinking too of thee:
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light ne'er seen before,—
As fancy never could have drawn,
And never can restore!

Walter Savage Landor was born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire—the seat of his family, an ancient and honourable one—on the 30th of January, 1775. He was educated at Rugby. When he had reached nearly the head of the school, he was too young for the University, and was placed under the tuition of Mr. Langley, at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire; but a year afterwards was entered of Trinity College, Oxford, where the learned Benwell was his private tutor. During his residence there, he is said to have manifested that independence of spirit and restlessness of control, for which he has been since remarkable; and was rusticated for shooting across the Quadrangle at prayer-time. In 1808, on the first insurrection of Spain, he joined the Viceroy of Gallicia, Blake. The Madrid Gazette of that year mentions a gift from him of 20,000 reals. On the extinction of the Constitution, he returned to Don P. Cevallos the tokens of royal approbation he had received from the government, and expressed his sentiments on the subject in no very measured terms. In 1811, Mr. Landor married Julia, the daughter of J. Thuillier de Malaperte, descendant and representative of the Baron de Neuve-ville, first gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles the Eighth. In the autumn of 1815, he retired to Italy: for some years he occupied the Palazzo Medici, in Florence, and then purchased the beautiful villa of Count Gherardesca, at Fiesole, with its gardens and farms, half a mile from the ancient villa of Lorenzo de Medici. His visits to England for the last twenty years have been few and brief; but it is stated, we trust upon good authority, that "with all her faults," he loves his country too well to contemplate a final separation; and that it is probable the residue of his days will be spent among us.

Mr. Landor has afforded ample proof of a disposition exceedingly restless and excitable. He has more of the *fierté* of genius—less often witnessed than read of—than any living writer we could name. His countenance does not, at first, convey this impression; but it is impossible not to perceive that his passions are strong, his sensibilities keen and active, and his pride indomitable. His face is remarkably fine and intellectual; and, as with many who profess extreme liberal opinions, his look and bearing are those of a man who can have no sympathies in common with the mean and vulgar.

His works have not been popular; yet we might select at random, from any one of them, a dozen pages, out of which a more skilful, a more cunning, or a more humble man might have made a reputation. They are full to overflowing; one cannot but wonder at the vast mine of thought, reason, and reflection, of which they exhibit proofs;—at the same time, it will be lamented that some peculiar notions have led him to neglect the means by which his strong natural powers might have been made universally beneficial. It is obvious that he labours to attain a dislike of, and a contempt for, human kind; and that his kindly and benevolent nature will not permit him so to do: in all his writings there is a singular and striking mixture of the generous with the disdainful--tenderness with wrath, strong affections with antipathies quite as strong. His "Imaginary Conversations" will endure with the language in which they are written; and if they do not find readers in the multitude, they will be always appreciated by those whose judgment is valuable, and whose praise is reward. His latest work in prose, "Pericles and Aspasia," might justify even a warmer eulogy.

Mr. Landor has published but one volume of Poetry,—"Geber, Count Julian, and other Poems;" but several of his most powerful and beautiful compositions will be found scattered through his prose works. Our readers will find in our selections ample to sustain a high reputation. They are polished to a degree; yet full of fine thoughts and rich fancies. The evidences of his genius for dramatic poetry are abundant, and received full justice, a year ago, in the New Monthly Magazine. To a glowing imagination, and a mind remarkably vigorous, he adds the advantages of extensive learning, and a matured knowledge of human kind. His indifference to public opinion—arising, no doubt, from a taste highly cultivated, and a refined appreciation of excellence—has, unhappily, induced him to withhold too much of the intellectual wealth he possesses, and even to mix with "baser matter" that which he has given us. If he had been born a poor man, he would have been, at least in the estimation of the world, a much greater man than he is. If, however, the fame of Walter Savage Landor be not widely spread, it cannot fail to be enduring. Among the rarest and most excellent of British Poets he will always be classed.

LANDOR.

CLIFTON.

Clifton, in vain thy varied scenes invite—
The mossy bank, dim glade, and dizzy height;
The sheep, that starting from the tufted thyme,
Untune the distant churches' mellow chime:
As o'er each limb a gentle horror creeps,
And shake above our heads the craggy steeps.
Pleasant I've thought it to pursue the rower
While light and darkness seize the changeful oar;
The frolic Naiads drawing from below
A net of silver round the black canoe.
Now the last lonely solace must it be
To watch pale evening brood o'er land and sea,
Then join my friends, and let those friends believe
My cheeks are moistened by the dews of eve.

THE DRAGON-FLY.

Life (priest and poet say) is but a dream;
I wish no happier one than to be laid
Beneath some cool syringa's scented shade;
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,
Brimful of moral, where the Dragon-fly
Wanders as careless and content as I.

Thanks for this fancy, insect king,
Of purple crest and meshy wing,
Who, with indifference, givest up
The water-lily's golden cup,
To come again and overlook
What I am writing in my book.
Believe me, most who read the line
Will read with hornier eyes than thine:
And yet their souls shall live for ever,
And thine drop dead into the river!
God pardon them, O insect king,
Who fancy so unjust a thing!

TO IANTHE.

While the winds whistle round my cheerless room,
And the pale morning droops with winter's gloom;
While indistinct lie rude and cultured lands,
The ripening harvest and the hoary sands:
Alone, and destitute of every page
That fires the poet, or informs the sage,
Where shall my wishes, where my fancy rove,
Rest upon past or cherish promised love?
Alas! the past I never can regain,
Wishes may rise, and tears may flow in vain.
Fancy, that shows her in her early bloom,
Throws barren sunshine o'er the unyielding tomb.
What then would passion, what would reason do?
Sure, to retrace is worse than to pursue.
Here will I sit, 'till heaven shall cease to lour,
And happier Hesper bring the appointed hour;
Gaze on the mingled waste of sky and sea,
Think of my love, and bid her think of me.

FÆSULAN IDYL.

HERE, where precipitate Spring with one light bound
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,
Soft airs, that want the lute to play with them,
And softer sighs, that know not what they want;
Under a wall, beneath an orange-tree
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones
Of sights in Fiesole right up above,
While I was gazing a few paces off
At what they seemed to show me with their nods,
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,
A gentle maid came down the garden steps,
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat;
(Such I believed it must be;) for sweet scents
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,
And nurse and pillow the dull memory
That would let drop without them her best stores.
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,
Whene'er their genius bids their souls depart,
Among their kindred in their native place.
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank
And not reproacht me; the ever sacred cup
Of the pure lily hath between my hands
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;
I saw the foot, that, although half erect
From its grey slipper, could not lift her up
To what she wanted: I held down a branch
And gather'd her some blossoms, since their hour
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies
Of harder wing were working their way through
And scattering them in fragments under foot.
So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,
For such appear the petals when detach'd,

Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,
And like snow not seen through, by eye or sun:
Yet every one her gown received from me
Was fairer than the first—I thought not so,
But so she praised them to reward my care.
I said: "You find the largest."

"This, indeed,"
Cried she, "is large and sweet."

She held one forth,
Whether for me to look at or to take
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts.
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch
To fall, and yet unfallen.

She drew back
The boon she tendered, and then, finding not
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

THE MAID'S LAMENT.

I LOVED him not; and yet, now he is gone,
I feel I am alone.
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,
Alas! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought
To vex myself and him; I now would give
My love could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death!
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep

Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years
Wept he as bitter tears!
"Merciful God!" such was his latest prayer,
"These may she never share!"
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And, oh! pray, too, for me!

TO CORINTH.

Queen of the double sea, beloved of him
Who shakes the world's foundations, thou hast seen
Glory in all her beauty, all her forms;
Seen her walk back with Theseus when he left
The bones of Sciron bleaching to the wind,
Above the ocean's roar and cormorant's flight,
So high that vastest billows from above
Shew but like herbage waving in the mead;
Seen generations throng thy Isthmian games,
And pass away—the beautiful, the brave,
And them who sang their praises.

But, O Queen,
Audible still, and far beyond thy cliffs,
As when they first were uttered, are those words
Divine which praised the valiant and the just;
And tears have often stopt, upon that ridge
So perilous, him who brought before his eye
The Colchian babes.

"Stay! spare him! save the last!
Medea!—is that blood? again! it drops
From my imploring hand upon my feet;—
I will invoke the Eumenides no more.
I will forgive thee—bless thee—bend to thee
In all thy wishes—do but thou, Medea,
Tell me, one lives."

"And shall I too deceive?"
Cries from the fiery car an angry voice;
And swifter than two falling stars descend
Two breathless bodies—warm, soft, motionless,
As flowers in stillest noon before the sun,
They lie three paces from him—such they lie
As when he left them sleeping side by side,
A mother's arm round each, a mother's cheeks
Between them, flushed with happiness and love.
He was more changed than they were—doomed to shew
Thee and the stranger, how defaced and scarr'd
Grief hunts us down the precipice of years,
And whom the faithless prey upon the last.

To give the inertest masses of our earth
Her loveliest forms was thine, to fix the gods
Within thy walls, and hang their tripods round
With fruits and foliage knowing not decay.
A nobler work remains: thy citadel
Invites all Greece; o'er lands and floods remote
Many are the hearts that still beat high for thee:
Confide then in thy strength, and unappalled
Look down upon the plain, while yokemate kings
Run bellowing, where their herdsmen goad them on;
Instinct is sharp in them, and terror true—
They smell the floor whereon their necks must lie.

THE BRIAR.

My briar that smelledst sweet,
When gentle spring's first heat
Ran through thy quiet veins;
Thou that couldst injure none,
But wouldst be left alone,
Alone thou leavest me, and nought of thine remains.

What! hath no poet's lyre
O'er thee, sweet breathing briar,
Hung fondly, ill or well?
And yet, methinks, with thee,
A poet's sympathy,
Whether in weal or woe, in life or death, might dwell.

Hard usage both must bear,
Few hands your youth will rear,
Few bosoms cherish you;
Your tender prime must bleed
Ere you are sweet, but freed
From life, you then are prized; thus prized are poets too.

SIXTEEN.

In Clementina's artless mien
Lucilla asks me what I see,
And are the roses of sixteen
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,
Have I not cull'd as sweet before—
Ah, yes, Lucilla! and their fall
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,
Where pleasure beams with heaven's own light,
More pure, more constant, more serene,
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the loves repose,
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever;
And Modesty, who, when she goes,
Is gone for ever.

THOMAS CAMPBELL was born in Glasgow, in the year 1777. He was educated at the University of that city; into which he entered at twelve years of age, and where he rapidly obtained distinction. From Glasgow he removed to the Scottish metropolis, and cultivated acquaintance with the many celebrated men who, at that period, resided there, and who perceived a kindred spirit in the youthful Poet. Here he published the "Pleasures of Hope,"—a poem which at once achieved the fame that time has not diminished, and which must endure with the language in which it is written. Upwards of twenty years elapsed before Mr. Campbell again essayed a continued work; but during the interval he produced those immortal odes, the "Battle of the Baltic," "Ye Mariners of England," and "Hohenlinden,"—the field of which, during the battle, he is said to have overlooked from the walls of a neighbouring convent. In 1820, he published "Gertrude of Wyoming,"—a poem sufficient to maintain the high reputation he had acquired, and which, indeed, is by many preferred to the "Pleasures of Hope." In 1824 appeared "Theodoric," a domestic tale; and these, with the exceptions of his MINOR poems—the term can have reference only to their length—comprise the whole of his contributions to English poetry. In the year 1820, Mr. Campbell undertook the Editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," which he relinquished in 1830; and in the conduct of which Mr. S. C. Hall had the honour to succeed him. Soon afterwards Mr. Campbell undertook a voyage to Algiers, the results of which he has recently communicated to the public. During three successive years, he was elected Lord Rector of the University in which he received his education,—a distinction the more marked, inasmuch as his competitors were Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Canning. To Mr. Campbell we are mainly indebted for the establishment of the London University: the plan for its formation originated with him, and was by him matured; although he left its completion in the hands of his more active or more influential contemporaries.

Mr. Campbell is rather below than above the middle stature. The expression of his countenance indicates the sensitiveness of his mind. His eye is large, and of a deep blue; his manners are peculiarly bland and insinuating: in general society he is exceedingly cheerful, and his conversation abounds in pointed humour. His general appearance is, however, considered to lend force to the supposition that he dislikes labour; and is rarely roused to more than momentary exertion. At College, he rose to high repute as a scholar; and he has since taken some steps to maintain the character he acquired; his lectures on Greek poetry have been published. It has been a subject of regret that Mr. Campbell has written so little. But those who so express themselves forget that it is far more to their advantage to have a few finished models, than a mass of crude and incomplete formations; and that it is only by long labour in execution, and still longer labour in preparatory thought and arrangement, that perfection can be produced. There is not one of the fine "Odes" of Campbell that would be sacrificed for a volume: it may be even questioned which the world would most willingly permit to perish,—the "Pleasures of Hope," or, "Ye Mariners of England." The whole of his works have been recently collected, and published in two volumes; and we understand a new edition, splendidly illustrated by Turner, R.A., is in preparation.

The poetry of Campbell is universally felt, and therefore universally appreciated. His appeals are made to those sensations which are common to mankind. While his poetry can bear the test of the severest criticism, it is intelligible to the simplest understanding. As little occurs to dissatisfy the mind as the ear. His conceptions are natural and true; and the language in which he clothes them is graceful and becoming. If he has laboured hard—as it is said he always does—to render his verse easy and harmonious, he never leads the reader to suspect that his care to produce harmony has weakened his original thought. He affords no evidence of fastidiousness in the choice of words; yet they always seem the fittest for his purpose, and are never forced into a service they are not calculated to perform. He combines the qualities so rarely met together—strength and smoothness—yet his vigour is never coarse, and his delicacy never effeminate. His subjects have been all skilfully chosen;—he has sought for themes only where a pure mind seeks them; and turned from the grosser passions, the meaner desires, and the vulgar sentiments of man, as things unfitted for verse, and unworthy of illustration. The Poet has had his reward. His poems will perish only with the memories of mankind.

CAMPBELL.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above;
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as her's we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,—
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages, whose smoke unstirr'd,
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse;
Their remembrancer in heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,—
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

TO THE RAINBOW.

Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud Philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway station given—
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that Optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from creation's face
Enchantment's veil withdraws,
What lovely visions yield their place
To cold material laws!

And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams,
But words of the Most High
Have told why first thy robe of beams
Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth
Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,
How came the world's grey fathers forth,
To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled
O'er mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child,
To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first made anthem rang
On earth, deliver'd from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye
Unraptured greet thy beam;
Theme of primeval prophecy,
Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields,
The lark thy welcome sings,—
When glittering in the freshen'd fields
The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town;
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page,
Heaven still rebuilds thy span;
Nor lets the type grow pale with age,
That first spoke peace to man.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again,
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow:
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,—
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow:
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,—
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow:
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors,
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow:
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

EXILE OF ERIN.

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when at twilight repairing,
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion,
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin go bragh!

Sad is my fate! said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,—
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers,
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh!

Erin, my country; though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me?
They died to defend me,—or live to deplore!

Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire! did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?
Oh, my sad heart! long abandon'd by pleasure,
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drop, may fall without measure,—
But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw:
Erin! an exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers! Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,—
Erin mavournin,—Erin go bragh!

HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay th' untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn,—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank, and fiery Hun,
Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,—
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

THE LAST MAN.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man;
Some had expired in fight,—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands;
In plague and famine some!
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,—
Saying, "We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,—
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

"What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,
The vassals of his will:
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim, discrowned king of day;
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Heal'd not a passion or a pang
Entail'd on human hearts.

"Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men;
Nor with thy rising beams recal
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

"Ev'n I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sunless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death,
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of nature spreads my pall,
The majesty of darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

"This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!

"Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste;
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The dark'ning universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God."

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce,—for the night cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,—
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track!
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fulness of heart;

"Stay, stay with us,—rest, thou art weary and worn;"
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay:
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Bryan Waller Procter was born in London: he received his education at Harrow; and on his removal from the school was articled to a solicitor, of the name of Atherton, at Calne, in Wiltshire,—one of the most uninteresting towns in the kingdom, yet celebrated as having been the residence of Moore, Crabbe, Coleridge, Bowles, and Procter. Mr. Procter continued here about four years, acquiring a knowledge of the profession for which he was intended, and proceeded to the metropolis, where he became the pupil of an eminent conveyancer; and where he applied himself diligently to a pursuit as opposed to that to which his genius inclined him, as can be well imagined. He has since been called to the bar.

Mr. Procter is below the middle size; his countenance is not characteristic of energy, but its expression is peculiarly gentle, and his manners are kindly and conciliating to a degree. There is no living Poet more universally respected and esteemed: he is said to be exceedingly sensitive, and he is evidently averse to force his way to that professional distinction, which the extent of his acquirements might readily achieve for him. Of late, however, he has written but little poetry; and, it is understood, has devoted himself so assiduously to acquire legal knowledge, that, as a chamber counsel, his skill is largely appreciated, and his practice extensive. We trust, he will not long remain known only to the "attorneys;" among his contemporaries he may find at least one instance of fame achieved in the opposite paths of Law and Poetry.

Barry Cornwall—for under that name he obtained his fame as a Poet, and he has hitherto published under no other—first appeared before the world in the year 1815. His "Dramatic Scenes" at once established a reputation, which he has since sustained by the publication of the "Sicilian Story," "Marcian Colonna," the "Flood of Thessaly," the tragedy of "Mirandola," and various "Miscellaneous Poems;" and, although we believe he has not yet issued any work in prose, he has afforded proof, in various periodical works, of his large capacity in this department of literature.

Mr. Procter, in an advertisement to his "Dramatic Scenes," states that his leading intention was to "try the effect of a more natural style than that which had for a long time prevailed in our dramatic literature." The experiment was successful: he is the undoubted restorer of those quick and natural turns of impulsive dialogue, to which the drama had been a stranger since the times of Beaumont and Fletcher. He cannot be said to equal in energy the older writers, who have been his models, but at times he approaches them very nearly, in deep feeling, in true pathos, and in fine and delicate delineations of human character. One great advantage, also, he possesses in common with them, earnestness; the reader is made to sympathise deeply with the persons whose sufferings the author depicts; it is singular that nearly all the topics which the Poet has selected for illustration should have been based upon melancholy; and that he appears always more inclined to the treatment of topics which leave a sadness upon the minds of his readers.

The latest publication of Barry Cornwall is a volume of songs, collected chiefly from the various works in which they had previously appeared. As a song writer, also, he frequently hits those apparently vague, but really subtle, analogies in the feeling of the beautiful which characterise the old Poets; but if he occasionally rivals them in grace, fancy, and sweetness, he now and then falls into the common error of considering as perfections their artificialities and their conceits; "preferring the quaint to the natural, and often losing truth in searching after originality." The lyrics of Barry Cornwall are, therefore, however exquisite as small poems, unlikely to make their way among the multitude; and, with few exceptions, have not been received as national songs. We have seen writers far inferior enjoying a much wider popularity: compositions of comparatively little merit have been made familiar as household words, because they treat of matters common to all, in language understood by all, while the admirers of Barry Cornwall have been limited to those who have a refined taste, and a delicate appreciation of what is truly excellent. Our extracts will sufficiently prove the fine and masterly power of the Poet. A sound mind, a rich fancy, a rare and exquisite skill in dealing with words, and a pure style of versification, is evident in them all. Mr. Procter has, however, kept the promise of his genius. Among the Poets of Great Britain he holds a very foremost rank: if, now that his judgment is matured, he would again essay dramatic composition, he might occupy a station still higher,—and take his undisputed seat beside the glorious creators of a gone-by age, whose fame is imperishable.

PROCTER.

THE FISHERMAN.

A PERILOUS life, and sad as life may be,
Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea,
In the wild waters labouring, far from home,
For some bleak pittance e'er compell'd to roam!
Few friends to cheer him through his dangerous life,
And none to aid him in the stormy strife:
Companion of the sea and silent air,
The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;
Without the comfort, hope,—with scarce a friend,
He looks through life, and only sees—its end!
Eternal ocean! Old majestic sea!
Ever love I from shore to look on thee,
And sometimes on thy billowy back to ride,
And sometimes o'er thy summer breast to glide:

But let me *live* on land, where rivers run,—
Where shady trees may screen me from the sun;
Where I may feel, *secure*, the fragrant air;
Where (whate'er toil or wearying pains I bear)
  Those eyes, which look away all human ill,
May shed on me their still, sweet, constant light;
And the little hearts I love may (day and night)
  Be found beside me safe and clustering still!

SONG.

Here's a health to thee, Mary,
Here's a health to thee;
  The drinkers are gone,
  And I am alone,
To think of home and thee, Mary.

There are some who may shine o'er thee, Mary,
And many as frank and free;
  And a few as fair,—
  But the summer air
Is not more sweet to me, Mary.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Mary,
And thy dimm'd and gentle eye:
  And I've call'd on thy name
  When the night winds came,
And heard my heart reply, Mary.

Be thou but true to me, Mary,
And I'll be true to thee;
  And at set of sun,
  When my task is done,
Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary.

WOMAN.

Gone from her cheek is the summer bloom,
And her lip has lost all its faint perfume;
And the gloss has dropp'd from her golden hair,
And her cheek is pale,—but no longer fair.

And the spirit that sate on her soft blue eye,
Is struck with cold mortality;
And the smile that play'd round her lip has fled,
And every charm has now left the dead.

Like slaves they obey'd her in height of power,
But left her all in her wintry hour;
And the crowds that swore for her love to die,
Shrunk from the tone of her last faint sigh;—
And this is man's fidelity!

'Tis woman alone, with a purer heart,
Can see all these idols of life depart;
And love the more, and smile and bless
Man in his uttermost wretchedness.

STANZAS.

In glowing youth he stood beside
His native stream, and saw it glide,
Showing each gem beneath its tide,—
Calm as though nought could break its rest,
Reflecting heaven on its breast;
And seeming, in its flow, to be
Like candour, peace, and piety.

When life began its brilliant dream,
His heart was like his native stream;
The wave-shrined gems could scarcely seem
Less hidden than each wish it knew:
Its life flow'd on as calmly, too;
And heaven shielded it from sin,
To see itself reflected in.

He stood beside that stream again,
When years had fled in strife and pain;
He look'd for its calm course in vain,—
For storms profaned its peaceful flow,
And clouds o'erhung its crystal brow;
And turning then, he sigh'd to deem
His heart still like his native stream.

THE BLOOD HORSE.

Gamarra is a dainty steed,
Strong, black, and of a noble breed;
Full of fire and full of bone,
With all his line of fathers known:
Fine his nose, his nostrils thin,
But blown abroad by the pride within;
His mane is like a river flowing,
And his eyes like embers glowing
In the darkness of the night,
And his pace as swift as light:
Look!—how round his straining throat
Grace and shifting beauty float;
Sinewy strength is on his reins,
And the red blood gallops through his veins:
Richer, redder never ran
Through the boasting heart of man.
He can trace his lineage higher
Than the Bourbon dare aspire,—
Douglas, Guzman, or the Guelph,
Or O'Brien's blood itself!
He—who hath no peer—was born
Here, upon a red March morn;
But his famous fathers, dead,
Were Arabs all, and Arab bred:
And the last of that great line
Seem'd as of a race divine!
And yet—he was but friend to one
Who fed him at the set of sun,
By some lone fountain fringed with green:
With him, a roving Bedouin,
He lived—(none else would he obey
Through all the hot Arabian day)—
And died untamed upon the sands
Where Balkh amidst the desert stands!

KING DEATH.

King Death was a rare old fellow!
He sat where no sun could shine;
And he lifted his hand so yellow,
And pour'd out his coal-black wine,
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

There came to him many a maiden,
Whose eyes had forgot to shine;
And widows, with grief o'erladen,
For a draught of his sleepy wine.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

The scholar left all his learning,—
The poet his fancied woes;
And the beauty her bloom returning,
Like life to the fading rose.
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

All came to the royal old fellow,
Who laugh'd till his eyes dropp'd brine,
As he gave them his hand so yellow,
And pledged them in death's black wine.
Hurrah! hurrah!
Hurrah! for the coal-black wine!

DIRGE.

Let the moaning music die,
Let the hope-deceived fly,
Turn'd by strong neglect to pain!
Let the mind desert the brain,
Leaving all to dark decay,
Like a lump of idle clay!

They are gone who loved and—died,—
The once lover and his bride;
Therefore we our sorrow weave
Into songs;—yet wherefore grieve?
Though they sleep an endless sleep,
Why should we despair and weep?
They are gone together:
They are safe from wind and weather,
Lightning and the drowning rain,
And the hell of earthly pain.
They are dead;—or if they live,
There is One who can forgive,
Though a thousand errors ran
Through the fond, false heart of man.

Let the moaning music perish!
Wherefore should we strive to cherish
Sorrow like the desert rain?
Though we weep, we weep in vain!
They are gone together,
  Haply to the summer shores,—
Where the bright and cloudless weather
  Shineth, and for ever pours
Music with the flooding light,
  And the night doth chase the day,
And the morn doth chase the night,
  Like a starry fawn away!

They are gone—where pleasure reigns
Sinless on the golden plains,
Far above the scathing thunder,
  Far above the storms and jars
Of earth, and live delighted under
  The bright silence of the stars!
Therefore let the music die,—
Thoughtless hope and sorrow fly:
They are happy,—happier than
We, who in the mask of man,
Pour our unavailing tears
Over Beauty's number'd years!

SERENADE.

Awake!—the starry midnight hour
  Hangs charm'd, and pauseth in its flight;
In its own sweetness sleeps the flower,
  And the doves lie hush'd in deep delight!
    Awake! awake!
    Look forth, my love, for love's sweet sake!

Awake!—soft dews will soon arise
  From daisied mead, and thorny brake;
Then, sweet, uncloud those eastern eyes,
  And like the tender morning break!
    Awake! awake!
    Dawn forth, my love, for love's sweet sake!

Awake!—within the musk-rose bower
I watch, pale flower of love, for thee;
Ah, come and show the starry hour
What wealth of love thou hid'st from me!
Awake! awake!
Shew all thy love, for love's sweet sake!

Awake!—ne'er heed, though listening night
Steal music from thy silver voice;
Uncloud thy beauty rare and bright,
And bid the world and me rejoice!
Awake! awake!
She comes, at last, for love's sweet sake!

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh, we weep,
We love, we droop, we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?—
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight, and fly;
We love, we lose—and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die?"

TO A WOUNDED SINGING BIRD.

Poor singer! hath the fowler's gun,
  Or the sharp winter done thee harm?
We'll lay thee gently in the sun,
  And breathe on thee, and keep thee warm;
Perhaps some human kindness still
May make amends for human ill.

We'll take thee in, and nurse thee well,
  And save thee from the winter wild,
Till summer fall on field and fell,
  And thou shalt be our feather'd child;
And tell us all thy pain and wrong,
When thou canst speak again in song.

Fear not, nor tremble, little bird,
  We'll use thee kindly now;
And sure there's in a friendly word
  An accent even thou shouldst know;
For kindness which the heart doth teach
Disdaineth all peculiar speech:

'Tis common to the bird and brute,
  To fallen man, to angel bright;
And sweeter 'tis than lonely lute
  Heard in the air at night;
Divine and universal tongue,
Whether by bird or spirit sung!

But, hark! is that a sound we hear
  Come chirping from its throat,
Faint, short—but weak—and very clear,
  And like a little grateful note?
Another? ha! look where it lies,—
It shivers,—gasps,—is still,—it dies!

'Tis dead! 'tis dead! and all our care
  Is useless. Now, in vain
The mother's woe doth pierce the air,
  Calling her nestling bird again!
All's vain; the singer's heart is cold,
Its eye is dim,—its fortune told!

AN INVOCATION TO BIRDS.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool;
And ye, who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phœnix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian,—lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loosest
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs,
Until they waken; and thou, cuckoo bird,
Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouch'd echo whom the woods deny
Sight of her love, come all to my slow charm!
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth
(Epithalamium and Pindarique song),
And with it enrich our ears; come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper—Love!

William Lisle Bowles, of an ancient family in the county of Wilts, was born in the village of King's Sutton, Northamptonshire—a parish of which his father was vicar—on the 24th of September, 1762. His mother was the daughter of Dr. Richard Grey, chaplain to Nathaniel Crew, Bishop of Durham. The Poet received his early education at Winchester School; and he rose to be the senior boy. He was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, where he obtained the Chancellor's prize for a Latin poem, and where, in 1792, he took his degree. On quitting the University, he entered into holy orders, and was appointed to a curacy in Wiltshire; soon afterwards he was preferred to a living in Gloucestershire; in 1803, he became a prebend of Salisbury; and Archbishop Moore presented him with the rectory of Bremhill, Wilts, where he has since constantly resided,—only now and then visiting the metropolis,—enjoying the country, and its peculiar sources of profitable delight, performing with zeal and industry his parochial duties, and beloved by all who dwell within or approach the happy neighbourhood of his residence.

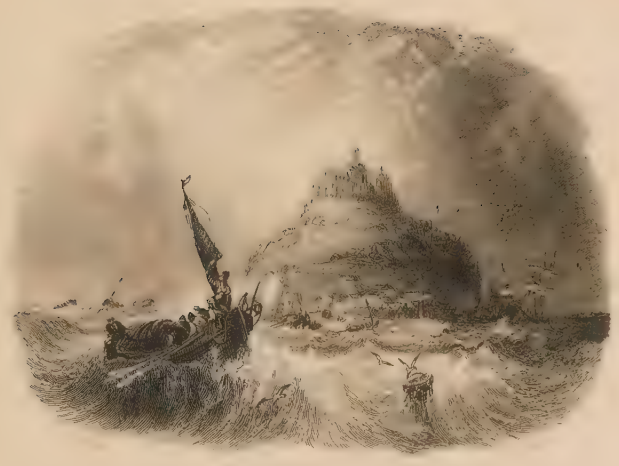
The Sonnets of Bowles, his first publication, appeared in 1793. They were received with considerable applause; and the writer, if he had obtained no other reward for his labours, would have found ample recompense in the fact, that they contributed to form the taste, and call forth the genius, of Coleridge, whom they "delighted and inspired." The author of "Christabel" speaks of himself as having been withdrawn from several perilous errors "by the genial influence of a style of poetry, so tender, and yet so manly,—so natural and real, and yet so dignified and harmonious, as the sonnets of Mr. Bowles." He was not, however, satisfied with expressing, in prose, his sense of obligation, but in poetry poured out his gratitude to his first master in minstrel-lore:—

> "My heart has thank'd thee, Bowles, for those soft strains,
> Whose sadness soothes me, like the murmuring
> Of wild bees in the sunny showers of spring."

In 1805, he published the "Spirit of Discovery by Sea:" it is the longest of his productions, and is generally considered his best. The most recent of his works is the "Little Villagers' Verse Book," a collection of hymns that will scarcely suffer by comparison with those of Dr. Watts; and which are admirably calculated to answer the benevolent purpose for which they are designed.

Mr. Bowles some years ago attracted considerable attention by his controversy with Byron, on the subject of the writings of Pope. In prefacing an edition of the Works of Pope, he advanced certain opinions which went to show that he considered him "no Poet;" and that, according to the "invariable principles" of poetry, the century of fame which had been accorded to the "Essay on Man" was unmerited. Campbell opened the defence; and Byron stepped forward as a warm, and somewhat angry advocate. A sort of literary warfare followed; and a host of pamphlets on both sides were rapidly issued. As in all such cases, the question remains precisely where it did. Bowles, however, though he failed in obtaining a victory, and made, we imagine, few converts to his "invariable principles," manifested during the contest so much judgment and ability, that his reputation as a critic was considerably enhanced.

The poetry of Bowles has not attained a high degree of popularity. He is appreciated more for the purity of his sentiments, than for any loftiness of thought or richness of fancy. He has never dealt with themes that "stir men's minds;" but has satisfied himself with inculcating lessons of sound morality, and has considered that to lead the heart to virtue is the chiefest duty of the Muse. His style is, as Coleridge described it nearly fifty years ago, "tender, yet manly;" and he has, undoubtedly, brought the accessories of harmonious versification and graceful language to the aid of "right thinking" and sound judgment. His poems seldom startle or astonish the reader: he does not labour to probe the heart, and depict the more violent passions of human-kind; but he keeps an "even tenor," and never disappoints or dissatisfies by attempting a higher flight than that which he may safely venture. The main point of his argument against Pope will best exhibit his own character. He considers that from objects sublime or beautiful in themselves, genius will produce more admirable creations than it can from those which are comparatively poor and insignificant: the topics upon which Mr. Bowles has employed his pen are such only as are naturally excellent.



BOWLES.

ST. MICHAEL'S MOUNT.

Mountain! no pomp of waving woods hast thou,
That deck with varied shade thy hoary brow;
No sunny meadows at thy feet are spread,—
No streamlets sparkle o'er their pebbly bed.
But thou canst boast thy beauties,—ample views
That catch the rapt eye of the pausing Muse:
Headlands around new-lighted; sails, and seas
Now glassy smooth,—now wrinkling to the breeze;
And when the drizzly winter, wrapt in sleet,
Goes by, and winds and rain thy ramparts beat,—
Fancy can see thee standing thus aloof,
And frowning, bleak and bare, and tempest-proof,
Look, as with awful confidence, and brave
The howling hurricane,—the dashing wave;
More graceful when the storm's dark vapours frown,
Than when the summer suns in pomp go down!

CHANTREY'S SLEEPING CHILDREN.

Look at those sleeping children!—softly tread,
Lest thou do mar their dream; and come not nigh
'Till their fond mother, with a kiss, shall cry,
"'Tis morn, awake! awake!" Ah! they are dead!
Yet folded in each other's arms they lie—
So still—oh, look! so still and smilingly;
So breathing and so beautiful they seem,
As if to die in youth were to dream
Of spring and flowers!—of flowers? yet nearer stand,—
There is a lily in one little hand,
Broken, but not faded yet,
As if its cup with tears was wet!
So sleeps that child,—not faded, though in death;
And seeming still to hear her sister's breath,
As when she first did lay her head to rest
Gently on that sister's breast,
And kiss'd her ere she fell asleep!
Th' archangel's trump alone shall wake that slumber deep.
"Take up those flowers that fell
From the dead hand, and sigh a long farewell!
Your spirits rest in bliss!—
Yet ere with parting prayers we say
Farewell for ever! to the insensate clay,
Poor maid, those pale lips we will kiss!"
Ah! 'tis cold marble! Artist, who hast wrought
This work of nature, feeling, and of thought,—
Thine, Chantrey, be the fame
That joins to immortality thy name.
For these sweet children that so sculptured rest,—
A sister's head upon a sister's breast,—
Age after age shall pass away,
Nor shall their beauty fade, their forms decay:
For here is no corruption,—the cold worm
Can never prey upon that beauteous form:
This smile of death that fades not, shall engage
The deep affections of each distant age!
Mothers, till ruin the round world hath rent,
Shall gaze with tears upon the monument!
And fathers sigh, with half suspended breath,
"How sweetly sleep the innocent in death!"

RESTORATION OF MALMSBURY ABBEY.

Monastic and time-consecrated fane!
Thou hast put on thy shapely state again,
Almost august, as in thy early day,
Ere ruthless Henry rent thy pomp away.
No more the mass on holidays is sung,
The host high-raised, or fuming censer swung;
No more, in amice white, the fathers, slow,
With lighted tapers, in long order go;—
Yet the tall window lifts its arched height;
As to admit heaven's pale but purer light;
Those massy-cluster'd columns, whose long rows,
E'en at noon-day, in shadowy pomp repose
Amid the silent sanctity of death,
Like giants, seem to guard the dust beneath:
Those roofs re-echo (though no altars blaze)
The prayer of penitence, the hymn of praise;
Whilst meek Religion's self, as with a smile,
Reprints the tracery of the hoary pile,—
Worthy its guest, the temple. What remains?
Oh, mightiest Master! thy immortal strains
These roofs demand. Listen,—with prelude slow,
Solemnly sweet, yet full, the organs blow.
And, hark! again, heard ye the choral chaunt
Peal through the echoing arches, jubilant?
More softly now, imploring litanies,
Wafted to heaven, and mingling with the sighs
Of penitence, from yon high altar rise;
Again the vaulted roof "Hosannah" rings—
"Hosannah! Lord of lords, and King of kings!"
Rent, but not prostrate,—stricken, yet sublime,
Reckless alike of injuries or time;
Thou, unsubdued, in silent majesty,
The tempest hast defied, and shalt defy!
The temple of our Sion so shall mock
The muttering storm, the very earthquake's shock,
Founded, O Christ, on thy eternal rock!

SUMMER EVENING, AT HOME.

Come, lovely Evening, with thy smile of peace
Visit my humble dwelling, welcomed in,
Not with loud shouts, and the throng'd city's din,
But with such sounds as bid all tumult cease
Of the sick heart; the grasshopper's faint pipe
Beneath the blades of dewy grass unripe,
The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol rude
Heard indistinctly from the village green,
The bird's last twitter from the hedge-row scene,
Where, just before, the scatter'd crumbs I strew'd,
To pay him for his farewell song,—all these
Touch soothingly the troubled ear, and please
The stilly-stirring fancies,—though my hours
(For I have droop'd beneath life's early show'rs)
Pass lonely oft,—and oft my heart is sad;
Yet I can leave the world, and feel most glad
To meet thee, Evening, here; here my own hand
Has deck'd with trees and shrubs the slopes around,
And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fann'd,
Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell sound,
That seems to say, "Forget the transient tear
Thy pale youth shed,—repose and peace are here."

WINTER EVENING, AT HOME.

Fair moon! that at the chilly day's decline
Of sharp December, through my cottage pane
Dost lovely look, smiling, though in thy wane;
In thought, to scenes, serene and still as thine,
Wanders my heart, whilst I by turns survey
Thee slowly wheeling on thy evening way;
And this my fire, whose dim, unequal light,
Just glimmering, bids each shadowy image fall
Sombrous and strange upon the dark'ning wall,
Ere the clear tapers chase the deep'ning night!
Yet thy still orb, seen through the freezing haze,
Shines calm and clear without; and whilst I gaze
I think—around me in this twilight room—
I but remark mortality's sad gloom;
Whilst hope, and joy, cloudless and soft appear
In the sweet beam that lights thy distant sphere!

SONNETS.

TIME.

O TIME! who know'st a lenient hand to lay
Softest on sorrow's wound, and slowly thence
(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense)
The faint pang stealest, unperceived, away;
On thee I rest my only hope at last,
And think, when thou hast dried the bitter tear
That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear,
I may look back on every sorrow past,
And meet life's peaceful evening with a smile,—
As some lone bird, at day's departing hour
Sings in the sunbeam of the transient shower,
Forgetful, though its wings are wet the while:—
Yet, ah! how much must that poor heart endure
Which hopes from thee, and thee alone, a cure!

DOVER CLIFFS.

ON these white cliffs, that calm above the flood,
Uplift their shadowing heads, and, at their feet,
Scarce hear the surge that has for ages beat,
Sure many a lonely wanderer has stood;
And, whilst the lifted murmur met his ear,
And o'er the distant billows the still eve
Sail'd slow, has thought of all his heart must leave
To-morrow; of the friends he loved most dear;
Of social scenes, from which he wept to part:
But, if like me, he knew how fruitless all
The thoughts that would full fain the past recall,
Soon would he quell the risings of his heart,
And brave the wild winds and unhearing tide—
The world his country, and his God his guide.

As one, who, long by wasting sickness worn,
Weary has watch'd the ling'ring night, and heard,
Heartless, the carol of the matin bird
Salute his lonely porch, now first at morn
Goes forth, leaving his melancholy bed;
He the green slope and level meadow views,
Delightful bathed in slow-ascending dews;
Or marks the clouds, that o'er the mountain's head,

In varying forms fantastic wander white ;
Or turns his ear to every random song,
Heard the green river's winding marge along,
The whilst each sense is steep'd in still delight :
With such delight o'er all my heart I feel,
Sweet Hope! thy fragrance pure and healing incense steal!

APRIL.

Whose was the gentle voice, that, whispering sweet,
Promised, methought, long days of bliss sincere ?
Soothing it stole on my deluded ear,
Most like soft music, that might sometimes cheat
Thoughts dark and drooping ! 'Twas the voice of Hope :
Of love and social scenes it seem'd to speak,
Of truth, of friendship, of affection meek ;
That oh ! poor friend, might to life's downward slope
Lead us in peace, and bless our latest hours.
Ah me ! the prospect sadden'd as she sung ;
Loud on my startled ear the death-bell rung ;
Chill darkness rapt the pleasurable bow'rs,
Whilst horror, pointing to yon breathless clay,
" No peace be thine," exclaim'd, " away ! away !"

MAY.

How shall I meet thee, Summer, wont to fill
My heart with gladness, when thy pleasant tide
First came, and on each coomb's romantic side
Was heard the distant cuckoo's hollow bill ?
Fresh flow'rs shall fringe the wild brink of the stream,
As with the song of joyance and of hope
The hedge-rows shall ring loud, and on the slope
The poplars sparkle on the transient beam,
The shrubs and laurels which I love to tend,
Thinking their May-tide fragrance might delight,
With many a peaceful charm, thee, my best friend,
Shall put forth their green shoot, and cheer the sight!
But I shall mark their hues with sick'ning eyes,
And weep for her who in the cold grave lies !

NETLEY ABBEY.

Fall'n pile! I ask not what has been thy fate;
But when the weak winds, wafted from the main,
Through each rent arch like spirits that complain,
Come hollow to my ear, I meditate
On this world's passing pageant, and the lot
Of those who once full proudly in their prime
And beauteous might have stood, till bow'd by time
Or injury, their early boast forgot,
They may have fall'n like thee: pale and forlorn,
Their brows, besprent with thin hairs, white as snow,
They lift, majestic yet, as they would scorn
This short-lived scene of vanity and woe;
Whilst on their sad looks, smilingly, they bear
The trace of creeping age, and the dim hue of care!

REMEMBRANCE.

I shall look back, when on the main,—
Back to my native isle,
And almost think I hear again
Thy voice, and view thy smile.

But many days may pass away
Ere I again shall see
Amid the young, the fair, the gay,—
One who resembles thee.

Yet when the pensive thought shall dwell
On some ideal maid,
Whom fancy's pencil pictured well,
And touch'd with softest shade:

The imaged form I shall survey,
And, pausing at the view,
Recal thy gentle smile, and say,
"Oh, such a maid I knew!"

MARY TIGHE was born in Ireland, in the year 1773. Her father was the Rev. William Blachford, who died a few months after his daughter's birth. She was married early to Mr. Tighe, a gentleman of distinguished family in the county of Wexford. A considerable portion of her life was spent at Woodstock, the seat of her brother-in-law,—one of the most beautiful and romantic places in Ireland. Her life was one of more than ordinary trial: her marriage was not a happy one; and she was for many years afflicted with ill health. She died at Woodstock, on the 24th of March, 1810.

From the year 1804 to her death, Mrs. Tighe had been deprived of the use of her limbs; and the poems she composed were dictated to an amanuensis. She was still lovely; and is described as having been, in early life, eminently beautiful. The affection of her brother-in-law—a gentleman of considerable literary taste—and the attentions of his accomplished lady, in some degree atoned for the neglect she experienced from her husband.

"Psyche," the poem upon which mainly depends the reputation of Mrs. Tighe, was printed only for private circulation during the life-time of the writer: it was published after her death, and became exceedingly popular, passing rapidly through several editions. It is written in the Spenserian stanza; and is founded on the allegory of Love and the Soul. The author was aware of the difficulties with which she had to contend, in following the plan of the ancient poets—"the fountains and first-fruits of wisdom"—who their choicest fables

> "Wrapt in perplexed allegories;"

and perhaps would have been amazed at the extent of popularity achieved by her poem. She wrote with but a very remote idea of finding fame beyond her own limited circle. It is but reasonable to suppose, that much of her posthumous reputation was obtained by the sad, yet interesting, history of her life; for her genius can scarcely be considered as of a sufficiently high and original character to overcome the obstacles she herself perceived. The narrative is tedious; and the style, though highly refined, is tame and encumbered with imagery. The Editor of the volume, in a brief preface to her works, describes her as displaying an "intimate acquaintance with classical literature, and as guided by a taste for real excellence," "as one who has delivered in polished language such sentiments as can tend only to encourage and improve the best sensations of the human heart." Such merit is undoubtedly hers; she affords abundant proof of an amiable and highly cultivated mind; but she can scarcely be classed high among the Poets of her age and country. Among her minor compositions there are several of exceeding delicacy and beauty; that "On Receiving a Branch of Mezereon" was written only a few days prior to her death.

Her poems were produced at a period when proofs of female intellect were rare. The world has since been more fortunate. The Muses are no longer jealous of the Graces. Their alliance has added greater softness and sweetness to previous strength; the female character has shed its influence on the tone of our literature, as well as on that of the domestic circle. The preceding volumes of this Work contained no examples of female genius;—they were sought for earnestly, but were not found. The present contains many. It is both the peculiarity and the glory of our age, that it has kept pace with the advances of masculine intellect, without encroaching on its province. Such an accession to the Muses' train was in every respect desirable and necessary, to fill up a blank in letters, a void in the history of the human mind,—or to give the last finishing to the symmetry and beauty of that ancient and much-vaunted edifice, the Temple of Fame.

> "Firm Doric pillars found its solid base;
> The fair Corinthian crown the higher space:
> Thus all below is strength, but all above is grace."

We may avail ourselves of this opportunity to express our regret that the rules to which we are necessarily limited, must preclude from introduction into this volume the names of several other women, who have obtained and merited a large share of popularity. They will readily occur to our readers.

TIGHE.

HAGAR IN THE DESERT.

Injured, hopeless, faint, and weary,
Sad, indignant, and forlorn,
Through the desert wild and dreary,
Hagar leads the child of scorn.

Who can speak a mother's anguish,
Painted in that tearless eye,
Which beholds her darling languish,—
Languish unrelieved, and die.

Lo! the empty pitcher fails her,
Perishing with thirst he lies;
Death, with deep despair assails her,
Piteous as for aid he cries.

From the dreadful image flying,
Wild she rushes from the sight;
In the agonies of dying
Can she see her soul's delight?

Now bereft of every hope,
Cast upon the burning ground,
Poor, abandon'd soul! look up,
Mercy have thy sorrows found.

Lo! the angel of the Lord
Comes thy great distress to cheer;
Listen to the gracious word,
See! divine relief is near.

"Care of Heaven! though man forsake thee,
Wherefore vainly dost thou mourn?
From thy dream of woe awake thee,
To thy rescued child return.

"Lift thine eyes, behold yon fountain,
Sparkling 'mid those fruitful trees;
Lo! beneath yon sheltering mountain
Smile for thee green bowers of ease.

"In the hour of sore affliction,
God hath seen and pitied thee;
Cheer thee in the sweet conviction,
Thou henceforth his care shalt be.

"Be no more by doubts distressed,
Mother of a mighty race!
By contempt no more oppressed,
Thou hast found a resting place."

Thus from peace and comfort driven,
Thou, poor soul, all desolate;
Hopeless lay, till pitying Heaven
Found thee, in thy abject state.

O'er thy empty pitcher mourning,
'Mid the desert of the world;
Thus, with shame and anguish burning,
From thy cherish'd pleasures hurl'd;

See thy great Deliverer nigh,
Calls thee from thy sorrow vain:
Bids thee on his love rely,
Bless the salutary pain.

From thine eyes the mists dispelling,
Lo! the well of life he shows;
In his presence ever dwelling,
Bids thee find thy true repose.

Future prospects rich in blessing,
Open to thy hopes secure;
Sure of endless joys possessing,
Of an heavenly kingdom sure.

FROM "PSYCHE."

When pleasure sparkles in the cup of youth,
And the gay hours on downy wing advance,
Oh! then 'tis sweet to hear the lip of truth
Breathe the soft vows of Love, sweet to entrance
The raptured soul by intermingling glance
Of mutual bliss; sweet amid roseate bowers,
Led by the hand of Love, to weave the dance,
Or unmolested crop life's fairy flowers,
Or bask in joy's bright sun through calm, unclouded hours.

Yet they, who light of heart in May-day pride,
Meet Love with smiles and gaily amorous song,
(Though he their softest pleasures may provide,
Even then when pleasures in full concert throng)
They cannot know with what enchantment strong
He steals upon the tender suffering soul,
What gently soothing charms to him belong,
How melting sorrow owns his soft control,
Subsiding passions hush'd in milder waves to roll.

When vex'd by cares, and harass'd by distress,
The storms of fortune chill thy soul with dread,
Let Love, consoling Love! still sweetly bless,
And his assuasive balm benignly shed;
His downy plumage o'er thy pillow spread,

Shall lull thy weeping sorrows to repose;
To Love the tender heart hath ever fled,
As on its mother's breast the infant throws
Its sobbing face, and there in sleep forgets its woes.

Oh! fondly cherish, then, the lovely plant,
Which lenient Heaven hath given thy pains to ease;
Its lustre shall thy summer hours enchant,
And load with fragrance every prosperous breeze;
And when rude winter shall thy roses seize,
When nought through all thy bowers but thorns remain,
This still with undeciduous charms shall please,
Screen from the blast, and shelter from the rain,
And still with verdure cheer the desolated plain.

Through the hard season Love with plaintive note,
Like the kind redbreast tenderly shall sing,
Which swells 'mid dreary snows its tuneful throat,
Brushing the cold dews from its shivering wing,
With cheerful promise of returning spring
To the mute tenants of the leafless grove,
Guard thy best treasures from the venom'd sting
Of baneful peevishness; oh! never prove
How soon ill-temper's power can banish gentle Love!

Repentance may the storms of passion chase,
And Love, who shrunk affrighted from the blast,
May hush his just complaints in soft embrace,
And, smiling, wipe his tearful eye at last:
Yet when the wind's rude violence is past,
Look what a wreck the scatter'd fields display!
See on the ground the withering blossoms cast!
And hear sad Philomel, with piteous lay,
Deplore the tempest's rage that swept her young away.

The tears capricious beauty loves to shed,
The pouting lip, the sullen silent tongue,
May wake the impassion'd lover's tender dread,
And touch the spring that clasps his soul so strong.
But ah, beware! the gentle power too long
Will not endure the frown of angry strife;
He shuns contention, and the gloomy throng,
Who blast the joys of calm domestic life,
And flies when Discord shakes her brand with quarrels rife.

Oh! he will tell you that these quarrels bring
The ruin, not renewal of his flame:
If oft repeated, lo! on rapid wing
He flies to hide his fair but tender frame;
From violence, reproach, or peevish blame
Irrevocably flies. Lament in vain!
Indifference comes the abandon'd heart to claim,
Asserts for ever her repulsive reign,
Close follow'd by disgust and all her chilling train.

Indifference, dreaded power! what art shall save
The good so cherish'd from thy grasping hand?
How shall young Love escape the untimely grave
Thy treacherous arts prepare? or how withstand
The insidious foe, who, with her leaden band,
Enchains the thoughtless, slumbering deity?
Ah, never more to wake! or e'er expand
His golden pinions to the breezy sky,
Or open to the sun his dim and languid eye.

Who can describe the hopeless, silent pang,
With which the gentle heart first marks her sway?
Eyes the sure progress of her icy fang
Resistless, slowly fastening on her prey;
Sees rapture's brilliant colours fade away;
And all the glow of beaming sympathy;
Anxious to watch the cold averted ray
That speaks no more to the fond meeting eye
Enchanting tales of love, and tenderness, and joy.

Too faithful heart! thou never canst retrieve
Thy withered hopes: conceal the cruel pain!
O'er thy lost treasure still in silence grieve;
But never to the unfeeling ear complain:
From fruitless struggles dearly bought refrain!
Submit at once,—the bitter task resign,
Nor watch and fan the expiring flame in vain;
Patience, consoling maid, may yet be thine,
Go seek her quiet cell, and hear her voice divine!

But lo! the joyous sun, the soft-breathed gales
By zephyrs sent to kiss the placid seas,
Curl the green wave, and fill the swelling sails;
The seamen's shouts, which jocund hail the breeze,
Call the glad knight the favouring hour to seize.

Her gentle hostess, Psyche, oft embraced,
Who still solicitous her guest to please,
On her fair breast a talisman had placed,
And with the valued gem her parting blessing graced.

How gaily now the bark pursues its way,
Urged by the steady gale! while round the keel
The bubbling currents in sweet whispers play,
Their force repulsive now no more they feel;
No clouds the unsullied face of heaven conceal,
But the clear azure one pure dome displays,
Whether it bids the star of day reveal
His potent beams, or Cynthia's milder rays
On deep cerulean skies invite the eye to gaze.

* * * * * * *

ON RECEIVING A BRANCH OF MEZEREON,

WHICH FLOWERED AT WOODSTOCK, DECEMBER, 1809.

Odours of spring, my sense ye charm
With fragrance premature;
And 'mid these days of dark alarm,
Almost to hope allure.
Methinks with purpose soft ye come
To tell of brighter hours,
Of May's blue skies, abundant bloom,
Her sunny gales and showers.

Alas! for me shall May in vain
The powers of life restore;
These eyes that weep and watch in pain
Shall see her charms no more.
No, no, this anguish cannot last!
Beloved friends, adieu!
The bitterness of death were past,
Could I resign but you.

But oh! in every mortal pang
That rends my soul from life,—
That soul, which seems on you to hang
Through each convulsive strife,

Even now, with agonizing grasp
Of terror and regret,
To all in life its love would clasp,
Clings close and closer yet.

Yet why, immortal, vital spark!
Thus mortally opprest?
Look up, my soul, through prospects dark,
And bid thy terrors rest;
Forget, forego thy earthly part,
Thine heavenly being trust:
Ah, vain attempt! my coward heart
Still shuddering clings to dust.

Oh ye! who soothe the pangs of death
With love's own patient care,
Still, still retain this fleeting breath,
Still pour the fervent prayer.
And ye, whose smile must greet my eye
No more, nor voice my ear,
Who breathe for me the tender sigh,
And shed the pitying tear;

Whose kindness (though far, far removed)
My grateful thoughts perceive,
Pride of my life, esteemed, beloved,
My last sad claim receive!
Oh! do not quite your friend forget,
Forget alone her faults;
And speak of her with fond regret
Who asks your lingering thoughts.

JOHN WOLCOT, who achieved so much popularity, or rather, notoriety, under the assumed name of "PETER PINDAR," was born at Dodbrock, in the county of Devon, in 1738. He was educated at the free school of Kingsbridge, and was articled to his uncle, an apothecary, at Fowey. In 1767, he accompanied Sir William Trelawney to Jamaica, as a physician, having previously procured his degree from Edinburgh; but finding his profession unprofitable, he was induced to take holy orders, and obtained a living in the island. The mind of his patron, under whose advice he acted, in thus changing the avowed object of his life, appears to have been as gross as that of the patronized; it was understood between them that the one was "to get himself japanned," as an easy mode of obtaining "loaves and fishes" from the other. On the death of Trelawney, Wolcot returned to England, and considering his former calling more likely to be profitable than his later, settled as a medical practitioner at Truro, in Cornwall. In 1780, he accompanied to London the painter, Opie, whose genius he had the merit of discovering, and whom he rescued from obscurity. In London he commenced his literary career, by a series of attacks on the Royal Academy. His skill as an artist was considerable, and he was, therefore, enabled to mingle so much truth and judgment with his criticisms, as to give point and effect to his coarse and bitter sarcasms. He was not, however, long satisfied to hunt such "small game;" but began a series of disgusting attacks upon the person and family of the king. The wit and humour which abounded in these compositions procured them to be relished; and the writer rapidly attained to an extent of popularity unparalleled in his age. He died at Somers-town, on the 14th of January, 1819, in the eighty-first year of his age;—for a long period he received an annuity from his publishers, and had contrived to amass a property by no means inconsiderable. It is said that at one period his poems were so galling to the highest powers in the realm, that an attempt was made to purchase his silence by a government annuity. It was, however, unsuccessful; and "Peter Pindar" continued to the last his system of ridicule and slander.

If we may judge of the personal character of Dr. Wolcot from his writings, and the anecdotes that are told of him, his mind and his habits must have been gross and sensual to a degree. He felt no remorse at wounding—either to procure money, or to gratify uncalled-for spleen—the feelings of the highest and the most virtuous persons in the realm. He speaks in one of his satires of his "lean heart;" it was evidently incapable of sympathy with the better sensations of humanity. In all his writings he appears to have been actuated by that sentiment which a later wit describes as "the malice in a good thing,—being the barb that makes it stick." The satirist, in his old age, was afflicted with blindness; his winter was the opposite of that which has been described as "frosty but kindly;" still he continued to send forth his squibs: and grieved only that he had lost the power of making them hurt. The objects of his enmity had been gradually removed out of his reach. One of his friends visited him on his death-bed; and, asking the worn-out sinner if he could do aught to gratify him, received this memorable reply, "Yes; give me back my youth!"

We owe some apology for introducing him into this volume. It would perhaps be wrong to omit a writer who obtained so large a share of public attention, and whose works were, at one period, circulated to an almost incredible extent. The subjects of which he treated were for the most part of temporary interest; and he is, consequently, even now very nearly forgotten. It is impossible to deny, that his poems abound in wit and humour, and occasionally exhibit proofs of a genius, which, if the man's mind had not been naturally gangrened, might have placed him high among the satirical Poets of his country. In selecting our specimens, we have thought it desirable to pass over the grosser productions of his pen, and to extract a few of his lyrics,—some of which are animated, elegant, and tender. Still his exceeding popularity will amaze modern readers; and is to be accounted for only by believing that which is humbling to humanity,—those who pander to our vices are more eagerly accepted than those who inculcate virtue; and there, unhappily, prevails a disposition to encourage unprincipled persons who strive to render rank powerless, by making it contemptible. There are, however, few evils which time does not remove. The name of Peter Pindar is now seldom or never heard of; and if we find ourselves compelled to drag it from the obscurity to which it has been consigned, we trust that with the bane we have given the antidote.

WOLCOT.

FIGHTING DOGS.

Young men!—
I do presume that *one* of you in *ten*
Has kept a dog or two, and has remark'd,
That when you have been comfortably feeding,
The curs, without one atom of court breeding,
With wat'ry jaws, have whin'd, and paw'd, and bark'd;
Show'd anxiousness about the mutton bone,
And, 'stead of *your* mouth, wish'd it in their *own*;
And if you gave this bone to one or t'other,
Heav'ns, what a snarling, quarrelling, and pother!
This, p'rhaps, has often touch'd you to the quick,
And made you teach *good manners* by a *kick*;
And if the tumult was beyond all bearing,
A little bit of *sweet* emphatic swearing,
An eloquence of wondrous use in wars,
Amongst sea captains and the brave jack tars.

Now tell me honestly,—pray don't you find
Somewhat in Christians, just of the same kind
That you experienc'd in the curs,
Causing your anger and demurs?
As, for example, when your mistress, *Fame*,
Wishing to celebrate a worthy name,
Takes up her trump to give the just applause;
How have you, puppy-like, paw'd, wish'd, and whin'd,
And growl'd, and curs'd and swore, and pin'd,
And long'd to tear the trumpet from her jaws!
The dogs deserv'd *their* kicking, to be sure;
But *you!*—O fie, boys! go and sin no *more*.

TO JULIA.

From her whom ev'ry heart must love,
And ev'ry eye with wonder see;
My sad, my lifeless steps remove,—
Ah! were she fair alone for *me!*

In vain to solitudes I fly,
To bid her form from mem'ry part;
That form still dwells on mem'ry's *eye*,
And roots its beauties in my heart.

In ev'ry rose that decks the vales,
I see her cheek's pure blush appear;
And when the lark the morning hails,
'Tis Julia's voice salutes my ear.

Thus let me rove the world around;
Whatever beauty's charm can boast,
Or soothe the soul with sweetest sound,
Must paint the idol I have lost.

SONG.

The wretch, O let me never know,
Who turns from pity's tearful eye;
Who melts not at the dirge of woe,
But bids the soul renew its sigh!

O say not with the voice of scorn,
"The lilies of thy neck are fled,
Thine eyes their vanish'd radiance mourn,
The roses of thy cheek are dead."

Too cruel youth, with tears I own
The rose and lily's sad decay;
And sorrowing, wish for *thee alone*,
Their transient bloom a longer day.

Yet though thine eyes no longer trace
The healthful blush of former charms!
Remember that each luckless grace,
O Colin, faded in *thy arms!*

MADRIGAL.

When Love and Truth together play'd,
So cheerful was the shepherd's song!
How happy, too, the rural maid!
How light the minutes wing'd along!
But Love has left the sighing vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Sly stealing, see, from scene to scene,
The watchful Jealousy appear!
And pale Distrust with troubled mien,
The rolling eye, and list'ning ear!
For love has left the sighing vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

Ah! shall we see no more the hour,
That wafted rapture on its wing!
With murmurs shall the riv'let pour,
That prattled from its crystal spring?
Yes, yes, while Love forsakes the vale,
And Truth no longer tells her tale.

A PASTORAL SONG.

Farewell, O farewell to the day,
That smiling with happiness flew!
Ye verdures and blushes of May,
Ye songs of the linnet, adieu!

In tears from the vale I depart,
In anguish I move from the fair;
For what are those scenes to the heart
Which Fortune has doom'd to despair?

Love frowns,—and how dark is the hour!
Of rapture, departed the breath!
So gloomy the grove and the bow'r,
I tread the pale valley of death.

With envy I wander forlorn,
At the breeze which her beauty has fann'd;
And I envy the bird on the thorn,
Who sits watching the crumbs from her hand.

I envy the lark o'er her cot,
Who calls her from slumber, so blest;
Nay, I envy the nightingale's note,
The Syren who sings her to rest.

On her hamlet *once more* let me dwell,—
One look! (the *last* comfort!) be mine!
O pleasure, and Delia, farewell!
Now, Sorrow, I ever am *thine*.

SONG.

O NYMPH! of Fortune's smiles beware,
Nor heed the Syren's flattering tongue;
She lures thee to the haunts of care,
Where sorrow pours a ceaseless song.

Ah! what are all her piles of gold?
Can those the host of care controul?
The splendour which thine eyes behold,
Is not the sunshine of the soul.

To Love alone thy homage pay,
The queen of ev'ry true delight;
Her smiles with joy shall gild thy day,
And bless the visions of the night.

ECONOMY.

Economy's a very useful broom,
Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
To catch each straggling pin to make a plum;
Too oft economy's an iron vice,
That squeezes e'en the little guts of mice,
That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper economy's a comely thing;
Good in a subject,—better in a king:
Yet push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling—
Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean;
Inclines them, too, to villany to lean,
To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

E'en when the heart should only think of grief,
It creeps into the bosom like a thief;
And swallows up th' affections all so mild,—
Witness the Jewess, and her only child.

Poor Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
In imitation of the ambitious great,
High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
He fell all plump into the pit,
Dead in a minute as a nit;
In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
Indeed, and very dreadful was the wreck!

The mother was distracted, raving, wild,—
Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd and kiss'd her child;
Afflicted every heart with grief around:
Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
She cast about her eyes in thought profound;
And being with a saving knowledge bless'd,
She thus the play-house manager address'd:

"Sher, I'm de moder of de poor Chew lad,
Dat meet mishfarten here so bad;
Sher, I muss haf de shilling back, you know,
Ass Moses haf nat see de show."

Robert Pollok was born in 1799, at Eaglesham, in Renfrewshire,—where his parents were occupied in agricultural pursuits. He gave early promise of the ability for which he was afterwards distinguished, and his friends determined to educate him for the church. He was accordingly entered at the University of Glasgow, where he applied himself with ardour to the study of theology; but had scarcely commenced the exercise of his professional duties, when his health became so seriously impaired, that a visit to the south of Europe was recommended as the only means of preserving his life. In August, 1827, he quitted Scotland, and proceeded to Southampton, with a view of embarking for Italy. His malady, however, continued to increase, and in the September of that year he died, at Shirley common. His early death is to be lamented; for probably a wider intercourse with mankind would not only have matured his natural talents, but would have produced a healthier state of mind as well as body. "Retired in voluntary loneliness," he saw only that which is cheerless in Nature, and depressing in Religion:—

> "To pleasure deaf,
> And joys of common men, working his way
> With mighty energy, not uninspired,
> Through all the mines of thought; reckless of pain,
> And weariness, and wasted health."

Soon after the death of the writer, his poem, "The Course of Time," attracted very general attention. He had previously published two stories in prose, "Ralph Gemmel," a tale for youth, and "The Persecuted Family," a narrative of the sufferings of the Presbyterians during the reign of Charles the Second. He was, however, beyond the influence of criticism, when his book became largely the subject of it. It has been highly lauded,—we think too highly; and find it difficult to account for the popularity it has obtained. The poem is in blank verse; and is nearly as long as the "Paradise Lost." Its aspect is, therefore, uninviting; yet that it has been extensively read cannot be doubted,—several editions having from time to time appeared. If we may not describe the author as of a sickly mind, we perceive abundant proof that he was of a diseased constitution. He arrays Religion in dark robes, and considers it unnecessary to pourtray her features as both gentle and beautiful. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." The Poet, however, exerts himself to show how rugged he can render the one, and how gloomy he can make the other. His volume, from beginning to end, is an awful picture of wrath and vengeance; it contains little to cheer, and nothing to gladden; and would tempt the reader to imagine that man was created only to be tormented.

Such is unhappily too much the mode with Poets who occupy themselves with the treatment of sacred subjects. Instead of striving to direct and controul, they labour either to subdue or crush the natural sensations and desires of man. They therefore clip the wings of their own fancy; and, if they soar, it is with the painful flutter of a wounded bird. Religious poetry is, for the most part, prejudicial to the cause it professes to advocate. It may influence the head; but it rarely touches the heart. Men are drawn from low thoughts and vicious habits, far less by fear than persuasion. If Religion be in "Gorgon terrors clad," and "circled with a vengeful band," the effect produced must be unnatural and transitory. The Poets, therefore, who so introduce, never recommend it. Such a course is to be deprecated the more, because the very opposite is so accessible. The best auxiliaries to piety are abundant throughout Nature; the themes that most readily present themselves to the Poet are those which, by the surest and safest way, lead the heart to virtue,—and they are all graceful, and beautiful, and cheerful. There are, undoubtedly, many glorious exceptions to the rule we have ventured to lay down; but we believe they are not to be found among writers who have exclusively devoted themselves to the treatment of Religion in verse. Religion, therefore, is deprived of one of its most powerful and effective advocates. It is made most influential, indeed, by those who are indirectly its supporters—who describe natural objects, and excite love as well as veneration, by leading the mind through Nature up to Nature's God;—"the meanest flower that blows" has been made to teach a lesson; and he best instructs the reason, and directs the heart, who finds

"Good in every thing."

POLLOK.

MATERNAL LOVE. FROM "THE COURSE OF TIME."

Hail, holy love! thou word that sums all bliss,
Gives and receives all bliss,—fullest when most
Thou givest! spring-head of all felicity,
Deepest when most is drawn! emblem of God!
O'erflowing most when greatest numbers drink!

* * * * * * *

Eternal, ever-growing, happy love!
Enduring all, hoping, forgiving all;
Instead of law, fulfilling every law:
Entirely blest, because thou seek'st no more,
Hopest not, nor fear'st; but on the present livest,
And hold'st perfection smiling in thy arms.

* * * * * * *

THE RESURRECTION.

And now, descending from the bowers of Heaven,
Soft airs o'er all the earth, spreading, were heard,
And hallelujahs sweet, the harmony
Of righteous souls that came to re-possess
Their long-neglected bodies; and, anon,
Upon the ear fell horribly the sound
Of cursing, and the yells of damned despair,
Uttered by felon spirits that the trump
Had summoned from the burning glooms of hell,
To put their bodies on, reserved for woe.

Now, starting up among the living changed,
Appeared innumerous the risen dead.
Each particle of dust was claimed: the turf,
For ages trod beneath the careless foot
Of men, rose, organized in human form;
The monumental stones were rolled away;
The doors of death were opened; and in the dark
And loathsome vault, and silent charnel-house,
Moving, were heard the mouldered bones that sought
Their proper place. Instinctive, every soul
Flew to its clayey part: from grass-grown mould,
The nameless spirit took its ashes up,
Reanimate; and, merging from beneath
The flattered marble, undistinguished rose
The great, nor heeded once the lavish rhyme,
And costly pomp of sculptured garnish vain.
The Memphian mummy, that from age to age
Descending, bought and sold a thousand times,
In hall of curious antiquary stowed,
Wrapped in mysterious weeds, the wondrous theme
Of many an erring tale, shook off its rags;
And the brown son of Egypt stood beside
The European, his last purchaser.
In vale remote, the hermit rose, surprised
At crowds that rose around him, where he thought
His slumbers had been single; and the bard,
Who fondly covenanted with his friend,
To lay his bones beneath the sighing bough
Of some old lonely tree, rising, was pressed
By multitudes that claimed their proper dust

From the same spot; and he, that richly hearsed,
With gloomy garniture of purchased woe,
Embalmed, in princely sepulchre was laid,
Apart from vulgar men, built nicely round
And round by the proud heir, who blushed to think
His father's lordly clay should ever mix
With peasant dust,—saw by his side, awake,
The clown that long had slumbered in his arms.

The family tomb, to whose devouring mouth
Descended sire and son, age after age,
In long, unbroken, hereditary line,
Poured forth, at once, the ancient father rude,
And all his offspring of a thousand years.
Refreshed from sweet repose, awoke the man
Of charitable life,—awoke and sung:
And from his prison-house, slowly and sad,
As if unsatisfied with holding near
Communion with the earth, the miser drew
His carcase forth, and gnashed his teeth, and howled,
Unsolaced by his gold and silver then.
From simple stone in lonely wilderness,
That hoary lay, o'erletter'd by the hand
Of oft-frequenting pilgrim, who had taught
The willow-tree to weep, at morn and even,
Over the sacred spot,—the martyr saint,
To song of seraph harp, triumphant rose,
Well pleased that he had suffered to the death.
"The cloud-capped tow'rs, the gorgeous palaces,"
As sung the bard by Nature's hand anointed,
In whose capacious giant numbers rolled
The passions of old Time, fell lumbering down.
All cities fell, and every work of man,
And gave their portion forth of human dust,—
Touched by the mortal finger of decay.
Tree, herb, and flower, and every fowl of heaven,
And fish, and animal—the wild and tame—
Forthwith dissolving, crumbled into dust.

* * * * * * *

Athens, and Rome, and Babylon, and Tyre,
And she that sat on Thames, queen of the seas,—
Cities once famed on earth, convulsed through all
Their mighty ruins, threw their millions forth.

Palmyra's dead, where desolation sat
From age to age, well pleased in solitude,
And silence,—save when traveller's foot, or owl
Of night, or fragment mouldering down to dust,
Broke faintly on his desert ear,—awoke.
And Salem, holy city, where the Prince
Of Life, by death, a second life secured
To man, and with him from the grave, redeemed,
A chosen number brought, to retinue
His great ascent on high, and give sure pledge
That death was foiled,—her generations, now,
Gave up, of kings, and priests, and Pharisees:
Nor even the Sadducee, who fondly said,
No morn of resurrection e'er should come,
Could sit the summons; to his ear did reach
The trumpet's voice, and ill prepared for what
He oft had proved should never be, he rose
Reluctantly, and on his face began
To burn eternal shame. The cities, too,
Of old, ensepulchred beneath the flood,
Or deeply slumbering under mountains huge,
That earthquake—servant of the wrath of God—
Had on their wicked population thrown;
And marts of busy trade, long ploughed and sown,
By history unrecorded, or the song
Of bard—yet not forgotten their wickedness
In heaven—poured forth their ancient multitudes,
That vainly wished their sleep had never broke.
From battle fields, where men by millions met
To murder each his fellow, and make sport
To kings and heroes—things long since forgot—
Innumerous armies rose, unbanner'd all,
Unpanoplied, unpraised; nor found a prince,
Or general, then, to answer for their crimes.
The hero's slaves, and all the scarlet troops
Of antichrist, and all that fought for rule,—
Many high-sounding names, familiar once
On earth, and praised exceedingly, but now
Familiar most in hell, their dungeon fit,
Where they may war eternally with God's
Almighty thunderbolts, and win them pangs
Of keener woe,—saw, as they sprung to life,
The widow and the orphan, ready stand,
And helpless virgin, ravish'd in their sport,

To plead against them at the coming doom.
The Roman legions, boasting once, how loud,
Of liberty, and fighting bravely o'er
The torrid and the frigid zone, the sands
Of burning Egypt, and the frozen hills
Of snowy Albion, to make mankind
Their thralls—untaught, that he who made or kept
A slave, could ne'er himself be truly free—
That morning gathered up their dust, which lay
Wide scattered over half the globe; nor saw
Their eagle banners then. Sennacherib's hosts,
Embattled once against the sons of God,
With insult bold, quick as the noise of mirth
And revelry, sunk in their drunken camp,
When death's dark angel, at the dead of night,
Their vitals touched, and made each pulse stand still,
Awoke in sorrow; and the multitudes
Of Gog, and all the fated crew that warred
Against the chosen saints, in the last days,
At Armageddon, when the Lord came down,
Mustering his host on Israel's holy hills,
And, from the treasures of his snow and hail,
Rained terror, and confusion rained, and death,
And gave to all the beasts and fowls of heaven,
Of captains' flesh and blood of men of war,
A feast of many days, revived, and, doomed
To second death, stood in Hamonah's vale.

Nor yet did all that fell in battle rise,
That day, to wailing. Here and there were seen
The patriot bands, that from his guilty throne
The despot tore, unshackled nations, made
The prince respect the people's laws, drove back
The wave of proud invasion, and rebuked
The frantic fury of the multitude,
Rebelled, and fought and fell for liberty
Right understood, true heroes in the speech
Of heaven, where words express the thoughts of him
Who speaks; not undistinguished these, though few,
That morn arose with joy and melody.

* * * * * *

Thomas Hood was born in the Poultry, London, in 1798. His father was a native of Scotland, and, for many years, acting partner in the firm of Vernor, Hood, and Sharp, extensive booksellers and publishers. Thomas Hood was, in his childhood, remarkable for great vivacity of spirits; and at a very early age gave tokens of the genius for which he has been since distinguished. When a boy, our informant states, "he was continually making shrewd and pointed remarks upon topics of which he was presumed to know nothing." He finished his education at Mr. Wanostrocht's academy, Camberwell; and on leaving school, his health being precarious, he was recommended to try the effect of a sea voyage on his constitution. The sea, however, appears to have had no attractions for the future Poet: in one of the pleasantest of his poems he sums up all the annoyances to which those who are "far from the land" are invariably subjected:—

"All the sea dangers,
Buccaneers, rangers,
Pirates and Salee-men,
Algerine galleymen,
Tornadoes and Typhons,
And horrible Syphons,'
&c. &c. &c.

Mr. Hood subsequently resided for a considerable period with his relatives in Dundee; and on his return to London, having manifested a taste for drawing, and expressed a desire to pursue the art of engraving, he was articled to his uncle, Mr. Robert Sands, with a view to acquire a knowledge of the profession. He passed two years sketching with the pencil, now and then taking up the graver, but chiefly composing poetry: his compositions found their way into the "London Magazine," and at once attracted attention. A path to fame was speedily marked out for him; and he has taken his station as one of the most original and agreeable writers of the day.

The countenance of Mr. Hood is more solemn than merry: there is nothing in his appearance to indicate that wit and humour for which he is so eminent. He is by no means brilliant in conversation; but seems as if continually *taking in* the matter which he gives out sparingly in general society. We believe, indeed, that his mind is serious rather than comic; that the poems which have made so many readers laugh, are the produce of deep thought and study, and by no means the outbreaks of natural humour. We think we perceive this even in his merriest strains: few of them are without a touch of melancholy; and the topics he selects as fittest for him, are usually of a grave and sombre cast. We have never known him laugh heartily, either in company or in rhyme. It is highly to his credit, that with so much power in dealing with the burlesque, he has never indulged in personal satire: we look in vain through his books for a single passage that can give pain to any living person; neither does he ever verge upon indelicacy, or treat with lightness or indifference sacred subjects. Perhaps it is impossible to find a greater contrast than that which is presented by the writings of Thomas Hood and Peter Pindar. The one cannot be facetious without exhibiting venom;—the other, in his most playful moments, is never either ill-tempered or envious. Indeed kindliness, benevolence, and generosity, are the characteristics even of Mr. Hood's "satirical" productions.

It is, however, less to the humorous than to the serious compositions of Thomas Hood that we desire to direct the reader's attention. His name is so completely linked with "joking," that few are at all aware of his exquisite talent for pure and genuine poetry. While his "Whims and Oddities" have passed through many editions, his "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies" has never reached a second; and while his "Comic Annuals" have brought him a large income, his delicious Lyrics have scarcely yielded sufficient to pay the printer. We refer to the few extracts we have selected, for proof that Mr. Hood has claims to a far higher and more enviable reputation than that which his "puns" have conferred upon him. More tender, more graceful, or more beautifully wrought lyrics, are scarcely to be found in the language. They "smack of the old Poets;" they have all the truth and nature for which the great Bards are pre-eminent; and while Mr. Hood has caught their spirit, he has not fallen into the error that has proved fatal to many of his contemporaries,—a mistaken notion, that by copying the slips and blots which occasionally mar the delicate beauty of their writings, he was imitating their style and character.

HOOD.

TO A COLD BEAUTY.

Lady, wouldst thou heiress be
  To winter's cold and cruel part?
When he sets the river free,
  Thou dost still lock up thy heart:
Thou that shouldst outlast the snow,
But in the whiteness of thy brow?

Scorn and cold neglect are made
  For winter gloom and winter wind;
But thou wilt wrong the summer air,
  Breathing it to words unkind:
Breath which only should belong
To love, to sunlight, and to song!

When the little buds unclose,
  Red, and white, and pied, and blue;
And that virgin flower, the rose,
  Opes her heart to hold the dew,—
Wilt thou lock thy bosom up,
With no jewel in its cup?

Let not cold December sit
  Thus in love's peculiar throne;
Brooklets are not prison'd now,
  But crystal frosts are all agone;
And that which hangs upon the spray,
It is no snow, but flower of May!

RUTH.

She stood breast high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripened: such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell,
Which were blackest none can tell;
But long lashes veil'd a light,
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;—
Thus she stood amid the stooks
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean;
Lay thy sheaf adown and come,
Share my harvest and my home.

BALLAD.

She's up and gone, the graceless girl!
And robb'd my failing years;
My blood before was thin and cold,
But now 'tis turn'd to tears:
My shadow falls upon my grave,
So near the brink I stand;
She might have stayed a little yet,
And led me by the hand!

Ay, call her on the barren moor,
And call her on the hill;
'Tis nothing but the heron's cry,
And plover's answer shrill:
My child is flown on wilder wings
Than they have ever spread;
And I may even walk a waste
That widen'd when she fled.

Full many a thankless child has been,—
But never one like mine;
Her meat was served on plates of gold,
Her drink was rosy wine;
But now she'll share the robin's food,
And sup the common rill,
Before her feet will turn again
To meet her father's will!

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember,
The roses—red and white!
The violets and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember,
Where I was used to swing;
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing:
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember,
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heav'n
Than when I was a boy.

ODE.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh, "O rus!"
Of London pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
This endless meal of brick!

What joy have I in June's return?
My feet are parch'd, my eyeballs burn;
I scent no flowery gust:
But faint the flagging zephyr springs,
With dry Macadam on its wings,
And turns me "dust to dust."

My sun his daily course renews
Due east, but with no eastern dews;
The path is dry and hot!
His setting shows more tamely still,
He sinks behind no purple hill,
But down a chimney's pot!

Oh! but to hear the milk-maid blithe,
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among!
My grass is of that sort,—alas!
That makes no hay, call'd sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue!

Oh! but to smell the woodbine sweet!
I think of cowslip-cups,—but meet
With very vile rebuffs!
For meadow buds, I get a whiff
Of Cheshire cheese, or only sniff
The turtle made at Cuff's.

How tenderly Rousseau review'd
His periwinkles! mine are stew'd!
My rose blooms on a gown!
I hunt in vain for eglantine,
And find my blue-bell on the sign
That marks the Bell and Crown!

Where are ye, birds! that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing
Or mourn in thickets deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sweep!

Where are ye, linnet! lark! and thrush!
That perch on leafy bough and bush,
And tune the various song?
Two hurdy-gurdists, and a poor
Street-Handel grinding at my door,
Are all my "tuneful throng."

Where are ye, early-purling streams,
Whose waves reflect the morning beams,
And colours of the skies?
My rills are only puddle-drains
From shambles, or reflect the stains
Of calimanco-dyes.

Sweet are the little brooks that run
O'er pebbles glancing in the sun,
Singing in soothing tones:
Not thus the city streamlets flow;
They make no music as they go,
Though never "off the stones."

Where are ye, pastoral, pretty sheep,
That wont to bleat, and frisk, and leap
Beside your woolly dams?
Alas! instead of harmless crooks,
My Corydons use iron hooks,
And skin—not shear—the lambs.

The pipe whereon, in olden day,
Th' Arcadian herdsman used to play
Sweetly, here soundeth not;
But merely breathes unwelcome fumes,
Meanwhile the city boor consumes
The rank weed—"piping hot."

All rural things are vilely mock'd,
On every hand the sense is shock'd
With objects hard to bear;
Shades—vernal shades! where wine is sold!
And for a turfy bank, behold
An Ingram's rustic chair!

Where are ye, London meads and bow'rs,
And gardens redolent of flow'rs
Wherein the zephyr wons?
Alas! Moor Fields are fields no more!
See Hatton's Garden brick'd all o'er;
And that bare wood,—St. John's.

No pastoral scene procures me peace;
I hold no leasowes in my lease,
  No cot set round with trees;
No sheep-white hill my dwelling flanks;
And omnium furnishes my banks
  With brokers, not with bees.

Oh! well may poets make a fuss
In summer time, and sigh, "O rus!"
  Of city pleasures sick:
My heart is all at pant to rest
In greenwood shades,—my eyes detest
  This endless meal of brick.

BALLAD.

It was not in the winter
  Our loving lot was cast;
It was the time of roses,—
  We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

That churlish season never frown'd
  On early lovers yet!
Oh no,—the world was newly crown'd
  With flowers, when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go,
  But still you held me fast;
It was the time of roses,—
  We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

What else could peer my glowing cheek
  That tears began to stud?
And when I ask'd the like of love,
  You snatch'd a damask bud;—

And oped it to the dainty core,
  Still glowing to the last:
It was the time of roses,—
  We pluck'd them as we pass'd!

CHARLES DIBDIN, the son of a silversmith, at Southampton, was born in that town, in the year 1745. At an early age he ventured to try his fortune in the metropolis, where he at once set himself to compose songs and ballads; but was occupied chiefly in tuning piano-fortes. In 1762, he made his début as an actor at the Richmond theatre; and two years afterwards appeared on the London boards, as Ralph, in the "Maid of the Mill." He soon began to write for the stage; and, it is said, produced above one hundred dramas, of various degrees of merit. The "Deserter," brought out in 1772; the "Waterman," in 1774; and the "Quaker," in 1775, are still occasionally performed. Dibdin, however, did not like his profession, and took the earliest opportunity of quitting it. He opened a kind of theatre in Leicester Square, to which he gave the title of "Sans Souci;" and had evening entertainments, at which he sung his own songs, and accompanied himself on the piano:—this simple design was amazingly successful. He is said to have written from time to time, during the period of the performances, above twelve hundred songs—to nearly all of which he composed the music. He died in indigent circumstances, in 1814.

In 1803, a pension of £200 a-year was granted to Charles Dibdin; after enjoying it for three years, a new administration, in order to display the economical principles upon which it designed to manage Great Britain, thought proper to deprive the aged vocalist of this resource. Other branches of his family have displayed talents of no common order; and have, we believe, also had to encounter adversity. As yet, we have manifested no desire to repay any portion of the large debt which is owing to him from a nation. The country has been recently called upon to grant annuities to professors of literature, whose claims are not half so urgent, or so just. We may hope that some part of the debt to Charles Dibdin will yet be discharged. In estimating his merit as a nautical song writer, we should not confine it to the mere gratification derived by the sailors themselves from singing his songs: we find in the sentiments expressive of the character of seamen, so much kindliness of feeling, and a total absence of selfishness and worldly wisdom, that has tended in no small degree to raise sailors in the esteem of the country, and to render the maritime profession popular. This consideration, during a period of protracted naval war, is essential, in order to arrive at a due estimate of the services conferred by Dibdin on the State.

A sound critic, Mr. Hogarth, states that "Dibdin had hardly received any musical education; and his attainments in the art were so small, that he had not skill enough to put a good accompaniment to his own airs. But he possessed a gift which no education or study can bestow,—an inexhaustible vein of melody." Among the hundreds of airs which he composed, it is wonderful to observe how few are bad, or even indifferent; and how free they are from sameness and repetition: and yet, with all this variety, there is no straining after novelty. The airs flow so naturally, that they appear to have cost him no sort of effort. In their expression, too, they are not less various than in their phrases. Whether the poetry is tender, lively, or energetic, the music never fails to speak a corresponding language.

If we try the poetry of Dibdin by a severe standard, it will undoubtedly be found wanting; but if it be a triumph of genius to achieve COMPLETELY the object desired, we must allot a high station to the most popular song writer of the age. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say, that a "nation's ballads" have greater influence on its people than "a nation's laws;" and it may be safely asserted, that the co-operation of Charles Dibdin has been largely effective in giving truth to the line,

"Britannia rules the waves."

His songs come home to the uneducated minds of seamen: they are simple in language, and homely in construction. Refined and embellished, their effect would be lost. That they have had a prodigious—almost a universal—influence over our mariners, is certain: it has been as salutary as it is powerful. They teach that while courage is a noble quality, it is elevated into a virtue when exerted for our country; and that something more than brute force is necessary to make a good sailor. They not only inculcate bravery in battle, but patience under less exciting perils; and describe discipline and subordination as leading duties. They have been quoted with effect to suppress mutiny; they have, indeed, contributed largely to strengthen the great bulwarks of Britain, her "wooden walls"—to raise the character of her best defender, "the British tar"—and to establish that which is a substance, and not a sound, "British glory!"

DIBDIN.

I SAILED FROM THE DOWNS.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she smack'd through the breeze;
She's a vessel as tight, to my fancy,
As ever sail'd on the salt seas.
So, adieu! to the white cliffs of Britain,
Our girls, and our dear native shore;
For if some hard rock we should split on,
We shall never see them any more.
But sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
I verily thought she'd have sunk;
For the wind so began for to alter,
She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk.
The squall tore the mainsail to shivers,—
Helm a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries!
Brace the foresail athwart, see she quivers,
As through the rude tempest she flies.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
As black just as pitch was the sky;
When truly a doleful disaster
Befel three poor sailors and I:
Ben Buntling, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handsail,
By a blast that came furious and hard,
Just while we were furling the mainsail,
Were every soul swept from the yard.

Poor Ben, Sam, and Dick cried *Peccavi;*
As for I, at the risk of my neck,
While they sunk down in peace to old Davy,
Caught a rope and so landed on deck;
Well, what would you have? we were stranded,
And out of a fine jolly crew
Of three hundred that sail'd, never landed
But I, and I think twenty-two.

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
Another guess-way sat the wind:
For to England I came and got married,
To a lass that was comely and kind:
But whether for joy or vexation,
We know not for what we were born;
Perhaps I may find a kind station,
Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
For sailors were born for all weathers,
Great guns let it blow high, blow low,
Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
And where the gale drives we must go.

TOM BOWLING.

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.

His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.

And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He who all commands
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.

Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd:
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

LOVELY NAN.

Sweet is the ship that under sail
Spreads her wide bosom to the gale:
Sweet, oh! sweet's the flowing can;
Sweet to poise the labouring oar,
That tugs us to our native shore,
When the boatswain pipes the barge to man:
Sweet sailing with a fav'rite breeze;
But, oh! much sweeter than all these,
Is Jack's delight,—his lovely Nan.

The needle, faithful to the north,
To show of constancy the worth,
A curious lesson teaches man;
The needle, time may rust,—a squall
Capsize the binnacle and all,
Let seamanship do all it can:
My love in worth shall higher rise,—
Nor time shall rust, nor squalls capsize
My faith and truth to lovely Nan.

When in the bilboes I was penn'd,
For serving of a worthless friend,
And ev'ry creature from me ran;
No ship, performing quarantine,
Was ever so deserted seen;
None hail'd me,—woman, child, nor man:
But though false friendship's sails were furl'd,
Though cut adrift by all the world,
I'd all the world in lovely Nan.

I love my duty, love my friend,
Love truth and merit to defend,—
To mourn their loss who hazard ran;
I love to take an honest part,
Love beauty and a spotless heart,—
By manners love to show the man;
To sail through life by honour's breeze;
'Twas all along of loving these
First made me doat on lovely Nan.

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW.

Blow high, blow low, let tempests tear
The main-mast by the board;
My heart, with thoughts of thee, my dear,
And love well stored,
Shall brave all danger, scorn all fear,
The roaring winds, the raging sea,
In hopes on shore,
To be once more
Safe moor'd with thee.

Aloft, while mountains high we go,
The whistling winds that scud along,
And the surge roaring from below,
Shall my signal be
To think on thee,
And this shall be my song,—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

And on that night, when all the crew
The mem'ry of their former lives
O'er flowing cans of flip renew,
And drink their sweethearts and their wives,
I'll heave a sigh, and think on thee;
And as the ship rolls through the sea,
The burthen of my song shall be,—
Blow high, blow low, &c.

BOLD JACK.

While up the shrouds the sailor goes,
Or ventures on the yard;
The landsman, who no better knows,
Believes his lot is hard.
Bold Jack, with smiles, each danger meets,
Casts anchor, heaves the log,
Trims all the sails, belays the sheets,
And drinks his can of grog.

When mountains high the waves that swell
The vessel rudely bear,
Now sinking in a hollow dell,—
Now quivering in the air:
Bold Jack, with smiles, &c.

When waves 'gainst rocks and quicksands roar,
You ne'er hear him repine;
Freezing near Greenland's icy shore,
Or burning near the Line:
Bold Jack, with smiles, &c.

If to engage they give the word,
To quarters all repair;
While splinter'd masts go by the board,
And shot sing through the air:
Bold Jack, with smiles, &c.

JOANNA BAILLIE is a native of Scotland, and of noble Scottish descent; but the greater part of her life has been spent in London. She resides at Hampstead, and has remained unmarried. No living writer has received from contemporaries higher tokens of admiration and respect; and her genius has been largely and generally appreciated by the public. As a lyric Poet, she cannot be said to occupy a prominent station; but she has achieved that which must be considered the loftiest effort of the mind:—her "Tragedies" will be classed among the most admirable in the English language. Mr. Hazlitt, in some MS. notes upon the productions of Miss Baillie, of which we shall make liberal use, objects to her "Plays of the Passions," on the ground that they have not been acted, and may not be acted: "they are only," he adds, "chef-d'œuvres for the closet." They are elegant, classical, stately, with occasional touches (and some of them fine ones) of nature and passion; but her tragedy, with every advantage of taste and study, has the port and flexure of female genius. She has not UNSEXED the Muse! There is excessive decorum, refinement, skill: we have a graceful and expanded commentary on nature; not the naked, unadorned, and rugged text itself. The bosom is seldom probed, the brain rarely maddened. There is so much methodical preparation for the catastrophe, with so many softening gradations interposed, 'so much temperance assumed to give smoothness' to the effect, that we scarce feel the struggle when it comes; there is so much good sense, and calm reflection, and elegant declamation, put into the mouths of the speakers, that passion is swallowed up in sentiment, and we begin to be as philosophical as themselves; instead of the lightning and the dread thunderstroke issuing from the dark cloud, we perceive only a soft, glittering vapour of words; and are, as it were, suspended on the edge of a precipice, instead of being hurled down it;—in a word, tragedy here utters chiefly muffled sounds, has her agonized features thinly but gracefully veiled, and for the bleeding wounds and mangled fibres of the heart, we are shown the learned prescriptions and gauze bandages that have been applied with a skilful and tender hand to assuage and heal them. The authoress of a 'Series of Plays' assumes the part of a charitable or guardian angel, that foresees disasters, suggests reflections, and proposes remedies,—not that of the destroying demon, that tears off every disguise of evil, cuts off hope, drives passion to frenzy, and makes this world a hell, from which there is no resource but in the silent grave. Her style is a little effeminate; her plan is somewhat pedantic. When you expect her to touch the goal of perfection (and she is frequently near it), she suddenly falters, and turns aside from want of resolution to seize the golden prize; some trifling scruple impedes her course—some idle ornament diverts her attention; she expands a simple interjection into a lecture, or tacks a system to a common incident, till, between the grandeur of the design and the littleness of the means, she almost unavoidably fails of natural and striking effect. 'Fear and niceness, the handmaids of all women, or, rather, woman its pretty self,' may be said to ruin the tragic Poet. So far from precipitating the tide of passion, and letting it boil and rage in the troubled gulph below, she dallies, she tampers with it, tries to keep it back, and make it play in gentle eddies, or strains it through artificial sluices, to form fairy cascades and jets-d'eaux, to display the rainbow hues of fancy, or drains it to overflow the neighbouring plains, and fertilize the fields of reflection. This is but natural. Women, in their writings, are beset with doubts, and hampered with difficulties, and dare not take a decisive step, any more than in real life. Neither are women taught to give way to, or express, their passions, but to do all they can to suppress and conceal them. A tragic author must speak out;—a woman is sworn to secresy and silence. Action and passion (both of them forbidden ground) being then the chief ingredients of tragedy, a female author in attempting it must be hard beset. Nay, farther, women are generally taught, not only not to harbour or give utterance to the fiercer passions in their own breasts, but not to witness the outward signs of them, or sympathise with their inward workings in others. They turn from the subject with shrinking sensitiveness, and consider whatever shocks their delicacy as a crime. This reserve and caution is an excellent discipline of manners and virtue,—but a bad school for imagination and passion. Is it to be wondered at that we find in these plays, by one inured from her childhood to the severest lessons of prudence and propriety, instances of refinement verging on imbecility, and of casuistry substituted for the unvarnished truth of nature?

BAILLIE.

TO A CHILD.

Whose imp art thou, with dimpled cheek,
And curly pate, and merry eye,
And arm and shoulders round and sleek,
And soft and fair, thou urchin sly?

What boots it, who, with sweet caresses,
First call'd thee his, or squire or hind?
For thou in every wight that passes
Dost now a friendly playmate find.

Thy downcast glances,—grave, but cunning,
As fringed eyelids rise and fall;
Thy shyness swiftly from me running,—
'Tis infantine coquetry all!

But far a-field thou hast not flown,
With mocks and threats, half lisp'd, half spoken;
I feel thee pulling at my gown,—
Of right good will thy simple token.

And thou must laugh, and wrestle too,
A mimic warfare with me waging!
To make, as wily lovers do,
Thy after kindness more engaging!

The wilding rose—sweet as thyself—
And new-cropt daisies are thy treasure;
I'd gladly part with worldly pelf
To taste again thy youthful pleasure.

But yet, for all thy merry look,
Thy frisks and wiles, the time is coming,
When thou shalt sit in cheerless nook,
The weary spell or hornbook thumbing.

Well, let it be! through weal and woe,
Thou know'st not now thy future range;
Life is a motley shifting show,—
And thou a thing of hope and change.

THE KITTEN.

Wanton droll, whose harmless play
Beguiles the rustic's closing day,
When drawn the evening fire about,
Sit aged Crone, and thoughtless Lout,
And child upon his three-foot stool,
Waiting till his supper cool;
And maid, whose cheek outblooms the rose,
As bright the blazing fagot glows,
Who, bending to the friendly light,
Plies her task with busy sleight:
Come, show thy tricks and sportive graces,
Thus circled round with merry faces.
Backward coil'd, and crouching low,
With glaring eye-balls watch thy foe,

The housewife's spindle whirling round,
Or thread, or straw, that on the ground
Its shadow throws, by urchin sly
Held out to lure thy roving eye;
Then onward stealing, fiercely spring
Upon the futile, faithless thing.
Now, wheeling round, with bootless skill,
Thy bo-peep tail provokes thee still,
As oft beyond thy curving side
Its jetty tip is seen to glide;
Till, from thy centre starting far,
Thou sidelong rear'st, with tail in air,
Erected stiff, and gait awry,
Like Madam in her tantrums high;
Though ne'er a Madam of them all,
Whose silken kirtle sweeps the hall,
More varied trick and whim displays,
To catch the admiring stranger's gaze.
Doth power in measured verses dwell,
All thy vagaries wild to tell?
Ah no! the start, the jet, the bound,
The giddy scamper round and round,
With leap, and jerk, and high curvet,
And many a whirling somerset,
(Permitted be the modern Muse
Expression technical to use,)
These mock the deftliest rhymester's skill,
But poor in art, though rich in will.
The nimblest tumbler, stage-bedight,
To thee is but a clumsy wight,
Who ev'ry limb and sinew strains
To do what costs thee little pains,
For which, I trow, the gaping crowd
Requites him oft with plaudits loud.
But, stopp'd the while thy wanton play,
Applauses too, thy feats repay:
For then, beneath some urchin's hand,
With modest pride thou tak'st thy stand,
While many a stroke of fondness glides
Along thy back and tabby sides;
Dilated swells thy glossy fur,
And loudly sings thy busy pur,—
As, timing well the equal sound,
Thy clutching feet bepat the ground,

And all their harmless claws disclose,
Like prickles of an early rose;
While softly from thy whisker'd cheek
Thy half-closed eyes peer mild and meek.
But not alone, by cottage fire,
Do rustics rude thy tricks admire;
The learned sage, whose thoughts explore
The widest range of human lore,
Or, with unfetter'd fancy, fly
Through airy heights of poesy,
Pausing, smiles, with alter'd air,
To see thee climb his elbow chair;
Or, struggling on the mat below,
Hold warfare with his slipper'd toe.
The widow'd dame, or lonely maid,
Who in the still, but cheerless shade
Of home unsocial, spends her age,
And rarely turns a letter'd page;
Upon her hearth for thee lets fall
The rounded cork, or paper ball;
Nor chides thee on thy wicked watch
The ends of ravell'd skein to catch,—
But lets thee have thy wayward will,
Perplexing oft her sober skill.
Even he, whose mind of gloomy bent,
In lonely tow'r or prison pent,
Reviews the wit of former days,
And loathes the world and all its ways;
What time the lamp's unsteady gleam
Doth rouse him from his moody dream,
Feels, as thou gambol'st round his seat,
His heart with pride less fiercely beat,
And smiles, a link in thee to find,
That joins him still to living kind.
Whence hast thou, then, thou witless puss,
The magic power to charm us thus?
Is it, that in thy glaring eye
And rapid movements, we descry,
While we at ease, secure from ill,
The chimney-corner snugly fill,
A lion, darting on the prey?
A tiger, at his ruthless play?
Or, is it, that in thee we trace,
With all thy varied wanton grace,

An emblem, view'd with kindred eye,
Of tricksy, restless infancy?
Ah! many a lightly-sportive child,
Who hath, like thee, our wits beguiled,
To dull and sober manhood grown,
With strange recoil our hearts disown.
Even so, poor Kit! must thou endure,
When thou becom'st a cat demure,
Full many a cuff and angry word,
Chid roughly from the tempting board.
And yet, for that thou hast, I ween,
So oft our favour'd playmate been,
Soft be the change which thou shalt prove,
When time hath spoil'd thee of our love;
Still be thou deem'd, by housewife fat,
A comely, careful, mousing cat,—
Whose dish is, for the public good,
Replenish'd oft with savoury food.
Nor, when thy span of life be past,
Be thou to pond or dunghill cast;
But gently borne on good man's spade,
Beneath the decent sod be laid;
And children show, with glistening eyes,
The place where poor old Pussy lies.

WELCOME BAT AND OWLET GRAY.

O WELCOME bat and owlet gray,
Thus winging lone your airy way;
And welcome moth and drowsy fly,
That to mine ear come humming by;
And welcome shadows long and deep,
And stars that from the pale sky peep!
O welcome all! to me ye say,
My woodland love is on her way.

Upon the soft wind floats her hair,
Her breath is in the dewy air,
Her steps are in the whisper'd sound
That steals along the stilly ground.
O dawn of day, in rosy bower,
What art thou in this witching hour?
O noon of day, in sunshine bright,
What art thou to the fall of night?

Alfred Tennyson is, we understand, the son of a clergyman residing in Lincolnshire: he was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree. He has a brother, Charles, who has published a volume of graceful and beautiful "Sonnets;" and another brother, Frederick, is said to possess considerable poetical powers. Their two sisters, also, are, we are told, distinguished by rare abilities. Their home is likened by a correspondent to "a nest of nightingales." Mr. Hunt, who has favoured us with some remarks upon the poetry of Alfred Tennyson, states, that "he is of the school of Keats; that is to say, it is difficult not to see that Keats has been a great deal in his thoughts; and that he delights in the same brooding over his sensations—and the same melodious enjoyment of their expression. In his desire to communicate this music, he goes so far as to accent the final syllables in his participles passive,—as pleachéd, crownéd, purple-spikéd, &c.,—with visible printers' marks, which subjects him, but erroneously, to a charge of pedantry; though it is a nicety not complimentary to the reader, and of which he may as well get rid. Much, however, as he reminds us of Keats, his genius is his own: he would have written poetry had his precursor written none; and he has, also, a vein of metaphysical subtlety, in which the other did not indulge, as may be seen by his verses entitled, 'A Character,' those 'On the Confessions of a Sensitive Mind,' and numerous others. He is, also, a great lover of a certain home kind of landscape, which he delights to paint with a minuteness that, in the 'Moated Grange,' becomes affecting, and in the 'Miller's Daughter,' would remind us of the Dutch school, if it were not mixed up with the same deep feeling, though varied with a pleasant joviality. Mr. Tennyson has yet given no such evidence of sustained and broad power as that of 'Hyperion,' nor even of such gentler narrative as the 'Eve of St. Agnes,' and the poems of 'Lamia,' and 'Isabella,' but the materials of the noblest poetry are abundant in him." Hitherto he has but tried the strength of his wings: he is, no doubt, preparing for a more daring flight than he has yet ventured. There are, it is certain, many and glaring faults in his poems: he seems, by his frequent repetitions of them, to consider as beauties things which are unquestionably blemishes. His veneration for the old Poets, and his love for those among his contemporaries who have based their style upon them, have led him to adopt the puerilities in which the age of Elizabeth was fertile: he frequently mistakes affectation for simplicity, and occasionally fancies that to be natural which borders upon burlesque. Thus, several of the most beautiful of his compositions are marred by some jarring word or conceit. In one of the sweetest of them all,—"The Miller's Daughter," and in one of the most exquisite stanzas of it, we find an example:—

> "Look through mine eyes with thine. True wife,
> Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
> My other dearer life in life,
> Look through my very soul with thine.
> Untouch'd with any shade of years,
> May those kind eyes for ever dwell;
> They have not shed A MANY tears,
> Dear eyes! since first I knew them well."

Such faults are by no means rare among the poems of Mr. Tennyson. We need, however, but refer to our extracts for proof that his beauties are striking and numerous; and that a little more care would render them exquisitely perfect. We cannot but agree with Mr. Hunt, that "the materials of the noblest poetry are abundant in him:" they will become useless if neglected.

Mr. Tennyson has published two volumes; and the last is not the best. Our extracts are, with but one exception, made from the former. It is to be regretted that the reputation which this work obtained for him did not induce him to write with a higher object than that of amusing and gratifying the reader, by a collection of brief and comparatively unimportant poems; or that until he had succeeded in producing something more worthy of his genius, he did not abstain from appearing a second time before the public. The world will look with anxiety to the next; it will decide the point which is still undecided—whether another great Poet is to be added to the long list which the present century has supplied to us, or whether the industry and energy of the author of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," are not equal to his delicacy and imagination. His compositions are, undoubtedly, brilliant and beautiful: their merit is sufficient to justify the praise he has received; and it is only because he has afforded ample proof of his capacity to do better, that we lament he has not yet fulfilled the earliest promise of his genius.

TENNYSON.

BUONAPARTE.

He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak,
Madman;—to chain with chains, and bind with bands
That island queen that sways the floods and lands
From Ind to Ind, but in fair daylight woke,
When from her wooden walls, lit by sure hands,
With thunders, and with lightnings, and with smoke,
Peal after peal, the British battle broke,
Lulling the brine against the Coptic sands,
We taught him lowlier moods, when Elsinore
Heard the war moan along the distant sea,
Rocking with shattered spars, with sudden fires
Flamed over; at Trafalgar yet once more
We taught him: late he learned humility,
Perforce, like those whom Gideon schooled with briars.

MARIANA.

With blackest moss the flower plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all;
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch,
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,—
I would that I were dead!"

Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the gloomy flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking, she heard the night fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light;
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

About a stone-cast from the wall,
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The cluster'd marishmosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver green with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up an' away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And the wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

All day within the dreamy house
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound

Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Down-sloped was westering in his bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh, God, that I were dead!"

THE MERMAN.

Who would be
A merman bold,
Sitting alone,
Singing alone,
Under the sea,
With a crown of gold,
On a throne?

I would be a merman bold;
I would sit and sing the whole of the day;
I would fill the sea-halls with a voice of power;
But at night I would roam abroad and play
With the mermaids in and out of the rocks,—
Dressing their hair with the white sea-flower,
And holding them back by their flowing locks.
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me,
Laughingly, laughingly;
And then we would wander away, away,
To the pale green sea-groves straight and high,
Chasing each other merrily.

There would be neither moon nor star;
But the wave would make music above us far;
Low thunder and night in the magic light,—
Neither moon nor star.
We would call aloud in the dreamy dells,
Call to each other, and whoop and cry
All night, merrily, merrily:
They would pelt me with starry spangles and shells,
Laughing and clapping their hands between,
All night, merrily, merrily;

But I would throw to them back in mine
Turkis, and agate, and almondine;
Then, leaping out upon them unseen,
I would kiss them often under the sea,
And kiss them again till they kissed me,
Laughingly, laughingly.
Oh! what a happy life were mine
Under the hollow-hung ocean green:
Soft are the moss-beds under the sea;
We would live merrily, merrily.

THE MERMAID.

Who would be
A mermaid fair,
Singing alone,
Combing her hair
Under the sea,
In a golden curl,
With a comb of pearl,
On a throne?

I would be a mermaid fair;
I would sing to myself the whole of the day;
With a comb of pearl I would comb my hair;
And still as I comb'd I would sing and say,
"Who is it loves me? who loves not me?"
I would comb my hair till my ringlets would fall,
Low adown, low adown,
From under my starry sea-bud crown,
Low adown and around,
And I should like a fountain of gold
Springing alone,
With a shrill inner sound,
Over the throne
In the midst of the hall;
Till that great sea-snake under the sea,
From his coil'd sleeps in the central deeps,
Would slowly trail himself sevenfold
Round the hall where I sate, and look in at the gate,
With his large calm eyes for the love of me.
And all the mermen under the sea

Would feel their immortality
Die in their hearts for the love of me.
But at night I would wander away, away,
I would fling on each side my low flowing locks ;
And lightly vault from the throne and play
With the mermen in and out of the rocks ;
We would run to and fro, and hide and seek
On the broad seawolds i' the crimson shells,
Whose silvery spikes are nighest the sea.
But if any came near I would call and shriek,
And adown the steep like a wave I would leap,
From the diamond ledges that jut from the dells :
For I would not be kiss'd by all who list,
Of the bold merry mermen under the sea;
They would sue me, and woo me, and flatter me,
In the purple twilights under the sea ;
But the king of them all would carry me,
Woo me, and win me, and marry me,
In the branching jaspers under the sea ;
Then all the dry pied things that be
In the hueless mosses under the sea,
Would curl round my silver feet silently,
All looking up for the love of me.
And if I should carol aloud, from aloft
All things that are fork'd, and horn'd, and soft
Would lean out from the hollow sphere of the sea,
All looking down for the love of me.

LILIAN.

Airy, fairy Lilian,
Flitting, fairy Lilian,
When I ask her if she love me,
Claps her tiny hands above me,
Laughing all she can !
She'll not tell me if she love me,
Cruel little Lilian.

When my passion seeks
Pleasance in love-sighs,
She, looking through and through me,
Thoroughly to undo me,
Smiling, never speaks :

So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
From beneath her purfled wimple,
Glancing with black-beaded eyes
Till the lightning laughters dimple
The baby roses in her cheeks,
Then away she flies.

Prythee weep, May Lilian!
Gaiety without eclipse
Wearieth me, May Lilian;
Through my very heart it thrilleth
When from crimson threaded lips
Silver treble laughter trilleth;
Prythee weep, May Lilian.
Praying all I can,
If prayers will not hush thee,
Airy Lilian,
Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
Fairy Lilian.

LOVE AND DEATH.

What time the mighty moon was gathering light
Love paced the thymy plots of Paradise,
And all about him roll'd his lustrous eyes;
When, turning round a cassia, full in view,
Death, walking all alone beneath a yew,
And talking to himself, first met his sight:
"You must begone," said Death; "these walks are mine."
Love wept, and spread his sheeny vans for flight;
Yet, ere he parted, said, "This hour is thine:
Thou art the shadow of life; and as the tree
Stands in the sun, and shadows all beneath,
So in the light of great eternity
Life eminent creates the shade of death;
The shadow passeth when the tree shall fall,—
But I shall reign for ever over all."

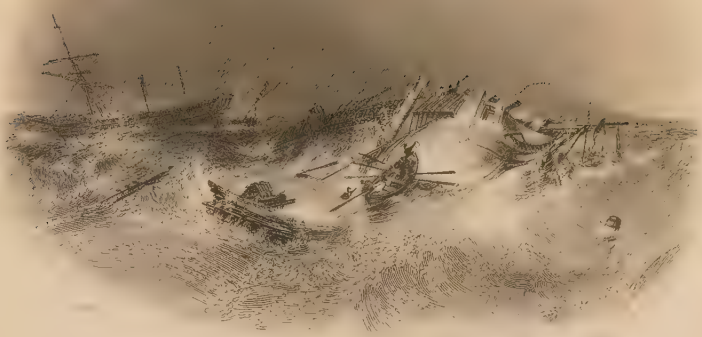
Mary Howitt was born at Coleford, in Gloucestershire, where her parents were making a temporary residence; but shortly after her birth they returned to their accustomed abode at Uttoxeter, in Staffordshire, where she spent her youth. The beautiful Arcadian scenery of this part of Staffordshire was of a character to foster a deep love of the country; and is described with great accuracy in her recent prose work, "Wood Leighton." By her mother she is descended from an ancient Irish family, and also from Wood, the ill-used Irish patentee, who was ruined by the selfish malignity of Dean Swift,—from whose aspersions his character was vindicated by Sir Isaac Newton. A true statement of the whole affair may be seen in Ruding's "Annals of Coinage." Charles Wood, her grandfather, was the first who introduced platina into England from Jamaica, where he was assay-master. Her parents being strict members of the Society of Friends, and her father being, indeed, of an old line who suffered persecution in the early days of Quakerism, her education was of an exclusive character; and her knowledge of books confined to those approved of by the most strict of her own people, till a later period than most young persons become acquainted with them. Their effect upon her mind was, consequently, so much the more vivid. Indeed, she describes her overwhelming astonishment and delight in the treasures of general and modern literature, to be like what Keats says his feelings were when a new world of poetry opened upon him, through Chapman's "Homer,"—as to the astronomer,

"When a new planet swims into his ken."

Among poetry, there was none which made a stronger impression than our simple old ballad, which she, and a sister near her own age, and of similar taste and temperament, used to revel in, making at the same time many young attempts in epic, dramatic, and ballad poetry. In her twenty-first year she was married to William Howitt, a gentleman well calculated to encourage and promote her poetical and intellectual taste,—himself a Poet of considerable genius, and the author of various well-known works. We have reason to believe that her domestic life has been a singularly happy one. Mr. and Mrs. Howitt spent the year after their marriage in Staffordshire. They then removed to Nottingham, where they continued to reside till about twelve months ago; and are now living at Esher, in Surrey.

Mary Howitt published, jointly with her husband, two volumes of poems; "The Forest Minstrel," in 1823; and "The Desolation of Eyam, and Other Poems," in 1827. In 1834, she published "The Seven Temptations," a series of dramatic poems; a work which, in other times, would have been alone sufficient to have made and secured a very high reputation: her dramas are full of keen perceptions, strong and accurate delineations, and powerful displays of character. She is now preparing for the press a collection of her most popular ballads, a class of writing in which she greatly excels all her contemporaries; many of them are favourably known to the public through the periodicals in which, at various times, they have appeared. She is also well known to the young by her "Sketches of Natural History," "Tales in Verse," and other productions written expressly for their use and pleasure.

Mrs. Howitt is distinguished by the mild, unaffected, and conciliatory manners, for which "the people called Quakers" have always been remarkable. Her writings, too, are in keeping with her character: in all there is evidence of peace and good will; a tender and a trusting nature; a gentle sympathy with humanity; and a deep and fervent love of all the beautiful works which the Great Hand has scattered so plentifully before those by whom they can be felt and appreciated. She has mixed but little with the world: the home-duties of wife and mother have been to her productive of more pleasant and far happier results than struggles for distinction amid crowds; she has made her reputation quietly but securely; and has laboured successfully as well as earnestly to inculcate virtue as the noblest attribute of an English woman. If there be some of her contemporaries who have surpassed her in the higher qualities of poetry,—some who have soared higher, and others who have taken a wider range,—there are none whose writings are better calculated to delight as well as inform. Her poems are always graceful and beautiful, and often vigorous; but they are essentially feminine: they afford evidence of a kindly and generous nature, as well as of a fertile imagination, and a safely-cultivated mind. She is entitled to a high place among the Poets of Great Britain; and a still higher among those of her sex, by whom the intellectual rank of woman has been asserted without presumption, and maintained without display.



HOWITT.

AN OLD MAN'S STORY.

THERE was an old and quiet man,
And by the fire sate he;
"And now," he said, "to you I'll tell
A dismal thing, which once befel
In a ship upon the sea.

"'Tis five-and-fifty years gone by,
Since, from the river Plate,
A young man, in a home-bound ship,
I sail'd as second mate.

"She was a trim, stout-timber'd ship,
And built for stormy seas,
A lovely thing on the wave was she,
With her canvass set so gallantly
Before a steady breeze.

"For forty days, like a winged thing,
She went before the gale,
Nor all that time we slacken'd speed,
Turn'd helm, or alter'd sail.

"She was a laden argosy
Of wealth from the Spanish main,
And the treasure hoards of a Portuguese
Returning home again.

"An old and silent man was he,
And his face was yellow and lean;
In the golden lands of Mexico
A miner he had been.

"His body was wasted, bent, and bow'd,
And amid his gold he lay;
Amid iron chests that were bound with brass,
And he watch'd them night and day.

"No word he spoke to any on board,
And his step was heavy and slow;
And all men deem'd that an evil life
He had led in Mexico.

"But list ye me—on the lone high seas,
As the ship went smoothly on,
It chanced in the silent, second watch,
I sate on the deck alone;
And I heard, from among those iron chests,
A sound like a dying groan.

"I started to my feet, and, lo!
The captain stood by me;
And he bore a body in his arms,
And dropp'd it in the sea.

"I heard it drop into the sea,
With a heavy, splashing sound,
And I saw the captain's bloody hands
As he quickly turn'd him round;
And he drew in his breath when me he saw,
Like one convulsed, whom the withering awe
Of a spectre doth astound.

"But I saw his white and palsied lips,
And the stare of his ghastly eye,
When he turn'd in hurried haste away,—
Yet he had no power to fly;
He was chain'd to the deck with his heavy guilt,
And the blood that was not dry.

"'Twas a cursed thing,' said I, 'to kill
That old man in his sleep!
And the plagues of the storm will come from him,
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

"'And the plagues of the storm will follow us,
For Heaven his groans hath heard!'
Still the captain's eye was fix'd on me,—
But he answer'd never a word.

"And he slowly lifted his bloody hand,
His aching eyes to shade;
But the blood that was wet did freeze his soul,
And he shrink'd like one afraid.

"And even then—that very hour
The wind dropp'd, and a spell
Was on the ship,—was on the sea;
And we lay for weeks, how wearily,
Where the old man's body fell.

"I told no one within the ship
That horrid deed of sin;
For I saw the hand of God at work,
And punishment begin.

"And when they spoke of the murder'd man,
And the El Dorado hoard,
They all surmised he had walk'd in dreams,
And had fallen overboard.

"But I, alone, and the murderer,
That dreadful thing did know,
How he lay in his sin—a murder'd man,
A thousand fathom low.

"And many days, and many more
Came on, and lagging sped;
And the heavy waves of that sleeping sea
Were dark, like molten lead.

"And not a breeze came, east or west,
And burning was the sky;
And stifling was each breath we drew
Of the air so hot and dry.

"Oh me! there was a smell of death
Hung round us night and day;
And I dared not look in the sea below
Where the old man's body lay.

"In his cabin, alone, the captain kept,
And he bolted fast the door;
And up and down the sailors walk'd,
And wish'd that the calm was o'er.

"The captain's son was on board with us,—
A fair child, seven years old,
With a merry look, that all men loved,
And a spirit kind and bold.

"I loved the child,—and I took his hand,
And made him kneel, and pray
That the crime, for which the calm was sent,
Might be purged clean away.

"For I thought that God would hear his prayer,
And set the vessel free;
For a dreadful thing it was to lie
Upon that charnel sea.

"Yet I told him not wherefore he pray'd,—
Nor why the calm was sent;
I would not give that knowledge dark
To a soul so innocent.

"At length I saw a little cloud
Arise in that sky of flame;
A little cloud,—but it grew, and grew,
And blacken'd as it came.

"And we saw the sea beneath its track
Grow dark as the frowning sky;
And water-spouts, with a rushing sound,
Like giants, pass'd us by.

"And all around, 'twixt sky and sea,
A hollow wind did blow;
And the waves were heaved from the ocean depths,
And the ship rock'd to and fro.

"I knew it was that fierce death calm
Its horrid hold undoing;
And I saw the plagues of wind and storm
Their mission'd work pursuing.

"There was a yell in the gathering winds,
A groan in the heaving sea;
And the captain rush'd from the hold below,
But he durst not look on me.

"He seized each rope with a madman's haste,
And he set the helm to go;
And ev'ry sail he crowded on
As the furious winds did blow.

"And away they went, like autumn leaves
Before the tempest's rout;
And the naked masts with a crash came down,
And the wild ship toss'd about.

"The men to spars and splinter'd boards
Clung, till their strength was gone;
And I saw them from their feeble hold
Wash'd over, one by one.

"And 'mid the creaking timbers' din,
And the roaring of the sea,
I heard the dismal, drowning cries,
Of their last agony.

"There was a curse in the wind that blew,—
A curse in the boiling wave;
And the captain knew that vengeance came
From the old man's ocean grave.

"And I heard him say, as he sate apart,
In a hollow voice and low,
'Tis a cry of blood doth follow us,
And still doth plague us so!'

"And then those heavy iron chests,
With desperate strength took he,
And ten of the strongest mariners
Did cast them into the sea.

"And out from the bottom of the sea
There came a hollow groan;
The captain by the gunwale stood,
And he look'd like icy stone,—
And he drew in his breath with a gasping sob,
And a spasm of death came on.

"And a furious boiling wave rose up,
With a rushing, thundering roar;
I saw the captain fall to the deck,—
But I never saw him more.

"Two days before, when the storm began,
We were forty men and five;
But ere the middle of that night
There were but two alive.

"The child and I, we were but two,
And he clung to me in fear;
Oh! it was pitiful to see
That meek child in his misery,
And his little prayers to hear!

"At length, as if his prayers were heard,
'Twas calmer,—and anon
The clear sun shone, and warm and low,
A steady wind from the west did blow,
And drove us gently on.

"And on we drove, and on we drove,
That fair young child and I;
But his heart was as a man's in strength,
And he utter'd not a cry.

"There was no bread within the wreck,
And water we had none;
Yet he murmur'd not, and cheer'd me
When my last hopes were gone:
But I saw him waste and waste away,
And his rosy cheek grow wan.

"Still on we drove, I knew not where,
For many nights and days;
We were too weak to raise a sail,
Had there been one to raise.

"Still on we went, as the west wind drove,
On, on, o'er the pathless tide;
And I lay in a sleep, 'twixt life and death,
And the child was at my side.

"And it chanced, as we were drifting on
Amid the great South Sea,
An English vessel pass'd us by,
That was sailing cheerily;
Unheard by me, that vessel hail'd
And ask'd what we might be.

"The young child at the cheer rose up,
And gave an answering word,—
And they drew him from the drifting wreck
As light as is a bird.

"They took him gently in their arms,
And put again to sea:
'Not yet! not yet!' he feebly cried,
'There was a man with me.'

"Again unto the wreck they came,
Where, like one dead, I lay,
And a ship-boy small had strength enough
To carry me away.

"Oh, joy it was when sense return'd,
That fair, warm ship to see;
And to hear the child within his bed
Speak pleasant words to me!

"I thought at first that we had died,
And all our pains were o'er,
And in a blessed ship of Heaven
Were sailing to its shore.

"But they were human forms that knelt
Beside our bed to pray;
And men, with hearts most merciful,
Did watch us night and day.

"'Twas a dismal tale I had to tell,
Of wreck and wild distress;
But, even then, I told to none
The captain's wickedness.

"For I loved the boy, and I could not cloud
His soul with a sense of shame;
'Twere an evil thing, thought I, to blast
A sinless orphan's name!
So he grew to be a man of wealth,
And of honourable fame;

"And in after years, when he had ships,
I sail'd with him the sea,—
And in all the sorrow of my life
He was a son to me;
And God hath bless'd him every where
With a great prosperity."

MOUNTAIN CHILDREN.

Dwellers by lake and hill!
Merry companions of the bird and bee!
Go gladly forth and drink of joy your fill,
With unconstrainèd step and spirit free!

No crowd impedes your way;
No city wall proscribes your further bounds;
Where the wild flock can wander, ye may stray
The long day through, 'mid summer sights and sounds.

The sunshine and the flowers,
And the old trees that cast a solemn shade;
The pleasant evening,—the fresh, dewy hours,
And the green hills whereon your fathers play'd:

The grey and ancient peaks,
Round which the silent clouds hang day and night;
And the low voice of water, as it makes,
Like a glad creature, murmurings of delight.

These are your joys! Go forth,—
Give your hearts up unto their mighty power;
For in His spirit God has clothed the earth,
And speaketh solemnly from tree and flower.

The voice of hidden rills
Its quiet way into your spirits finds:
And awfully the everlasting hills
Address you in their many-toned winds.

Ye sit upon the earth
Twining its flowers, and shouting, full of glee;
And a pure mighty influence, 'mid your mirth,
Moulds your unconscious spirits silently.

Hence is it that the lands
Of storm and mountain have the noblest sons;
Whom the world reverences,—the patriot bands
Were of the hills, like you, ye little ones!

Children of pleasant song
Are taught within the mountain solitudes;
For hoary legends to your wilds belong,
And yours are haunts where inspiration broods.

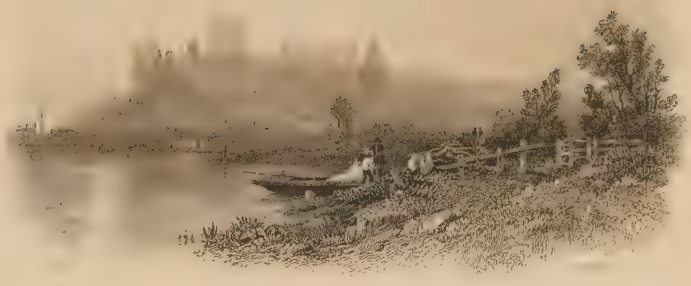
Then go forth,—earth and sky
To you are tributary; joys are spread
Profusely, like the summer flowers that lie
In the green path, beneath your gamesome tread!

Thomas K. Hervey was born on the banks of the river Cart, near the town of Paisley, in Scotland. He is the oldest of his family by his father's second marriage, and was taken to Manchester by his parents while yet an infant. In this town he resided many years, and passed a portion of them in the office of a solicitor there, as a preparatory step in his education for the bar: he was entered at one of the inns of court; but has not yet been "called;" having been compelled, probably, like most literary men, to the sacrifice of future prospects to present necessities.

Mr. Hervey obtained a considerable portion of his reputation by contributing to various periodical works. A few years ago, he collected his poems into a volume, under the title of "The Poetical Sketch Book:" it consists chiefly of short pieces: their merit has been largely acknowledged,—and, although his appearance among the Poets was at an unfavourable period, his work has obtained considerable popularity. Mr. Hervey has also published the "Book of Christmas," a work which displays great industry and research; a poem, the "Devil's Progress," written after the model of the celebrated lines attributed to Southey and Coleridge; and the "Illustrations of Modern Sculpture," which are introduced by an essay, giving a sketch of the history of that art from the earliest times. They were issued in numbers, but have recently been formed into a volume: they contain the choicest specimens of the British school, and each is accompanied by a poem from the pen of the Editor. We apprehend this publication was not successful; and regret it. While every other class of art has prospered in this country, but little encouragement has been given to sculpture. With two or three exceptions, its professors have been compelled to limit their chisels to "the making of busts;" and where loftier attempts have been tried, they have been rarely profitable. Mr. Hervey's volume was calculated to direct towards it the attention of wealthy patrons. It was produced in a manner creditable to all parties; and could not fail to impress upon the public a more just estimate of the genius of our artists. Hitherto, their pecuniary advantages have been for the most part derived from the dead. The churches, and not the palaces, of England have been made the depositories of their works. A few noblemen have indeed given "commissions," and the good Earl of Egremont has filled every nook of his galleries with them; but efforts, either private or public, to render the art prosperous in this country, have been unhappily rare.

The poetry of Mr. Hervey may not be of the highest order; but among the minor Poets of England he must hold a foremost rank. His imagination is rich and vigorous; and his versification exceedingly easy and graceful. He has avoided the error into which so many of his contemporaries have fallen,—the effort to be effective by the sacrifice of nature, under the idea that the artificialities and affectations of the old Poets were the secrets of their success,—forgetting that imitation is always perilous; and that it is far less easy to copy perfections than defects. Within the last twenty years, thousands of "Books of Poems" have issued from the press. It would be difficult to find a dozen that have made their way beyond the friendly and indulgent circles of their respective authors. Yet half a century ago, a large proportion of them would have been received with favour, and have conferred repute. The public is usually correct in its judgment: few recent poetical productions are addressed to the heart; and the mere act of dealing with a subject in verse, although it may have the aid of knowledge and fancy, is insufficient to render a poem popular. It would, however, be easy to select from the numerous poetical productions to which we refer, and which have been consigned to unmerited oblivion, specimens of merit sufficient to form a valuable and interesting volume; and the Editor who undertakes such a task will render good service to literature. That which Mr. Sergeant Talfourd describes as the "freezing effect of the scientific spirit of the age," has had its depressing influence upon the best and greatest of our Poets; it has completely destroyed the ambitious hopes of those who were seeking after distinction. We trust, nevertheless, that a time will come when in poetry, as in art, some portion of celebrity may be attained by all who deserve it.

If we must place Mr. Hervey somewhat below the great "makers," whose names precede his in this volume, we must class him considerably above the host of minor Poets, of whom our age has been so amazingly fertile. Some of his productions, indeed, verge upon the higher standard; and none of them are much beneath it.



HERVEY.

A TWILIGHT LANDSCAPE.

Oh! come at this hour, love! the daylight is gone,
And the heavens weep dew on the flowers;
And the spirit of loneliness steals with a moan
Through the shade of the eglantine bowers:
For, the moon is asleep on her pillow of clouds,
And her curtain is drawn in the sky;
And the gale, as it wantons along the young buds,
Falls faint on the ear—like a sigh!
The summer-day sun is too gaudy and bright
For a heart that has suffer'd like mine;
And, methinks, there were pain, in the noon of its light,
To a spirit so broken as thine!

The birds as they mingled their music of joy,
And the roses that smiled in the beam,
Would but tell us of feelings for ever gone by,
And of hopes that have pass'd like a dream!

And the moonlight,—pale spirit! would speak of the time
When we wander'd beneath its soft gleam,
Along the green meadows, when life was in prime,
And worshipp'd its face in the stream:
When our hopes were as sweet, and our life-path as bright,
And as cloudless, to fancy's young eye,
As the star-spangled course of that phantom of light,
Along the blue depths of the sky!
Then come in this hour, love! when twilight has hung
Its shadowy mantle around;
And no sound, save the murmurs that breathe from thy tongue,
Or thy footfall—scarce heard on the ground,
Shall steal on the silence to waken a fear!
When the sun that is gone, with its heat,
Has left on the cheek of all nature a tear,—
Then, hearts that are broken should meet!

THE CONVICT SHIP.

Morn on the waters!—and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light!
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See the tall vessel goes gallantly on:
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennant streams onward, like hope in the gale!
The winds come around her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice, as they bear her along!
Upward she points to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily, aloft in the shrouds!
Onwards she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters—away, and away.
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who—as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high—
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking, below?

Night on the waves!—and the moon is on high,
Hung, like a gem, on the brow of the sky;
Treading its depths, in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light.
Look to the waters,—asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherish'd home on some desolate plain!
Who—as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty!—could deem with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And souls that are smitten lie bursting within?
Who as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,—
Hearts that are parted and broken for ever?
Or deems that he watches, afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amid sunshine and song!
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvass unfurl'd;
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,—
Yet charter'd by sorrow, and freighted with sighs.
Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
As the smiles we put on—just to cover our tears;
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heart-broken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanish'd and o'er.

I AM ALL ALONE.

I am all alone!—and the visions that play
Round life's young days have pass'd away:
And the songs are hush'd that gladness sings,
And the hopes that I cherish'd have made them wings;
And the light of my heart is dimm'd and gone,
And I sit in my sorrow,—and all alone!

And the forms which I fondly loved are flown,
And the friends have departed—one by one;
And memory sits whole lonely hours,
And weaves her wreath of hope's faded flowers,
And weeps o'er the chaplet, when no one is near
To gaze on her grief, or to chide her tear!

And the home of my childhood is distant far,
And I walk in a land where strangers are;
And the looks that I meet, and the sounds that I hear,
Are not light to my spirit, nor song to my ear;
And sunshine is round me, which I cannot see,
And eyes that beam kindness,—but not for me!

And the song goes round, and the glowing smile,—
But I am desolate all the while!
And faces are bright, and bosoms glad,
And nothing, I think, but my heart is sad!
And I seem like a blight in a region of bloom,
While I dwell in my own little circle of gloom!

I wander about, like a shadow of pain,
With a worm in my breast, and a spell on my brain!
And I list, with a start, to the gushing of gladness,—
Oh! how it grates on a bosom all sadness!
So I turn from a world where I never was known,
To sit in my sorrow,—and all alone!

SHE SLEEPS THAT STILL AND PLACID SLEEP.

She sleeps—that still and placid sleep
For which the weary pant in vain;
And, where the dews of evening weep,
I may not weep again;
Oh! never more upon her grave
Shall I behold the wild-flower wave!

They laid her where the sun and moon
Look on her tomb with loving eye;
And I have heard the breeze of June
Sweep o'er it—like a sigh!
And the wild river's wailing song
Grow dirge-like, as it stole along!

And I have dreamt, in many dreams,
Of her who was a dream to me;
And talk'd to her, by summer streams,
In crowds, and on the sea,—
Till, in my soul, she grew enshrined,
A young Egeria of the mind!

'Tis years ago!—and other eyes
Have flung their beauty o'er my youth;
And I have hung on other sighs,
And sounds that seem'd like truth;
And loved the music which they gave,
Like that which perish'd in the grave.

And I have left the cold and dead,
To mingle with the living cold;
There is a weight around my head,
My heart is growing old;
Oh! for a refuge and a home,
With thee, dead Ellen, in thy tomb!

Age sits upon my breast and brain,
My spirit fades before its time;
But they are all thine own again,
Lost partner of their prime!
And thou art dearer, in thy shroud,
Than all the false and living crowd!

Rise, gentle vision of the hours,
Which go—like birds that come not back!
And fling thy pale and funeral flowers
On memory's wasted track!
Oh! for the wings that made thee blest,
To "flee away, and be at rest."

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY was born in the city of Bath. His family connexions are good; his paternal grandmother was the sister of Lord Delamer, and Sir George Thomas, Bart., was his maternal grandfather. He is related to the present Earl of Stamford and Warrington, the Earl of Erroll, and Sir George Thomas. His principal amusement at ten years of age was writing verses and dramas; and being an only child, and his mother having a considerable fortune, he rejected all professional pursuits, and cultivated the talents which had so early developed themselves. In 1826, he married Helena Becher Hayes, a near relation of Sir William Becher, Bart., and shortly afterwards retired to a cottage on the Sussex coast: but in 1831, an almost overwhelming misfortune befel him. His father, from some unexplained cause, became embarrassed, and left the country; and the income settled upon Haynes Bayly at his marriage has never since been paid. Literature, which had hitherto been his amusement, now became essential to his comfort. If his songs were collected, they would fill many large volumes. He is also the author of several dramas,—"Perfection," "Sold for a Song," "The Witness," and some others, have not only been successful in the metropolis, but have been acted in almost every theatre in the kingdom. He has been an extensive contributor of prose essays and stories to many of the periodical works; and may be placed among the men of talent who are also men of industry.

The songs of Mr. Bayly have attained a popularity almost without precedent in our time. With the exception of Moore, no living writer has been so eagerly sought after by musical composers; his words have become familiar under almost every roof in the kingdom; and it would be difficult to pass through a street of the metropolis, or of any of the provincial towns, without finding some of them the stock in trade of the ballad-singer. Such large and unqualified success could have been achieved only by a man of considerable skill and ability; and although attempts have been made to show that the poetry of Haynes Bayly is meretricious, the fact that it is universally admired and enjoyed by the public, is a proof of its merit, which a volume of objecting criticism cannot destroy. The secret of his success—if secret it can be called—is, that in all his writings he is NATURAL: his songs make their way to the heart; they are understood and appreciated by the unlearned; they speak the thoughts and describe the feelings of the great mass of mankind, who have no idea of relating their woes and pleasures in splendid diction, or delicately turned sentences. He is tender as well as natural, and graceful as well as smooth: his lines run "glibly" on; and the memory easily receives and retains them. If tried by a severe standard, Mr. Bayly cannot be ranked among the higher and more enduring Poets of Great Britain: he has essayed nothing of any length; many hundred songs have, we believe, been written by him; but none of them have a more ambitious object than to produce gratification by the expression of some simple sentiment in pleasing verse; and perhaps a bolder attempt would be a failure. If, however, to have greatly and generally succeeded in a class of composition, by no means of small value, entitles him to a distinguished place among the Poets of his country, Mr. Bayly may fearlessly claim it. He has not only excelled in producing strains of deep feeling and fine sentiment,—in some of his poems there is a vein of arch playfulness and pointed humour that would have secured for him a reputation, had his verses never been associated with music. It is, however, impossible to deny, that much of his fame has arisen from this association: he has thus, fortunately, obtained the means of introduction where, perhaps, it would have been impossible for him otherwise to have been known; but his merit as a writer must have been perceived without such co-operation; with it, it has been effective to a degree almost unparalleled: so universally, indeed, are the songs of Haynes Bayly heard in the metropolis—in its drawing-rooms and its streets—that the ear has become absolutely surfeited with them; he has had to endure the dangerous consequences of too much popularity.

It will be well if Poets of stronger mind and richer fancy will inquire how it is that the poems of Haynes Bayly have obtained such general favour: the inquiry may tempt them to write below rather than above the standard of excellence, when they design to address themselves to the mass. It would be easy to point out many who have composed "songs"—exquisitely perfect as poems—which few ever think of singing. They may be read with delight by those who can appreciate their superiority; but if they fail in touching the heart, they never make their way among a people.

BAYLY.

THE GIPSIES' HAUNT.

Why curls the blue smoke o'er the trees?
What words are borne upon the breeze?
Some cottage in yon lonely glen
Lies nestled from the eyes of men;
Unconsciously we've wander'd near
Some rural play-place, for I hear
The sound in which my heart rejoices,—
The melody of infant voices.

Alas! in that green nook we see
No dwelling-place of industry;
No dame, intent on household cares,
The neat but frugal meal prepares:

No sire, his labour o'er, will come
To brighten and to share her home;
No children from their mother learn
An honest way their bread to earn.

The gipsies, wild and wandering race,
Are masters of the sylvan chase:
Beneath the boughs their tents they raise,
Upon the turf their faggots blaze:
In coarse profusion they prepare
The feast obtained,—how, when, and where?
While swarthy forms, with clamour loud,
Around the smoking cauldron crowd.

Forth trips a laughing dark-eyed lass,
To intercept us as we pass;
Upon your right hand let her look,
And there she'll read, as in a book,
Your future fortune; and reveal
The joy or woe you're doom'd to feel:
Your course of love she will unfold,
If you the picture dare behold!

THE FIRST GREY HAIR.

The matron at her mirror, with her hand upon her brow,
Sits gazing on her lovely face,—ay, lovely even now;
Why doth she lean upon her hand with such a look of care?
Why steals that tear across her cheek? she sees her first grey hair.

Time from her form hath ta'en away but little of its grace;
His touch of thought hath dignified the beauty of her face;
Yet she might mingle in the dance, where maidens gaily trip,
So bright is still her hazel eye, so beautiful her lip.

The faded form is often marked by sorrow more than years,—
The wrinkle on the cheek may be the course of secret tears;
The mournful lip may murmur of a love it ne'er confest,
And the dimness of the eye betray a heart that cannot rest.

But she hath been a happy wife: the lover of her youth
May proudly claim the smile that pays the trial of his truth;
A sense of slight,—of loneliness,—hath never banished sleep:
Her life hath been a cloudless one; then wherefore doth she weep?

She looked upon her raven locks, what thoughts did they recall?
Oh! not of nights when they were decked for banquet or for ball;
They brought back thoughts of early youth, e'er she had learnt
to check,
With artificial wreaths, the curls that sported o'er her neck.

She seemed to feel her mother's hand pass lightly through her hair,
And draw it from her brow, to leave a kiss of kindness there;
She seemed to view her father's smile, and feel the playful touch
That sometimes feigned to steal away the curls she prized so much.

And now she sees her first grey hair! oh, deem it not a crime
For her to weep, when she beholds the first footmark of Time!
She knows that, one by one, those mute mementos will increase,
And steal youth, beauty, strength away, till life itself shall cease.

'Tis not the tear of vanity, for beauty on the wane;
Yet, though the blossom may not sigh to bud and bloom again—
It cannot but remember, with a feeling of regret,
The spring for ever gone,—the summer sun so nearly set.

Ah, lady! heed the monitor! thy mirror tells thee truth;
Assume the matron's folded veil, resign the wreath of youth:
Go! bind it on thy daughter's brow, in her thou'lt still look fair—
'Twere well would all learn wisdom who behold the first grey hair!

THE NEGLECTED CHILD.

I NEVER was a favourite,—
My mother never smiled
On me, with half the tenderness
That blessed her fairer child:
I've seen her kiss my sister's cheek,
While fondled on her knee;
I've turned away, to hide my tears,—
There was no kiss for me!

And yet I strove to please with all
My little store of sense;
I strove to please, and infancy
Can rarely give offence;
But when my artless efforts met
A cold ungentle check,
I did not dare to throw myself
In tears upon her neck!

How blessed are the beautiful!
Love watches o'er their birth;
Oh, beauty! in my nursery
I learned to know thy worth:
For even there I often felt
Forsaken and forlorn;
And wished—for others wished it too—
I never had been born!

I'm sure I was affectionate;
But in my sister's face
There was a look of love that claimed
A smile or an embrace:
But when I raised my lip to meet
The pressure children prize,
None knew the feelings of my heart,—
They spoke not in my eyes.

But oh! that heart too keenly felt
The anguish of neglect;
I saw my sister's lovely form
With gems and roses decked:
I did not covet them; but oft,
When wantonly reproved,
I envied her the privilege
Of being so beloved.

But soon a time of triumph came,—
A time of sorrow too;
For sickness o'er my sister's form
Her venomed mantle threw:
The features, once so beautiful,
Now wore the hue of death;
And former friends shrank fearfully
From her infectious breath.

'Twas then, unwearied, day and night,
I watch'd beside her bed;
And fearlessly upon my breast
I pillowed her poor head.
She lived!—and loved me for my care,—
My grief was at an end;
I was a lonely being once,
But now I have a friend.

UPON THY TRUTH RELYING.

They say we are too young to love,—
Too wild to be united;
In scorn they bid us both renounce
The fond vows we have plighted.
They send thee forth to see the world,
Thy love by absence trying:
Then go; for I can smile farewell,—
Upon thy truth relying.

I know that Pleasure's hand will throw
Her silken nets about thee;
I know how lonesome I shall find
The long, long days without thee.
But in thy letters there'll be joy;
The reading,—the replying:
I'll kiss each word that's traced by thee,—
Upon thy truth relying.

When friends applaud thee, I'll sit by,
In silent rapture gazing;
And, oh! how proud of being loved
By her they have been praising!
But should Detraction breathe thy name,
The world's reproof defying:
I'd love thee,—laud thee,—trust thee still,—
Upon thy truth relying.

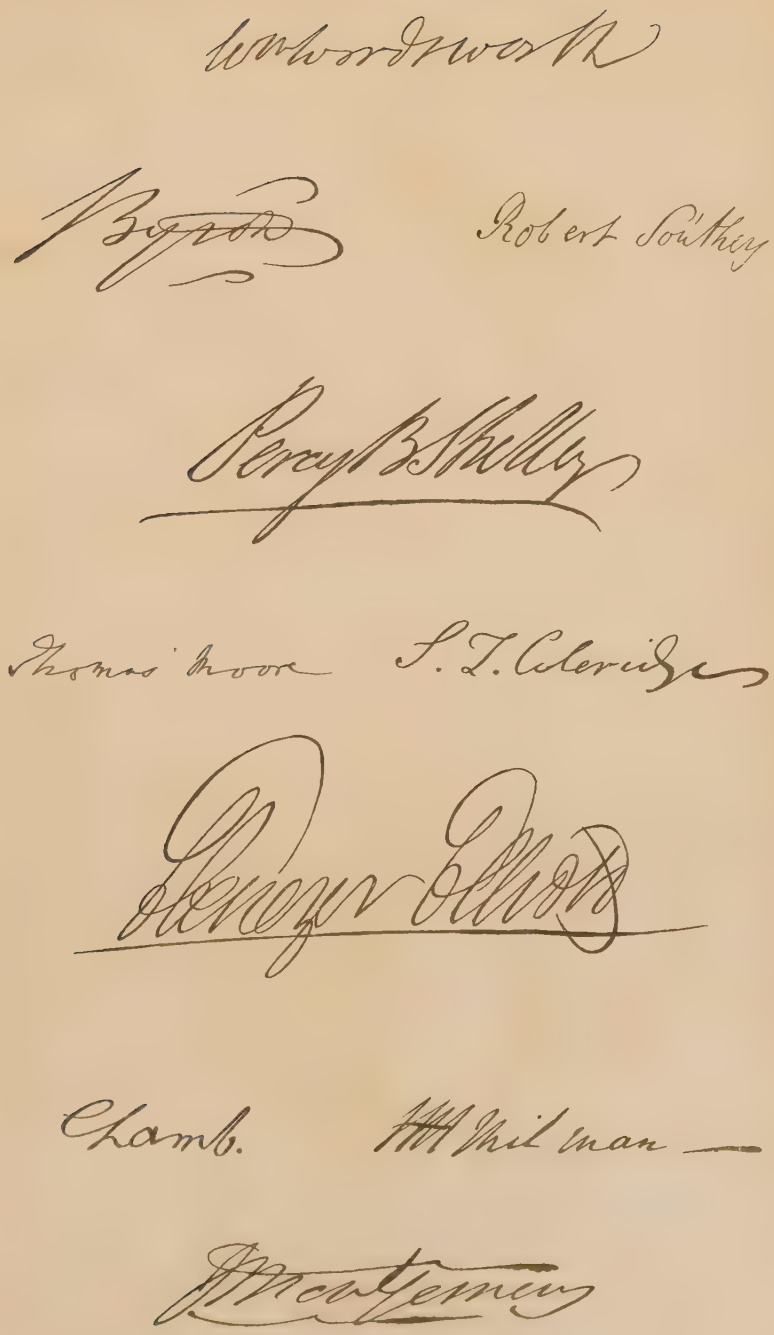
E'en those who smile to see us part,
Shall see us meet with wonder;
Such trials only make the heart
That truly loves grow fonder.
Our sorrows past shall be our pride,
When with each other vying:
Thou wilt confide in him who lives
Upon thy truth relying.

OH SAY NOT 'TWERE A KEENER BLOW.

Oh say not 'twere a keener blow,
To lose a child of riper years,
You cannot know a father's woe—
You cannot dry a father's tears;

The girl who rears a sickly plant,
  Or cherishes a wounded dove,
Will love them most while most they want
  The watchfulness of love!

Time must have changed that fair young brow,
  Time might have changed that spotless heart;
Years might have brought deceit,—but now
  In love's confiding dawn we part!
Ere pain and grief had sown decay,
  My babe is cradled in the tomb,—
Like some fair blossom torn away
  In all its purest bloom.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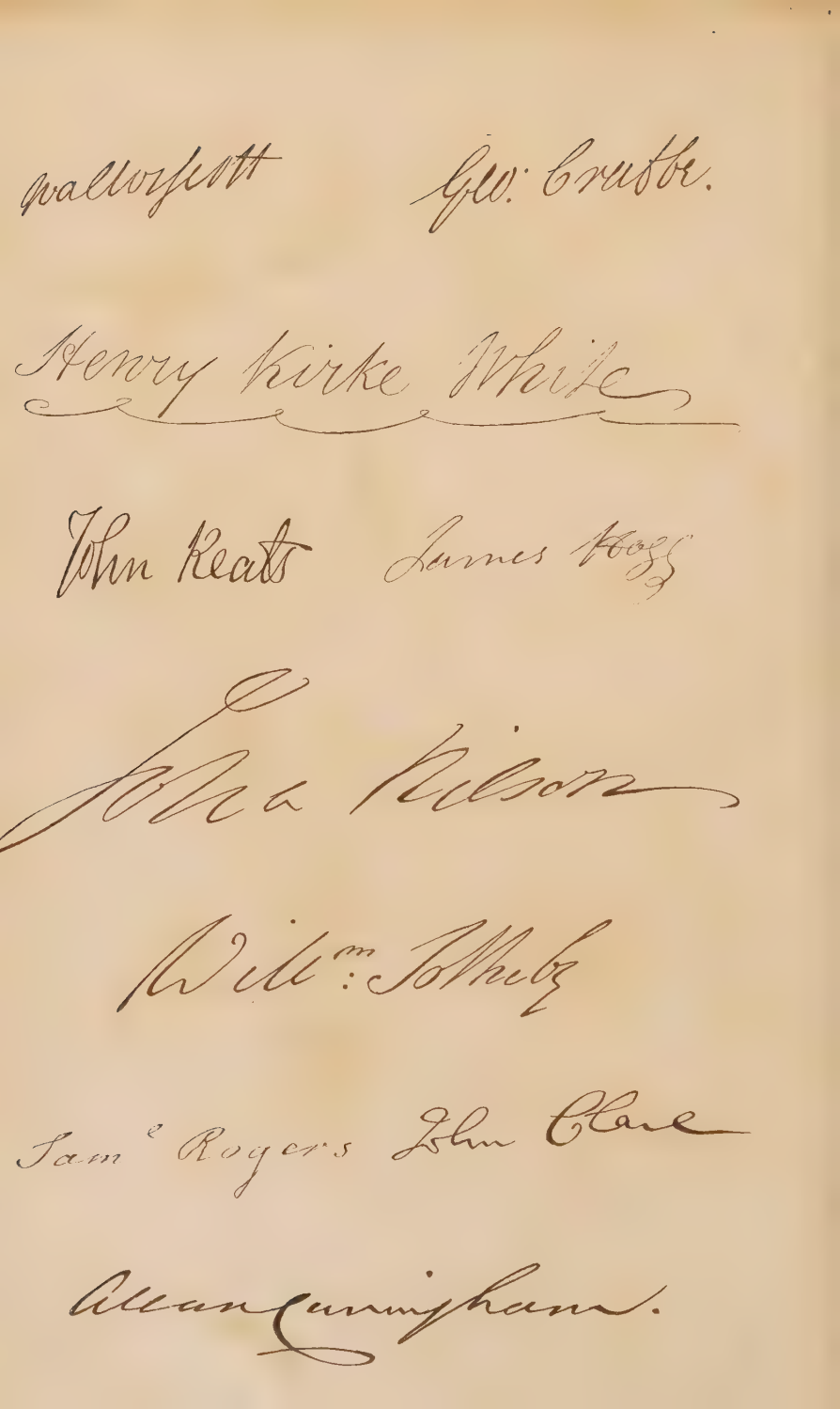
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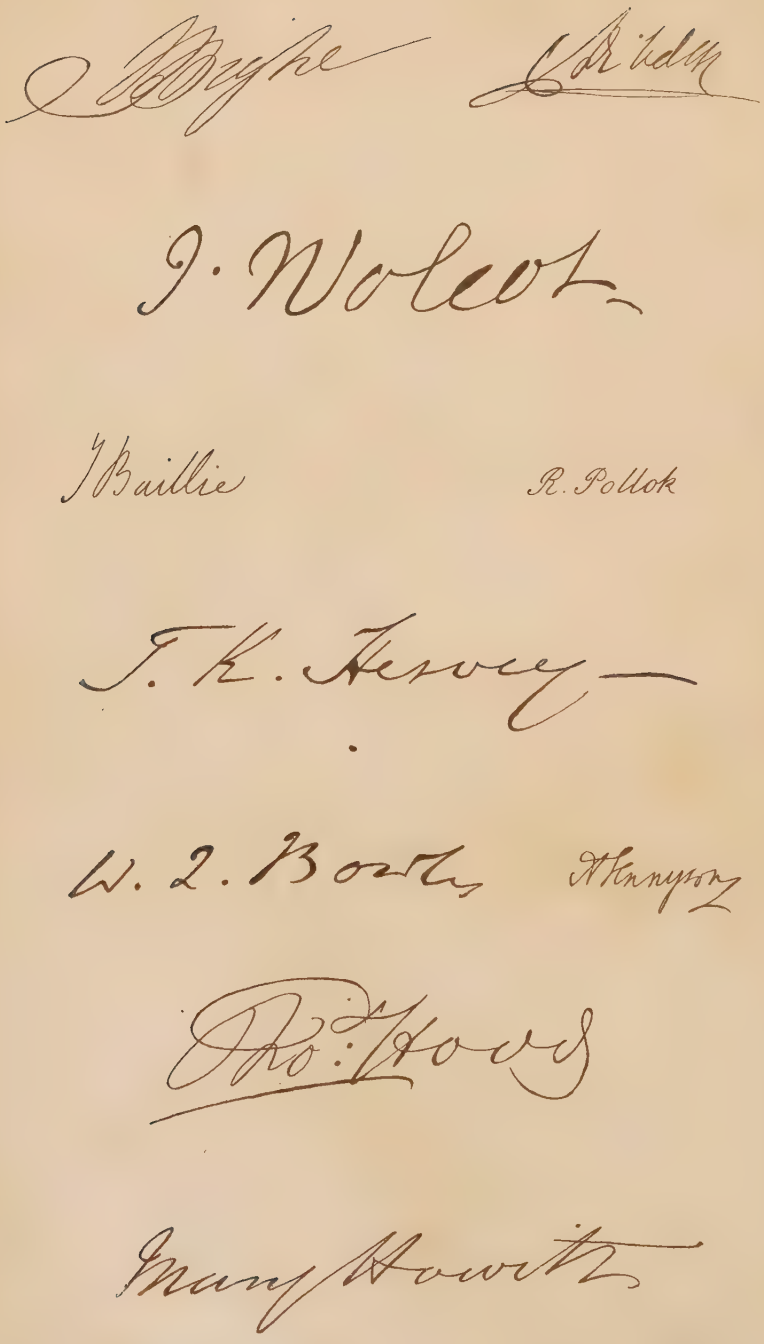
Thomas Haynes Bayly